

The Australian

# Women's Weekly

January 17, 1968

PRICE

15c

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Malaysia \$1.00

Registered in Australia for  
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CONTEST**  
See page 5

16-page lift-out  
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COOK BOOK**

And ...

Glamorous  
glitter knits  
Pages 30-34



# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 34c; New Zealand, 15c; Malaysia, \$1.00 (Malaysian currency).  
 Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW. G.P.O., Sydney 2001.  
 Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne 2001.  
 Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane 4001.  
 Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 338A, G.P.O., Adelaide 5001.  
 Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth 6001.  
 Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.  
 Printed by Compress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Riordan St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

JANUARY 17, 1968

Vol. 35, No. 33

## OUR COVER

Our cover dress is knitted in a new glitter yarn (see page 32). Picture by Laurence Le Gouy.

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No more roughing it  
on a big-game hunt

## NOW IT'S CHAMPAGNE ON THE SAFARI



TRAVEL EXPERT Mr. Fred Salzer and Mrs. Salzer in Australia.

GOING on safari in Africa these days usually means an all-inclusive package tour by charter flight.

There's no hunting, no shooting (except with cameras). And the people most likely to go are middle-aged American women, mainly widows.

This mass movement of tourists has grown steadily over the past five or six years, according to Mr. Fred Salzer, a director of one of Africa's largest touring companies.

"Africa is really 'in,'" he said. "There are special flights organised from England, the Continent, and America."

"Why are so many older American women attracted to Africa? They come partly because of loneliness, but also because being able to say they have been to Africa is a prestige symbol when they go back home. And because they have the money."

Some of them take the word "all-inclusive" literally, as if it meant down to the last penny.

One tourist, who had to use a coin in a slot in a washroom en route, demanded a refund, citing the "all-inclusive" clause. "We gave her the penny," said Mr. Salzer.

The mini-skirted tourist also has a problem.

In some African countries this short-skirted fashion is frowned on by the local native women — who nevertheless are perhaps even more in fashion.

### Wealthy

"They wear grass skirts only — no top," said Mr. Salzer.

Mr. Salzer and his wife are visiting Australia from their home in Nairobi, Kenya.

He said that actual hunting safaris are mostly for wealthy Americans and South Americans.

"These trips have moved into the millionaire class.

Roughing it is a thing of the past. It's all luxury limousines, champagne, refrigerators."

The "big white hunter" image has changed.

Today, these professional hunters are more often married men with children. Very domesticated.

"Usually, too, they become game-warden later."

Mr. Salzer said some tourists changed when they go to Africa.

"They lose their inhibitions. It's probably the wide open spaces."

"Sometimes it is for better, other times for worse. Often a person who drinks a little is likely to indulge a bit more."

"I think they would go back to their usual way of living at home. I see them only as tourists."

One of the newest countries to attract tourists in Africa is Ethiopia. This was because of its human and historic interests, Mr. Salzer said.

Three years ago, he was one of a number of travel

"There are 13 of them, hewn out of one piece of rock," said Mr. Salzer. "They're connected by underground tunnels which are still being excavated."

Another attraction is a visit to the monasteries built on islands in Lake Tana.

But these are banned to female tourists.

"Only men are allowed on the islands," said Mr. Salzer. "Even the animals on the islands are exclusively male."

The game-reserves are still Africa's greatest tourist attractions.

"When independence came to Kenya, we thought the native game-wardens wouldn't continue to care for the animals," said Mr. Salzer. "But in some ways they take too much care of them."

"There are 5000 elephants too many. They create problems — not enough food."

Mr. Salzer's company, which has 189,000 vehicles, has supplied transport for many films made on location in Africa, and also for "Daktari," shown on the Channel 9 network.

By MAUREEN BANG

experts asked to open up the country for tourism by the Emperor, Haile Selassie.

"The story of Ethiopia goes back thousands of years," said Mr. Salzer, "and there are still primitive tribes living today very much as they did in the early days."

But because of the country's antiquity and because it had remained dormant and isolated for so long, it created problems for the tourist trade.

Mr. Salzer said it was difficult to compile authentic historical facts about Ethiopia. Also, essentials needed included roads, airstrips, hotels — and insecticide.

The insecticide was needed to rid the air of the myriads of local insects which thrive particularly around some of the ancient buildings so attractive to tourists.

These include the churches of Lalibela.

"Those black-and-white zebra-striped vehicles are our own trademark," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Salzer have met many film stars who have been filming in Africa, and also many who belong to the Mt. Kenya Safari Club, owned by actor William Holden.

It's one of the most luxurious clubs in the world, said Mr. Salzer, who is a member. It has its own golf course and bird sanctuary, and it costs about \$30 a day for a person to stay there.

"But it is well worth the money. The accommodation is a separate cottage with sitting-room, bedroom, and bathroom, which has a sunken bath large enough to swim in."

Mr. and Mrs. Salzer, who have three children (a married daughter and two sons, Clive, 18, and Adam, 16), live three miles out of Nairobi in a modern home

set in five acres of ground and with a swimming-pool.

Their pets? A pekingese and four budgies. "But they're not pets, they're part of the family," said Mr. Salzer.

Some friends have inappropriate African animals as pets, they said. Cheetahs are good, but not lions.

"Lions can be dangerous through love, not treachery," said Mr. Salzer.

"A friend who had a lion was killed when the lion was playing with her. Its claws accidentally caught the jugular vein."

From the housewife's point of view, it's still a woman's world in Kenya.

"There's nothing a woman need do in the house that she doesn't want to do — washing or cleaning," said Mrs. Salzer.

"I cook because I like it."

"Entertaining large numbers is no problem. You simply tell the servants and they do the preparations."

"But don't forget it is sometimes dangerous for a woman to go into the kitchen," put in her husband.

"Remember Mrs. So-and-So, who saw her cook holding the toast between his toes?"

But Mr. and Mrs. Salzer say there is no future for the next white generation in Kenya. That is why they are arranging for their sons to come to Sydney this year to continue their education.

"It's Australia we will retire to," said Mr. Salzer.

"Of all the countries I have visited, I like Australia best. It's similar to Africa with its open spaces, and the people are alike, with independent characteristics."

"Australia also has a great future in tourism."

For a man who travels the world for six months of the year for his work, what is his idea for an ideal holiday?

"Going to one place and staying there for a month. But," said Mr. Salzer, "I'm married to a woman who likes to travel — and so we travel!"

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# Everything's coming up flowers

Here is French designer Andre Courreges' answer to Paris flower-power fashions—a brief little one-piece and a dancing pant-dress. The dresses are made in white organza and embroidered with colored flowers. Courreges visited Tahiti before his last collection and came back flower-happy. These Courreges flowers are as round and innocent as a four-leaf clover. As a trim, each one, in true Courreges style, is geometrically spaced.

— Betty Kepp.

Brief little dress made in white organza and embroidered with yellow flowers. Right, a pant-dress in sheer embroidered in pink flowers.



# FURNITURE IS FAMILY AFFAIR

● Father is foreman, mother the office staff, brother an apprentice in 22-year-old's factory specialising in carved period pieces.

THE old-fashioned Dickensian window glows like a jewel in the small Kirrawee (Sydney) street, which is mainly given over to sturdy, workmanlike factories.

Coming on it suddenly, you are in another century as you stand and feast your eyes on the elegant, gracious carved furniture grouped behind it.

French court chairs, wing chairs, Italian chairs res-

stands neatly behind the windowed showroom, some 2½ years ago.

Today he employs a staff of seven, which includes his 18-year-old brother, Peter, his father, and his mother.

"We make only period furniture with the emphasis on woodcarving and, I think, we are the only ones doing this in Australia," he said.

"It is all custom-made. The carving makes the pieces too expensive to sell through the retail stores. For example, that oriole wall table over there, which I made for my mother, took more than 200 hours of carving."

Woodcarving, drawing, sculpting came naturally to this young man when he was a small boy at school. The ancient art was embedded in his family.

His grandmother, Harriet Dugan, after whom he was named, Australian-born but a mixture of Irish and Scottish, had her own business for many years in Alexandria, N.S.W., where she carved frames for mirrors and pictures and employed her husband as an assistant.

His father is a joiner and chairmaker, and the family did not connect his side of the family with carving until recently when they saw an article in an English magazine about an 18th-century carver called Crase.

plendent in their white-and-gold tapestry, and those beautiful deeply studded velvet chairs and the chaise-longue of the Victorian period.

The man behind their creation? Surely an old white-haired man who learned his craft long ago in some part of Europe.

"That," said 22-year-old Harry Crase as he met me at the door, "is what made it so difficult for me to get started. Everyone expects a woodcarver to be at least 90 and, of course, European."

Harry, whose life is devoted to creating reproductions of period furniture, started his factory, which



● Harry Crase discusses the carving to be done on a chair leg with his father, who is foreman at his period-furniture factory. At right is carver Frank Littler.

"Apparently he was pretty famous," said Harry. "Crase the Carver he was called. We could be descended from him and we intend finding out as soon as we can."

Excellent at woodcarving and drawing at school, Harry joined a furniture factory as an apprentice woodcarver when he finished the Intermediate.

"I was the only woodcarving apprentice in Sydney at that time and it is the same with Peter today," he said.

"Peter is a magnificent carver, far better than I was at his age. He is so tremen-

dous, I'm getting a bit jealous of him."

The idea of his own business first came to Harry when, four years ago as an apprentice, he carved his mother a full-size cedar double bed for her birthday and we published a story about his two-month effort.

"Quite a few people got in touch with me and ordered a few pieces of furniture," he said. "Not much, but enough for me to kick off on my own when I finished my apprenticeship."

"I rented a little broken-down place across the road. Peter got permission to leave

school at 14 and became my apprentice, but for a long time we found it almost impossible to get any work. Everyone considered we were too young.

"While I was out scouting around for work, Peter would be in the place on his own, and if anyone came in he would take one look at him — he was only 16 then — and just go off."

"For a long time the factories wouldn't trust me with any work. Then they started giving me one chair leg, saying, 'Go off and carve that and see how you go.'

"When I took it back,

they would allow me to do the other three legs."

"This went on for a while and suddenly I got tired of people not trusting us so I said, 'Forget them, I'll start making my own furniture.'"

Today most of the output of Harry's factory is going into Sydney's most modern homes.

"People are coming back to period furniture," he said. "It blends well with modern architecture."

"Major American furniture magazines have been showing 80 percent of period furniture—or period mingled with modern — in their settings."

"We do combine modern fabrics with our furniture. For instance, that Louis XV wing chair is covered with vinyl tapestry. You can't pick it as vinyl and it is more durable, especially with children in the house."

"And we will carve a period-style coffee table and pickle it in the modern manner. That is a good combination."

"Hobbies? Peter and I love carving, but he does quite a bit of sculpting and I paint."

"The whole family is interested in the work we are doing, and although I suppose I am the boss — well, that's what they all call me — my father is the practical one."

"I just like carving, and I don't think of costing. But he does, and many is the argument we have. It is a good thing that he wins each time and keeps me in line."

"My mother? She is wonderful. She does all the office work and, when there is any sanding to be done, she pops a shower-cap on her hair as a protection from the dust and hops in and does it."



● Peter Crase, left, aged 18. He is apprenticed to his brother, who says he is a magnificent woodcarver. Harry with his mother, above, who does the office work and, when called on, dons a shower-cap as a protection against the dust to help sand the wood used in making the furniture.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1968



# ARTIST'S BOOK, "AUSTRALIAN BIRDS"

● Research included three years' travel in the bush

By MAUREEN BANG

IT took artist Robin Hill just two years to have his phenomenally successful book "Australian Birds," ready for production — 12 months' research in museums and 12 months of actual painting and writing.

But they were not the only years of preparation.

Behind him, Robin has almost a lifetime of bird-watching, and this includes three years of continuous travel through the Australian bush, as well as countless shorter trips in the country.

And, of course, there is his own artistic ability, which has already won him fame locally and overseas.

How does he feel about seeing the birds, all 1000 that he has painted, within the covers of one book?

"They look awfully familiar," he said. "I can remember every one."

For Robin has seen more than half of them in the field. Some birds, like the galah and kookaburra, he said, he could draw from memory.

As a birdwatcher Robin is prepared to climb up trees, down cliffs, wade through marshes, or sit quietly for as long as three hours in one spot for the return of one special bird.

"Sometimes you can follow a bird, other times it is easier to sit and wait," he said.

"Small bush birds don't fly very far, and usually they come back to their original feeding place."

Robin makes quick, rough pen sketches and notes as many details as possible as he studies the birds through



ARTIST ROBIN HILL with his book, "Australian Birds," at the South Yarra Gallery, in Melbourne, where an exhibition of watercolor illustrations from the book was held. All the 241 paintings on show were sold at prices from \$15 to \$500. On the first day Robin also received more than 100 commissions for his paintings.

binoculars. "Often I write more than I draw," he said.

His studio is full of these field notes — "pounds and pounds of paper everywhere."

Obviously, Robin said, you can't take paints into the bush and record birds in full color while dodging behind bushes or while they are in flight.

So for absolute accuracy in color he studies skins in the museums. "These are not mounted for exhibition, but are kept for study purposes and research."

#### Deadlines

Occasionally he uses photographs as visual reference, but he never takes pictures of birds.

"Photography and painting are two separate arts," he said. "I don't like drawing birds directly from photographs. I don't trust the perspective."

Despite the thoroughness of detail in his bird drawings, Robin is a quick worker.

"But the quality of my work doesn't alter with the fast pace," he said. "I always paint that way, whether I have a deadline or not."

But even Robin admits the speed he worked at to meet publishing deadlines for "Australian Birds" was "amazing, incredible."

"I worked 26 hours a day," he said. "Sometimes I would think there was no hope of keeping up, but then I would get steamed up on a wave of creativity and work straight through the day and night."

The last section, which he finished only as recently as October, was a dramatic finale.

"I worked practically straight through three days and two nights without sleep.

"My main thought when I had finished? 'Thank goodness that's over!'

Robin classified the birds into 19 main divisions, starting with flightless birds, such as the emu and the cassowary, and ending with finches, which biologically are the most sophisticated birds in their habits.

When he roams the bush on birdwatching treks, Robin learns beforehand the typical habitat of certain birds, though sometimes, he said, he takes pot luck and notes whatever bird he sees.

The birds which most in-

terest him are the wild fowl, parrots, and birds of prey.

"The fowl, mainly because they are found in marshy haunts. I like the atmosphere," he said. "Parrots because of their incredible colors and their vigor; they fly fast and are so strong. Birds of prey because of their skill; also I am interested in falconry."

Robin used to go duck shooting, but has given it up now.

"I don't want to be directly responsible for killing something. I think it is bad for a person," he said.

#### Nature's pattern

"But, then, if I was in the middle of the Gibson Desert, I wouldn't hesitate to shoot a bird, if I wanted something to eat."

Robin says he is no bird-lover. Individual birds do not concern him so much as birds as a whole, because they are part of the pattern of nature.

"The various species must be preserved, also their natural habitats. You can't

keep on chopping down forests, destroying marshes. It unbalances nature."

Robin's interest in nature and birdwatching goes back to when he was living in England as a child.

Although born in Brisbane, his parents took him overseas when he was one year old.

"I hated school and played truant for weeks on end," said Robin. "I used to wander through parklands, bird-watching, and drawing birds and trees."

"I was always being chased by gamekeepers or school-board officers."

The only thing Robin said he did willingly at school was draw, and he studied art full-time when he left school.

"I left the day I turned 14. Didn't tell anyone; simply didn't turn up the following day."

"But I was saved from being an ignorant nothing because of my parents. I grew up in an atmosphere of Bach and philosophical discussions. My father is an observer of all things — nature, art — and is a student of Latin."

Robin continued his art studies, including a course in book designing, when he returned to Melbourne in his late teens.

He then went bush for three years, doing odd jobs,

boundary riding, and working as a rouseabout or fruit-picker.

"It was simply to imbibe the atmosphere," he said. "It's essential to become part of nature if you want to draw nature."

"I wanted to study everything, such as how trees grew, knowing that when I was back in the studio I could draw them accurately."

Robin wanted to make a living out of combining birds and art, but wasn't quite sure how.

"I painted a few pictures of birds and stuck them up on the wall of my room," he said. "People liked them so I was encouraged to hold an exhibition. It was successful. I sold all the paintings."

Then in 1963 the Tryon Gallery in London asked if he would represent Australia in an International Exhibition of Bird Painters.

"I agreed. They liked my paintings, and asked me to hold a one-man show at the gallery."

As a result he began receiving many commissions in England for bird paintings.

It was also through the Gallery that the Duke of Edinburgh wrote the foreword to "Australian Birds."

A relative of the Tryon works for the Queen and through him Robin was able to arrange to write to the Duke.

He has never met the Duke. The closest communion, Robin said, is that they both have the same tailor — "but I am afraid my Duke of Edinburgh suit, as I called it, is just about worn out."

In his book Robin said he attempted to give the birds a decorative quality. They are painted in different attitudes.

#### Another book

And it is the decorative quality of bird painting which lets them fit into any decor, said Robin.

"The same painting in the same frame could suit a modern office setting in aluminium and teak, or an old Tudor house furnished with chintzes."

Robin is already planning another book covering country in the south-east of Australia.

He will tour the area for three months, drawing anything that catches his eye — birds, old men, trees.

But his main future ambition is to do a limited edition on the parrots of Australia.

"It would be correct down to the smallest detail, down to the number of veins in a leaf of grass," said Robin.

"I would have only about 250 editions printed. It would cost \$500. It could be the bird book of the century."



● The transformation of the reader who wrote this story under the pen-name of E. Travers. At left, in 1959, at 11st. plus. At right, in 1962, still 11st. plus. At far right, in 1967, and 8st. 3lb. — after the shock of realising she had helped her daughter acquire 20lb. overweight.



## From 11st. plus for 20 years —to 8st. 3lb.

● "The change from OS to SSW is within every woman's power," writes a reader

LOOKING back, I find it incredible that for nearly 20 years I weighed 11st. plus.

My small-framed 5ft. 4in. body now weighs in at 8st. 3lb. I am a wife and a mother of two children, aged 21 and 18.

Four years ago I opened the proverbial door to find myself standing on the threshold of a new way of life where food had become secondary.

In spite of clinically planned diets and other people's philosophies, which I vainly tried to follow, I suffered the torture of dictator's remorse (not repentance), which had given me an economy-size inferiority complex.

I am a "cookieholic" and, like the alcoholic, there is always the possibility of regression.

I was hypnotised by FOOD. Because of ignorance and lack of willpower, it took me 15 years to de-hypnotise myself and revert from 11½st. to 8st. 3lb.

Now begins my story of my self-presentation of the MDD — Master of Dieting Diploma — with a flashback to the year OS — Outsize.

### Years of comfort

I am 27, weigh 11st., and my second child is two. We live in a nice little house enveloped by the threatening aroma of cooking.

The years from my wedding to 30 years of age were my years of comfort, compensated by loose girdles and bras, while tolerating matronly shoes and uninteresting dresses.

Dresses I admired and coveted were not available in my fitting, but I would never attribute this to my

size and shape. While secretly blaming my skinny friends for their lilliputian blessings, I asked myself:

"Why should I worry? Wasn't I loved just as I was?"

I now realise my husband had become accustomed to my shape.

Skinny legs and 42in. hips were completely incompatible. My whole desire was to be thin, an illusion which even tight corsets and vertical stripes could not achieve.

I was tired of considering my chins, which demanded V-shaped necklines. I was reluctant to buy new clothes, knowing the depression which awaited me as I confronted the retailer's mirror.

When would the miracle happen? When would I anticipate with joy the challenge of the store fitting-room?

Then, much to my horror, appeared a hit song, titled "She's Too Fat For Me." Each time I heard this catchy tune, I wanted to disappear. No one knew how I hated the clever man who composed it!

On reaching 30, I made the definite decision to decrease my immense volume. However, I was not just an individual but a wife and mother who had to consider her family. There ended my consideration.

Due to my impatience, the next six months resembled a scene from a horror movie. My impatience was expressed in slimming tablets and crash diets which transformed me into a human yo-yo.

One brand of these easy-method pills, now off the market, not only dispelled my appetite but my equilibrium. I turned from a reasonable person into an irrational stranger.

All this not only affected me but my family's happiness.

Thank God I had the sense to discontinue this erratic slimming routine.

Of course, the lost 12lb. were soon found, returning me to the original two-and-a-half existence. Part of this included many happy hours spent with another cooking hobby.

A friend (fiend) had presented me with a Chinese recipe book and I soon became an expert. Accompanied with this new-found joy was another 8lb. of superfluous fatty tissue.

By E. Travers

Because of gourmets' compliments on my exotic dishes, the added tissue was temporarily ignored. My so-called friends quoted to me the usual clichés:

I was not too fat.  
I could carry extra weight.  
I was just right for my height.  
I had such a jolly round face.

They had me almost convinced, but, in retrospect, I now realise how gullible I was and how bitterly I acquired the knowledge that the fatter I was the thicker my skin had to be.

An obsession called "Don't waste food" transformed us-and-bread into puddings and insisted on my children eating every morsel heaped on their plates. Instead of abusing my family's stomachs, I should have bought a larger garbage bin or another dog.

The following ten years were years of near contentment. My 11½st. self was living one day at a time, enjoying reading, seeing shows, spending much time with my

aging parents, cooking, and keeping the doctor away from my well-fed family.

Many moons had passed since I stopped searching for this elusive slim skin of mine.

My complacency, however, was sharply removed by my now 17-year-old daughter, who had begun to complain about her plumpness (so-called puppy fat).

Seventeen years of age and already showing the same symptoms of my obsessions and complexes. I had been cruel in providing her with 20lb. excess weight.

This was the mirror I had needed, not the selfish looking-glass. I now saw myself not only as the traitor in my household but my daughter's worst enemy.

Hadn't I been asked many times to serve smaller portions? "Mum, please don't cook those puddings, I can't resist them."

Why hadn't I listened to those sorrowful pleas? Was it a sadistic thrill I received when my husband always stated on receiving his meals, "You must think I'm hungry!"

My dearest possessions, my husband and my daughter, with her pathetic 20lb. excess, were my judge and jury.

My son, at this stage, was long and lanky and irrelevant to the verdict. But even our alsatian dog was so fat, it wobbled.

The realisation was overwhelming. Was my daughter to experience the torture, frustrations, and rationalisations of this dreaded disease?

I felt like a criminal.

Psychologists may have termed this shock treatment. Shock or whatever, it awakened in me the real challenge. I required to destroy the hated enemy, obesity. The plates were no

longer piled high with the disguised devil; pudding became a special treat.

One of the spoils of the battle was the confidence with which my daughter wore her new SSW swimsuit the following summer.

The era OS has long since passed and I now live in the year SSW. During the transformation, I had time to clarify my thoughts over the methods and philosophies responsible for my salvation.

### Ugly calories

Briefly, in my mind, calories were divided into Beautifying calories and Ugly calories.

Beautifying calories are lean meat, fish, poultry, wheat germ, cottage cheese, wheatmeal bread, eggs, skim milk, honey, and most vegetables—to name a few.

Ugly empty calories are FAT, FAT, FAT, starch, and sugar—specifically fries, pies, cakes, puddings, biscuits, chocolates, and sweets.

Armed with this knowledge I went straight to work. I devoured my refrigerator of dripping, ice-cream, cream, and the other sweet temptations. These were replaced with skim milk and low-calorie soft drinks.

I stopped making white sauces and thick brown gravies. Crisp fried chips no longer accompanied grilled steak.

Rather than waste time on flamboyant desserts, I applied my initiative to appetising salads. (A salad is NOT a piece of tomato, three slices of cucumber, and an olive delicately placed on a lettuce leaf.)

My high-calorie glass of beer now became a half-scotch and water, and colorful cocktails were replaced by tomato juice.

This section of my story

would be incomplete without quoting a statement made by a woman Bachelor of Arts, "It is not the beer that keeps me fat, but the appetite following."

Intelligence is useless without application!

Lunchtime reading was discontinued, for the longer I read, the longer I ate. I stopped eating early morning breakfast with my family. Result — one only breakfast. These calories were all due to habit.

Another habit was broken when this lifetime gobbler began to eat in slow motion. An additional conquest was the sugared tea.

I refused to minimise this pleasure by the use of artificial sweeteners, so, using the same teaspoon each time, I reduced and continued reducing the amount of sugar taken. In ten weeks I had completely weaned myself off sugared tea.

My weight countdown started immediately. No mortal has a smooth transformation and temporarily my smoking increased from ten to 30 cigarettes a day. Top marks to those superhumans who have won this war.

This simple method of classifying calories gave me my gift-wrapped desired weight.

I still enjoy exotic dishes and the occasional splurge—for which I have to compensate.

Life is never too late to start something new and this change from Outsize to Small Small Women is within every woman's power.

Louis Pasteur said, "Peace is to be found in libraries." Each of us has his own kind of peace.

After a generation of overweight, this once-in-a-lifetime author finds peace in being slim.



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## Home is a bowl of *Kellogg's* Corn Flakes

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Page 8

requirement of the essential vitamins: Thiamine (B<sub>1</sub>), Riboflavin (B<sub>2</sub>), Niacin and Food Iron. \*Registered Trade Mark.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1968



# AMOCO WINNERS AT THE DAVIS CUP

AN air jaunt to Brisbane to watch Australia win the Davis Cup was the thrilling experience of five of the State winners in our Amoco Davis Cup Contest.

Grand Champion of the contest, Mr. James MacKean, of George Town, Tasmania, flew to Brisbane on the first day of Davis Cup play with his attractive wife, Joan, to receive the main prize in the contest, a Ford Cortina car.

They were the last of the prizewinners to arrive in Brisbane on Boxing Day, because first they spent Christmas Day with their five children, Andrea, 3, Carl, 10, Michael, 12, Diane, 14, and Allen, 17.

A bit of bad luck led to the stroke of good luck which made Mr. James MacKean Grand Champion for his story about his wife's ingenuity and car-driving ability.

A steel pipe, which rolled off the back of a truck and broke his leg, laid Mr. MacKean up for nine months. While he was at home recovering from his injury he wrote his prizewinning story.

"Jimmy likes to look at the features on houses and house plans," his wife, Joan, said at Milton Tennis Courts, Brisbane.

"And I also like 'Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff,'" added her husband.

"I saw the contest and decided to enter, but had my entry on the mantelpiece for two weeks before we posted it. Joan brought my attention to it and I decided to give it a go, but didn't think it would have a chance."

## Excitement

Joan broke in: "We thought it might get a progress prize, and then a letter came from Amoco saying we had won the State prize."

"That alone was something, and we didn't dream of the extra excitement to follow."

"I collected my Weekly when taking my daughter to her ballet classes. When I saw in the paper that Jimmy had won the Grand Champion prize, I was so excited."

Describing how he got the news, her husband, Jimmy, said: "She came dancing into the house — I thought it was a new ballet step."

At home in George Town, Tasmania, the MacKeans' eldest son, Allen, aged 17,

got his driver's licence only two weeks ago.

"Allen is just waiting for us to get back with the keys of the car," his mother said.

Mr. MacKean has been using his injured leg, with the help of sticks, for six weeks now, but still has to rest it a lot. He is a Scot, from Fife, and his wife is a "Geordie" from Newcastle upon Tyne.

There was an Australian romance. Both came to Australia separately but met and married in George Town 18 years ago.

Their excitement about getting the new Cortina was almost matched by their excitement about the air trip, the visit to the Davis Cup, and a three-day stay in a suite at Lemmons Hotel, Brisbane, as guests of Amoco.

They did the trip in one day, leaving Launceston, Tasmania, at 11.15 on the morning of Boxing Day and arriving at Milton Tennis Courts about 4.30 that afternoon, escorted by an Amoco representative who met them at the airport.

It was Mrs. MacKean's first visit to Brisbane (James MacKean arrived in Brisbane from Scotland 20 years ago) and the first time either has watched a Davis Cup.

Even their arrival at the Milton Tennis Courts had a touch of unexpected excitement for them. As the taxi they were in was about to pull up at the courts, a figure leaned out of a passing car,



HAPPY SCENE at the Davis Cup in Brisbane after the President of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association, Mr. C. A. ("Bill") Edwards (right) had handed the keys of the Cortina car to Mr. J. MacKean, George Town, Tasmania, for his first prize. Others, from left, the Queensland Manager for Amoco Australia Pty. Limited, Mr. C. W. Nichols, Mrs. Joan MacKean, who said she was very proud of her husband, "Jimmy."

waving and calling, "Hello, Jimmy."

"It was a friend from George Town, Jim Watson," the MacKeans said, amazed, "it's a small world."

For Queensland State winner, Mrs. F. G. Elliott, of Coochie Mudlo Island, Victoria Point, near Brisbane, the contest was the first essay-type competition she had entered.

"I have written small articles and anecdotes for the Weekly and other papers before," Mrs. Elliott said, "and

By Jean Bruce

have had some published, but I was completely staggered to win this one."

Mrs. Elliott and her husband were the first arrivals at Lemmons Hotel, where they stayed, like the other prizewinners, for the three days of the Davis Cup as guests of Amoco.

Mrs. Elliott has chosen a plane trip to Melbourne, where she has a number of relatives as the other part of her prize.

"It's a bonanza visit, out of the blue," Mrs. Elliott said. "We're both thrilled about it. It's lovely."

Coochie Mudlo, a small island in Moreton Bay, with

130 houses on it now, has been the Elliotts' home for 24 years. They were among the first residents.

Mr. Elliott farmed there for 24 years, but is now retired.

The veteran of the prize-winning group at the Davis Cup, Mrs. Ellen Fyfe, of Busselton, Western Australia, is 81.

"Thrilled?" she said on arriving at the Davis Cup, "At my age, 81, to have a trip like that! . . . it is just something out of this world."

"Yes, it is my first Davis Cup, and to have all expenses paid . . . it's lovely."

Mrs. Fyfe brought her niece, Mrs. C. Rea, of Manjimup, Western Australia, to share the prizewinning trip to Brisbane and the Davis Cup.

"I really have a marvellous life," the white-haired old lady said, her blue eyes sparkling and cheeks flushed pink.

For some years now, Mrs. Fyfe has spent about six months each year travelling around Australia on her own in an omnibus (fitted out as a caravan) with her dog and gun.

"I plan to leave Busselton about next May," she said, "heading for Broome. I always make lots of new friends."

"I was widowed when I was 27 and had three children to bring up. That taught me to be independent."

"The gun I carry on my trips is an automatic. And I can shoot."

"Now the children are grown up," the sturdy old lady continued, "I can get around and do as I please and enjoy life. It's a great thing to have a capacity for enjoyment."

Victorian State winner, Mr. S. G. Smith, of Frankston, was probably the most surprised of all the prizewinners because he didn't know he was in the contest.

"I wrote out my entry," Mr. Smith said, "and showed it to one or two in the office where I work, but didn't send it in. I was away in New Zealand and one of the staff posted it, so my win was a complete surprise. I was tickled pink."

## Self-taught

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were delighted to be in Brisbane for the Davis Cup. "We've always wanted to see a Davis Cup," they said.

The Smiths have been in Australia for 17 years. They came from Britain.

It was the very first trip by air for young Ann George, aged 16, who accompanied her mother, Mrs. Theresa George, the N.S.W. winner, to Brisbane and the Cup.

Mrs. George comes from Cooma North, where her husband is a senior surveyor with the Snowy Mountains Scheme.

"Ann plays a good deal of tennis in Cooma, so was able to follow the match play in the Cup," her mother said. "I don't play much tennis myself, but I now get the hang of it."

Mrs. George, an Austrian by birth, who has lived in Australia for 17 years, said she taught herself English by reading The Australian Women's Weekly.

"At first it used to take me one whole week to read it," she said, "with a dictionary on the table beside me. Now I can read anything in it."

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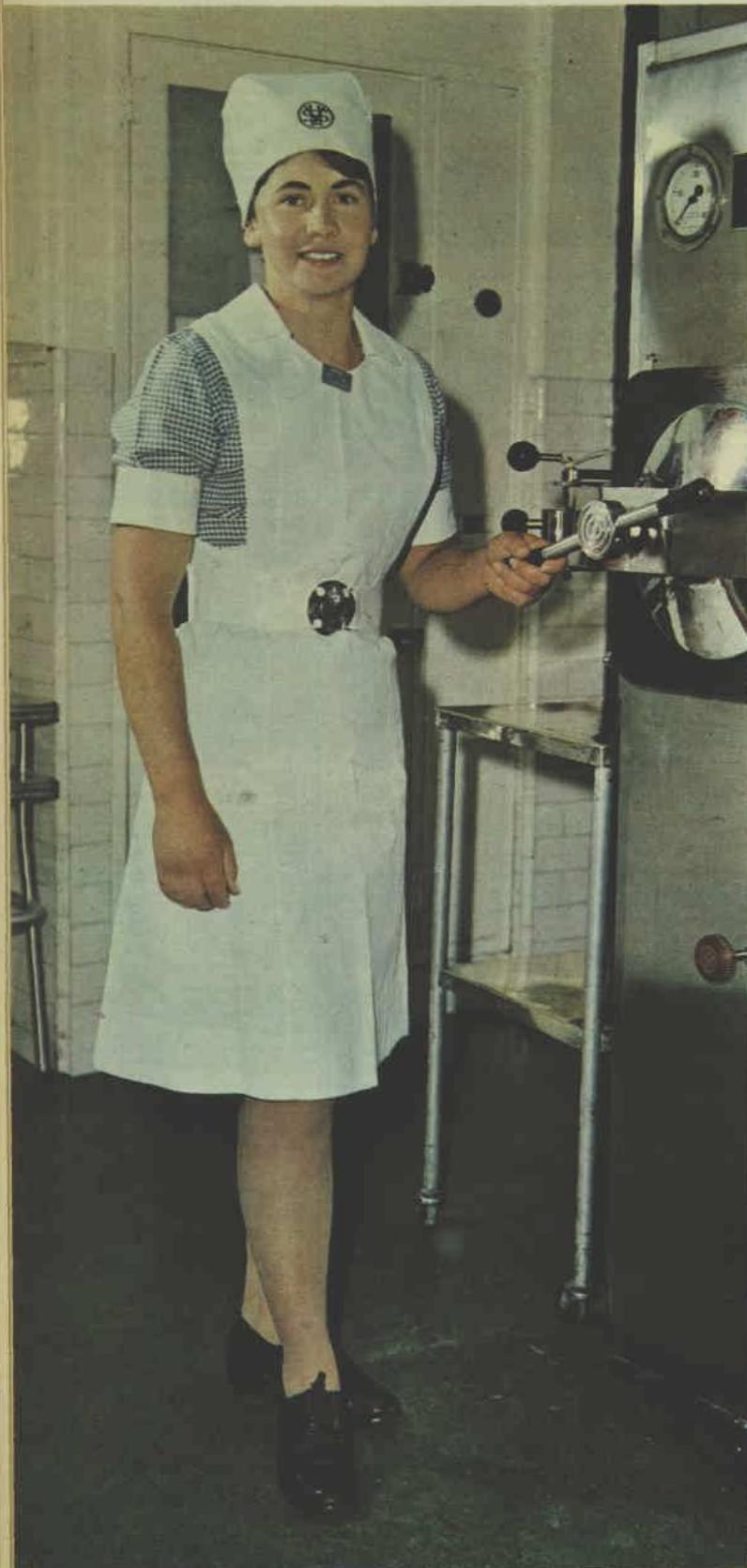
"At first it used to take me one whole week to read it," she said, "with a dictionary on the table beside me. Now I can read anything in it."

MARY WHITE  
One of Australia's leading interior decorators — see her favorite homes photographed in color each month in the AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL



KEN ROSEWALL, a former Davis Cup player, dropped into the Amoco tent. From left, Victorian prizewinner, Mr. S. G. Smith, Mrs. Smith, Ken Rosewall, and Western Australian winner, Mrs. Ellen Fyfe.

# NURSE IS A TRAINER, TOO



SISTER LATROBE, who has graduated with distinction from St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney. For six weeks before her final exams she put her horses out to rest, now has resumed training at Harold Park.

By BARBARA MARTYN

● "She's a good hand with a horse, that little nurse," said a racing tout as I stood beside the track at Harold Park watching 23-year-old Francis Latrobe take her big bay, Nigger Blonde, on a few training laps. He added, "It's a shame they don't allow women drivers in the races — they'd certainly draw the crowds."

BUT it is only 12 months since the N.S.W. Trotting Club decided to accept woman-trained horses in the Harold Park meetings, so women are new to the scene there. Francis is one of several who have taken advantage of the new regulation.

Smaller meetings did not have the restriction. Francis trained horses for the trots for three years unofficially and has been a licensed trainer for two years.

She trains three horses of her own.

An unusual interest for a young girl. More surprisingly, Francis combines it with a nursing career.

"I am one of the few nurses at St. Vincent's who actually ask for night duty," Fran laughed. "This fits in best with the training program."

"On night duty I work from 10.30 to 7.30 a.m. Then I come out to the track and train the horses all morning, and finally I sleep in the afternoon."

"The daytime shift, from 7.30 to 4, is not very good, as I have to dash out to the track after 4 p.m. and squeeze in the training then. In winter this means I am training the horses in the dark."

"I think one of the horses I trained mostly at night got quite a fright when he saw the track in daylight for the first time."

As well as Nigger Blonde, the three-year-old we photographed, she has Top Adios, which gave her her first official win as a trainer at Bankstown about 18 months ago; and Top Spirit ("out of Hundredproof—I thought the name appropriate"), which she was bringing in from Liverpool for training that afternoon.

Fran, a trim figure in blue jeans, her brown hair topped by a perky straw hat, sat lightly on the gig as she drove Nigger Blonde round the track.

When our photographer stopped them for a picture, Nigger Blonde became temperamental and wouldn't stand. Fran explained that he was fresh and nervous after a three-week spell following a fall on the track.

As the big bay reared and jumped about in his harness Fran handled him calmly and firmly, and her audience of racing

touts expressed their admiration for her skill and courage.

"Perhaps if we stood him near the winning post he might be more prepared to pose," she said with a sly grin. Her horse psychology seemed to work.

As Fran unharnessed Nigger Blonde (nicknamed Ben) and gave him a thorough hosing down, she explained how she became a trotting trainer.

Her parents run a newsagency at Liverpool, out of Sydney. They bought a couple of gallopers as a side interest and she helped to care for them.

"I've been riding since I was about eight and I played polo-cross for several years. I had my horse stabled at the same place as some pacers, and it was then that I got to know something about training pacers and trotters," she said.

By the time Fran was 18 she had done all the usual show riding and also ridden in picnic races, and was looking for something new to tackle. She decided to try to train horses for the trots.

"I suppose it's unusual, but there's no reason why women shouldn't do it," she said. "Women who have hunters accepted, why not women trotting trainers? Personally, I don't find jumping so interesting but I get a real thrill out of trotting trials."

(These are a part of track training when four or five horses are worked together fast.)

"I would love to drive one of my own horses in a race, particularly an all-women-drivers competition. They have had that at Granville, but I have never had a horse ready at the right time."

"But for the big races I am quite happy to let one of the top men drivers drive my horses, as they are so much more experienced."

"Of course, I am still mentally driving my horse every inch of the course during a race, and I get so excited about a race that nobody can talk to me for about a week beforehand."

"This is the real thrill I get from training a horse, actually getting him to the point where he will race."

Fran has found the racing fraternity a very friendly and helpful group, with no obvious prejudice against women entering the sport.

(The N.S.W. Trotting Club reported that there are now 15 licensed women trotting trainers in the State, and that

## Fran Latrobe has three horses of her own to get ready for the trots



PICTURES BY STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER KEITH BARLOW

interest among women in joining the training ranks is so great that the committee is considering running a competition with a trophy for the leading woman trainer each season. Many of them are the wives of trotter owners, but a schoolteacher, shop assistant, and two typists have become licensed trainers.)

"I still have a lot to learn," Fran said. "I feel as far as conditioning and feeding a horse is concerned, I can do this as well as anyone, but other important things, such as correct shoeing, I still like to get advice on."

"I get my horses broken in and then take over from there, working on them six days a week until they are ready to race. The cost would be at least \$14 per horse per week, and it's a risky business."

"I trained one filly, Neat and Natty,

TRAINER LATROBE handles Nigger Blonde calmly and skilfully when he becomes temperamental on the track. "I prefer a horse with spirit," she said.

right up to entry stage and then she got something lodged in her foot. It had to be cut out and she was no good for racing after that.

"This is why I won't take up training as a career. It is just too risky, even though the rewards are big. I enjoy nursing and prefer to keep training just as an interest."

After leaving school Fran worked at home for three years, which gave her plenty of time with her horses. Then she decided to take up nursing. The past four years of nursing training has cut her time with the horses considerably.

Fran graduated in nursing this year and

plans to holiday in New Zealand (to see the Interdominion Trotting Race) before starting job-hunting in the New Year.

"I may do a postgraduate operating course in nursing, or I may go overseas, but it will all depend on how the horses shape up. If they do well in racing I will be staying here."

Fran said her family have become real trotting enthusiasts since she became a trainer.

"My brother says he owes his marriage to my training. I trained one horse, Old Jim, unofficially, and he was a very good horse. My brother backed him, and his

winnings gave him enough money to get married.

"The hospital staff are very keen about my training, too. Some of them backed Top Adios when he won, and since then everyone has been asking me when I am going to have another winner."

Fran agreed that her training program left her little time for social life. "I go water-skiing on Sundays, but when one of my horses gets near to racing I will probably have to give this up for extra training."

"I still manage to go out quite a bit, though. I find I am a person who can get by on shorter sleeping time."

By this time Ben had been hosed, rubbed down, and covered, his big, intelligent brown eyes following all Fran's movements as she worked on him lovingly. "I like horses very much," she added unhesitatingly, as she led him off to his stable.

# Arnhem Landers are stars in one man's film

— Full-length documentary shows how Aborigines are making the change to a new way of life.

A MAN who worked for two years on a mission in Arnhem Land has made a full-length feature film on the Aborigine and his transition from an old to a new way of life.

The film, "Journey Into Aboriginal Country," will be shown initially at a theatre in the Sydney suburb of Ashfield from January 17.

It is the first feature-length film made by Ron Turner, who comes from Wentworthville, N.S.W.

He decided to make the film after the success of a half-hour film he made on Australian wildlife which was bought by the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

"I've always been a keen amateur photographer," Ron said. "I tried to break into film-making some years back, but it was a very small field then."

"The closest I got was working as a film librarian with the Commonwealth Film Unit. I learnt all I could from the production teams, and finally a cameraman advised me to get a 16mm. camera and try myself."

"I got the camera and decided to go to the Northern Territory, where my father was building for the Oenpelli Mission, in Arnhem Land."

"Evol and I had been married only six months. As a city girl, she got rather a shock when I told her we were off to the Territory, but she was game and soon became a capable bush-woman."

"That first trip up was a marvel — we did not get one flat tyre from Sydney to Oenpelli. The second time, we had five."

On that first trip Ron took the film which made up his half-hour Australian wildlife traditions.

On that trip he also had been fascinated by the Aborigine people and their efforts to adopt a new way of life.

"No film has ever shown the great variety of Aboriginal life today as they try to make this tremendous transition," he said.

## Learning skills

"I decided to try to show something of their old way of life, their efforts on the mission stations, where they are working and learning new skills, comparing this with Aborigines living on the fringes, where lack of employment brings dejection and degradation."

Ron decided the only way to get to know his subject was to live and work in the outback. He and Evol arranged to return to Oenpelli Mission to work there. They stayed two years.

The film shows ancient

Aboriginal cave paintings and a burial ground about nine miles from Oenpelli.

"I am sure I was the first white man to find the burial ground — none of the graves had been disturbed," Ron said.

"I discovered the paintings and the ground as a result of the many stories the Aborigines told me of their history, legends, and tribal traditions.

"They don't tell these stories easily. It took me two years of working side-by-side with them to gain their confidence enough to get the true stories.

"They told me about a large rock called Spear Rock, where the young Aborigines always went to test their skill with a spear. The rock had a crack in it about 80ft. up.

"Only a good spear-thrower could get a spear through the crack.

"I went to photograph the rock, then started to explore it. Round one side I discovered some cave paintings. Farther round I found a tunnel and crawled into it. I happened to hit the floor and found it was hollow.

"I was convinced there was a large cavern below, but by this time it was getting late, and I had to return to the mission. It was two weeks before I could get back.

"This time I found the

entrance to the cavern, which was huge. One of the men with me noticed five stones lying together. 'They've been put there by human hands,' he said.

"We scraped the earth away and found a sheet of bark. Under the bark were human bones. There were about 40 different burial sites in the cavern.

"One story I had been told by the Aborigines was about a massacre 80 years ago. They said only an 11-year-old boy had escaped, and he had grown up to become chief of his tribe. Many skulls in the burial ground had been battered, so they may have died in this massacre."

Evol also became very fond of her Aboriginal friends.

"The children are adorable," she said. "They cannot understand why our skins are white and keen giving sly pinches to see if the white is painted on."

"But the young Aborigines are learning our ways very quickly. At the mission, several young girls were insisting that they be allowed to choose their own husbands

rather than become the wives of men they had been promised to in childhood."

Ron shows in his film the type of house being built for the Aborigines on the mission. Government-designed, the back rooms are at ground level and the bedrooms at the front are built up.

"When I first saw these houses, I thought they were terrible," Ron said, "but they work very well. The Aborigines are used to living on the ground and don't like houses built on piles. With two-level homes, they accept the built-up front part more easily."

At the mission, Ron and Evol learned the isolation of outback life. During the wet season, the only contact with the rest of the world was the weekly mail plane.

## Buffalo meat

Evol cooked bread, buffalo and goat meat — their staple diet — and kept weather reports for the area. Before planes landed, Ron would help the men clear the white ants from the airstrip. Snakes were a constant hazard, especially at night.

Wildlife in Ron's film in-

cludes buffaloes, dingoes, birds, and fish.

"One sequence shows mud-skippers, the little fish with long sacs under their throats that fill up with air, enabling them to come out of the water and walk on their fins," he said.

"I also filmed green ants building their intricate nests. The Aborigines use these nests to make a cure for a cold. They put a nest into a billy of water and mix it up. A white substance comes out of the larvae into the water, which they strain and drink.

"I can't vouch that it works."

Since his return to Sydney 12 months ago (because Evol was expecting their daughter, Mandy), Ron has been editing his film and writing the script. It will run for about 2½ hours.

The film also will be shown in schools. The N.S.W. Department of Education has ordered 24 copies.

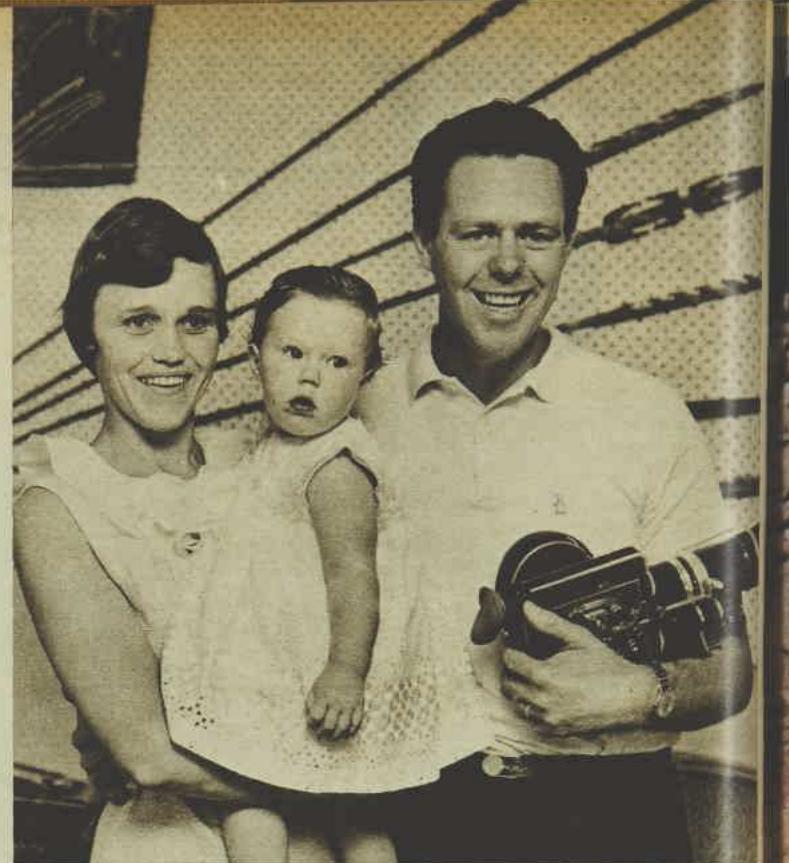
With the proceeds, Ron and Evol plan to return to Oenpelli, for two reasons — more filming and to work with and help their new-found friends.

—BARBARA MARTYN

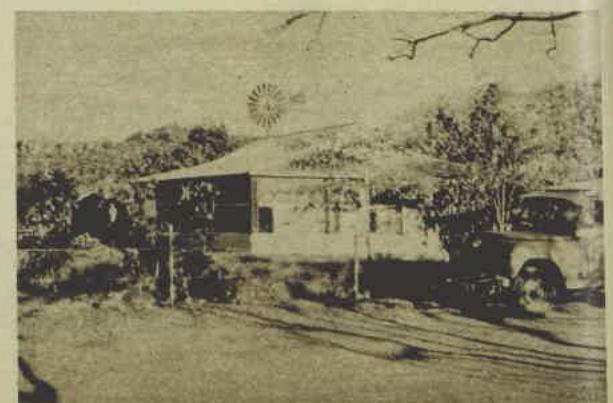


• Evol Turner, left, photographed against a background of ancient Aboriginal cave paintings her husband found about nine miles from Oenpelli.

• House in which the Turners lived, right. The Aboriginal population at the Oenpelli Mission averages about 350, with 20 to 30 white workers.



• Ron Turner with his wife, Evol, their daughter, Mandy.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1968



AT LEFT: Amana Finley made a pretty addition to the beach scene in her jaunty candy-striped swimming outfit, as she relaxed between surfs. Pictured with her is Tim Ashton, of "Checkers," Cargo, who took advantage of the summery weather to drive from Edgecliff, where he stayed, to spend a day in the sun.

BRIGHT GATHERING. Harold Scruby's guitar-playing provided a pleasant interlude for his host, David Louden (centre back), and friends Pat Czernay, Susie Hughes, Peter Green, and Elizabeth Doyle (left to right) at the Palm Beach home which David's mother, Mrs. Hugh Louden, has taken over the summer holidays.

## HOLIDAYMAKERS AT PALM BEACH



FUN-TIME HOUR for a bikini-clad three-year-old, Diane Adair (left), when she was taken for a paddle by her mother, Mrs. Ross Adair, Mrs. Bruce Storey (right), and eight-year-old Felicity Storey. Mr. and Mrs. Adair and their children were staying with Mrs. Adair's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hodge, at their Palm Beach home.

PATIO DRINKS under the cool shade of an umbrella were enjoyed by Pippy Seats, her fiance, David Kirkhope (right), and Simon Cooper. David was a houseguest of Pippy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Seats, at their home in Pacific Road.



BARBECUE LUNCHEON. John Dalton proved a most successful "chef for a day," when he cooked lunch for Peter Sautelle, Tina Walker, Diana Morse, Di Salenger, and hostess Louena Carr (left to right) at the holiday home belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Des Carr.



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"Richard likes me a little tubby."

— ELIZABETH TAYLOR

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at a party  
— for DOGS

• NEXT WEEK • • • NEXT WEEK •

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# Life's still a circus



MADGE AND WINNIE bought this 2½-ton lorry last May. Their fairy-floss machine, which spins sugar into the palest blues and pinks, is inside the canteen being towed. Beds, wardrobe, refrigerator, and stove are inside the lorry. Madge is driving.

- Four and a half years ago we published a story about the Seymour sisters, who were then running an archery travelling sideshow. Since then they considered retiring, but they changed their minds . . .

TO fulfil a contract to sell fairy floss at the Moscow Circus, former circus performers the Misses Winnie Seymour, 69, and Madge Seymour, 64, will take a floss-making canteen behind a 2½-ton lorry across Australia from Brisbane to Perth.

But at one stage it was a toss-up whether they would take the pension, or the trip to Perth.

The Moscow Circus is due to open in Perth on January 18, and afterwards will tour Australian cities. The Misses Seymour plan to stay with it through every capital until it closes in Brisbane on May 11.

Miss Madge will drive the lorry. She does all the driving, although Win has a licence, too.

To the question, does Win take a turn at the driving, Madge replied with a broad smile, "No, she tells me how," and both sisters had a good long laugh.

They will travel with a shotgun and a rifle and both are good shots.

"We always carry firearms," Winnie said. "Sometimes we had to get our food that way in the early days."

The drive will be done in two stages. The first from Brisbane to Port Augusta — approximately 1500 miles.

"At Port Augusta, to cross the Nullarbor Plain, we will travel with the lorry and canteen on the 'Tea and Sugar,'" Win said.

"That's the train that drops provisions to fettlers and others."

"We have driven across the plain in a truck, but it is very monotonous. The road is so straight you could tie your wheel for 300 miles."

Stage two of the drive will be from Kalgoorlie to Perth, 372 miles, which will give Madge a drive of 1872 miles in all.

Talking about their long trip, Madge said: "Having the circus in our blood, we can't know about a circus without we have to go there.

"But we nearly didn't make it this time."

Winnie explained: "I sold — for \$3600 — a block of land that I bought 20 years ago for £300 (\$600 dollars).

"Then we thought: Are we going to sit down with this money for security and get the pension? Or are we going to start out on something new?"

Madge broke in: "So we were what you would call versatile," Winnie said. "In our time with the circus we rode bareback, used the single and double trapeze, the Roman rings, horizontal

months then) teaching all the way."

Madge broke in: "And how!"

Winnie said: "He hammered it into us."

Madge: "With a stick. No beg pardons. My hands were swollen for days. He did a wonderful job."

The faces of the two sisters broke into smiles.

"He was very kind," Winnie said, "as soon as the lessons had finished. He took us fishing, swimming, and shooting."

"He was a wonderful fellow, only about 22 or 23."

Win went on: "When we reached Broken Hill, after about nine months, our bandsman — who, by that time, was very proud of the way we could play — took us to visit a Broken Hill miners' band and we played with them at a concert, reading everything at sight."

Madge said: "I was so small, I was about 9 — I had to stand on a kerosene case to see the music."

The family band then supplied the music for the Seymour circus and the children also kept on with their acts.

Madge said: "When we weren't coming, we were going."

Winnie added: "We would be playing a cornet with one hand, while mother would be pulling at the other, changing our costume."

Their mother then had Winnie taught the piano and Madge the violin, getting a lesson at every convent, or wherever there was a teacher, on visits through the towns.

By JEAN BRUCE

bars; were tightrope walkers, tumblers, and contortionists.

"Madge, having a heavier voice, was often picked to do clowning."

"There were no wild animals in the circus, only donkeys, ponies, mules, and horses, and the family travelled in horse-drawn wagons."

Altogether there were six Seymour children in the family circus, five girls and a boy.

Their mother, Ada Seymour, who was Welsh, wanted all her family trained as musicians, and this came in very handy for them later.

Although it is 60 years ago, Madge and Winnie still have vivid memories of their musical training.

Winnie said: "Our parents picked up a young German bandmaster, Bill von Erdmann, at Charleville, and he travelled with the circus to Adelaide (it took about 11

# for Misses Win and Madge



In 1916 the Seymour circus disbanded in Charleville, because their parents wanted to educate the younger children.

Five of the young Seymours, four girls and the boy, then started a dance band in Charleville.

Winnie played the piano, Madge the drums and violin, their brother, Henry, the trumpet and trombone, sister Lulu also played the violin, and sister Ada the saxophone.

Ada also did the singing.

Madge: "It was considered the best band outside Brisbane."

Winnie: "We were always sober and we kept good time."

Madge: "We did old-time and modern, and we would travel 300 miles to play for one dance."

Petrol rationing broke up the band in 1941, and this was when Madge and Winnie Seymour had the idea of conducting archery as a sideshow on the showgrounds. It proved very successful, and for the past 21 years the Seymour sisters have done the Adelaide, Melbourne, and Brisbane shows.

Their life made Madge and Winnie Seymour known throughout Australia. Once in a while they come across an old friend of the very early days.

Recalling one of these

happy occasions, Madge said: "First I'd like to tell you about something I will never forget. I often think of it, even now."

We were sitting at a table in a caravan in the Seymours' Brisbane garden, and it was obvious that Madge and Winnie were going to talk about something that meant a great deal to them.

Madge said: "When travelling with the family circus, swimming flooded rivers in Queensland's wet season and getting horses off flooded islands were things you took in your stride.

"One boy was about 14 and the other 18—the Doyleys. The youngest was Herbie Doyle—I can't remember the other's name.

"They were carrying provisions for a little gold mining town called Oaks Rush, and were bound by contract to be there at a certain time.

"They had to cross the flooded river and if they waited a day it might be higher and they wouldn't be able to.

"They said to Dad, 'If you stay here and it comes up farther you will starve.' They wouldn't leave us there, and the boys suggested a way to cross.

"The Doyleys had three big wagons and three teams of horses. We had three wagonettes, about 18 horses including buckjumpers, and two donkeys.

"The Doyle boys put a tarpaulin flat on top of every big wagon, put all the provisions on the tarp, and then pulled the ends and sides up and tied it like a

"Dad had to go and look for the horses in the pitch dark, because they were hobbled and belled. He had to swim across the river and take their hobbles and bells off, so they would be free to swim."

Madge went on: "About daylight we heard voices and the jingle of harness — two boys and their father with horse teams.

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"The Doyle boys put a tarpaulin flat on top of every big wagon, put all the provisions on the tarp, and then pulled the ends and sides up and tied it like a

big plum pudding with ropes across holding it down to the wagon.

"They yoked all the horses from their three teams, about 24 big draught-horses, on to one big wagon. Behind this they tied one of the circus wagonettes.

"On top of the 'plum pudding' on the wagon, they put my mother and the children. We sat on it and held on to the ropes.

"The boys started the horses in to the flooded river — the deep part was about 20 yards in the centre."

Madge said: "I sit now and I often think of this.

"The first horses went into the river, and when they reached the deep part and had to swim the second lot of horses and the third still had a footing.

"This meant some horses always had a footing while others were swimming.

"By the time the leaders had swum the distance and had a footing, the others were swimming. The horses were not only swimming, they were going under and up, weighed down by their harness.

"The two boys were driving the horses — one up near the leader and the other with the polers (the horses nearest the wagon), and their heavy whips were cracking continuously.

"Mr. Doyle, sen., took the tuckerbox on the first wagon

and our Dad was preparing the second wagon.

"The big wagon was absolutely submerged. The water was over our legs and we were hanging on. But we got there.

"Then the boys took all the horses back across the river, hooked them on to the next wagon with another wagonette behind. They got the whole lot across."

Madge added: "I went across with the first lot and as soon as we reached the other side of the river old Mr. Doyle started to make johnny cakes and cooked them in the ashes, to feed the workers.

## Treacle

"I spread them with dripping and treacle and gave them to the boys."

Herbie Doyle, the Seymour sisters discovered a few years ago, was still alive, living in Charters Towers, Queensland.

His wife saw our story about Madge and Winnie's archery in *The Australian Women's Weekly* of May 22, 1963, and they decided to visit the archery at the Brisbane Show, to see if these were the Seymours that Herbie was always talking about.

At the archery they saw a Seymour of a later generation who didn't know about the epic event up north.

Taking up the story, Winnie said: "They were walking away very downcast when I

came out from behind the tent and happened to see them.

"I asked if they wanted to see one of the Seymour girls. Herbie replied he had wanted to see one of them but they didn't remember him."

Winnie went on: "I asked, 'Who are you?' He said, 'Herbie Doyle who pulled you across the Sandy Tafe.'"

Winnie said, "Then there was kissing and crying. We were so happy to see him."

Afterwards they had a great reunion.

Winnie and Madge Seymour have had a book dedicated to them by Fred A. Lord, whose "Little Big Top," published by Rigby Ltd., Adelaide, in 1965, tells about the Seymour Family Circus.

Both sisters have a sense of fun.

Winnie told me she specially wanted the following sentence printed about her in this story: "I suffer from two diseases, 'toxophiliite,' the study of archery, and 'lapidary-sitis,' to do with rare examples of stones, and while in the capital cities with the circus I would like to meet any others with the same complaints."

**MOSCOW CIRCUS**  
DATES: Perth, Jan. 18 to Feb. 3; Adelaide, Feb. 9-24; Melbourne, Feb. 28-March 23; Sydney, Mar. 27-Apr. 20; Brisbane, Apr. 24-May 11.



IN TIGHTS (above) to perform in the Seymour Family Circus, from left to right, are sisters Winnie, then about 18, Lulu, 16, and Madge, 14. Picture was taken at Eromanga, Western Qld., in about 1915.

AT LEFT: Misses Madge (left) and Winnie Seymour outside their Brisbane home.



TEENAGE Winnie (above) dressed for a bareback horse-riding circus act.



BAND of the Seymour Family Circus, below, included, from left, Henry, then 7, Lulu, 13, Madge, 11, and Winnie, 15. (1912.)

# ROLL-CALL ON A CAKE

● When Mrs. Tony Lopes, of Flemington, Vic., wife of the well-known racehorse trainer, decided to make the cake for the reception following the marriage of her sister Angelina Varapodio to Frank Iacono, she wanted to "do something different." So she made a staircase cake with tiers representing steps up to a model chapel and on each stair small dolls representing members of the wedding group, dressed from scraps of material from the original gowns. Mrs. Lopes (seen at right) is a self-taught cake-decorator. She baked the five cakes within a fortnight and took three weeks to do the decorations. Four hundred and fifty guests attended the wedding reception.



*WITH THE BELLS of St. Anthony's Shrine, Hawthorn, Vic., ringing out above them in the warm afternoon sunshine, the bridal party gathers on the church steps after the wedding ceremony in the order in which they are to appear on the wedding cake: at the top, the bride and groom; next the two seven-year-old flowergirls, Annette Robinson, the bride's niece, and the bride's cousin, Maria Varapodio, their cherry-red chiffon dresses matching those of the bridesmaids; on the third step, Miss Maria Ferro with the best man, Bob Iacono, brother of the bridegroom; next, Miss Tina Mazzetti, the bride's godchild, and Mr. Don Varapodio, the bride's brother; then her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Varapodio, of Mooroopna, and the bridegroom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore Iacono, of Bentleigh.*

*Pictures by Les Gorrie*



• Greek pullover, 4th century BC

## At 91, still sewing strong!

IN the days when Mrs. Rose Smibert started the Kambroona branch of Victorian Red Cross, a reel of cotton was 2½d. and wool cost 6d. a skein. (Kambroona was the name of Mrs. Smibert's original home. The branch has kept the name, although she has moved since it was originally established.)

That was in 1921, when flannel shirts for men—"dreadful-looking things," said Mrs. Smibert—were in great demand for distribution to stricken families in Europe.

Mrs. Smibert is 91 now, but her interest in sewing for Red Cross has never waned.

She is still president of the Kambroona branch, presiding over meetings twice a month at her Malvern, suburban Melbourne, home, and while she doesn't do much sewing herself now, she makes most of the cakes and scones her members eat for morning and afternoon tea.

### BUSY DAYS

Meetings have always been held at Mrs. Smibert's home. "Whenever I decided to move—I think this has been four times over the years—I had to consider whether the new house would be suitable for my sewing circle," she said.

These days, members bring their own lunch and sew for most of the day, turning out beautiful babies' and children's wear.



• Mrs. Smibert

Four machines are set up permanently in a bungalow in Mrs. Smibert's back garden, and the hand-finishing is done in her sitting-room.

"We won't have anything ugly or badly made," said Mrs. Smibert, holding up a pretty nightgown.

"And the garments must be fashionable."

"Nothing is to be sold—we're very strict about that."

"Everything we make is to be given to families who need help."

During the war years, the Kambroona branch met twice a week and there wasn't time to stay to lunch, said Mrs. Smibert.

Each layette which the branch made them to send to England was packed with a greeting card from members, and Mrs. Smibert still receives cards and letters at Christmas from grateful mothers.

## COMPACT

### MINI-SKIRTS KNITTED 1700 YEARS AGO

■ There's a special knitting feature in this issue about a new yarn (start on pages 30, 31)—and thereby hangs a yarn of another kind . . .

Few knitters probably realise it, but in ancient times the knitted pattern of today's favorite lacy shell or warm Aran knit had deep religious meanings.

To the people of Old Testament times the folded thread, the interlaced or plaited yarn were visible signs of bonds with God.

Even the Aran knitting patterns of Ireland—which will never lose their fashion appeal—were inspired by the religious thinking of monks 1100 years ago.

For example, the famous "Ladder of Life"—purl or twist stitches worked to form the poles and rungs of a ladder—symbolises the idea of man's earthly climb to eternal happiness.

It was because the roots of knitting are so deeply embedded in religion that author Heinz Edgar Kiewe found the Bible and its commentaries a valuable source of information when gathering facts for his book "The Sacred History of Knitting," from which we learned these interesting stories.

(The book was published in 1967 by Art Needlework Industries Ltd., Oxford, England.)

With a scholar's eye for detail, Mr. Kiewe explores 3000 years of history, deftly weaving facts into a tapestry as colorful as Joseph's Coat of Many Colors—which, according to him, could have inspired the Celtic knitting stitch "Tartan Plaid."

He says discoveries point to ancient Arabia as the birthplace of knitting. The word itself is derived from the old Saxon "cnotta," meaning the interlacing of one or more ropes to form a knot.

#### • Historians, legend differ

Many historians date the first piece of knitting at about AD 200, but legend claims that the seamless robe of Jesus was knitted. That was why, says the author, it couldn't be cut or divided, and "lots were cast" for it.

Also, says Mr. Kiewe, during the Exodus from Egypt in 1500 BC, the Children of Israel roamed the Sinai Desert "pulling the wool from camel and sheep, rolling the wool in their hands, twirling it, and pulling it out into thread."

According to the book, knitting by a hooked needle dates back to the days of King Solomon, while a painting of the Madonna of Buxtehude by Master Bertram (about AD 1390) proves that four needles were used in the 15th century. The Madonna—called the "Knitting Madonna"—is knitting a white seamless shirt of penitence on four needles.

The trail for facts led Mr. Kiewe to the museums of many countries, including Germany, Israel, Greece, and Cyprus.

His most exciting discovery, he says, was at the Nicosia (Cyprus) Museum, where the limestone figure of a 3rd/4th-century-BC Phoenician temple priest wore a knitted or non-woven fabric sack.

Another exciting discovery was in an enlargement of one of the pages of the 8th-century Book of Kells at Trinity College, Dublin.

A miniature Irishman representing Daniel wears an Aran-patterned pullover, breeches, and stockings—still in fashion today as knitted golf hose.

In addition to the 58 regular members of the branch, there are a number of others who cannot attend meetings but contribute knitting.

Statements to an Australian insurance company:

- The accident was due to the other man narrowly missing me.



• Jewish knitted mini-skirt, 3rd century AD

A HIGHLY unusual Christmas present—and a labor of love in the truest sense—was the gift that Karl Rall, of West Germany, gave his wife last year.

Rall is a master mechanic and, through intensive private study and numerous consultations with medical specialists, he succeeded in constructing an artificial kidney for his wife, Else, who is suffering from chronic kidney trouble.

Else had to travel three times a week to a clinic 125 miles away for blood-cleansing treatment.

Apart from a few important specialised parts, the artificial kidney was Rall's own work.

He claims that there are

## For Else— a very rare gift

even a few improvements on the usual clinical equipment.

At Christmas, physicians were at Rall's home to provide medical supervision as the machine was put into operation.

## PAT ON BACK FOR BACK-SEAT DRIVER

★ The much-maligned back-seat driver has at last found a defender—of the good back-seat driver, that is.

According to the New York Safety Council, "a good back-seat driver serves as an extra pair of eyes—taking care of map-reading, watching for directional signs and route turn-offs—while the

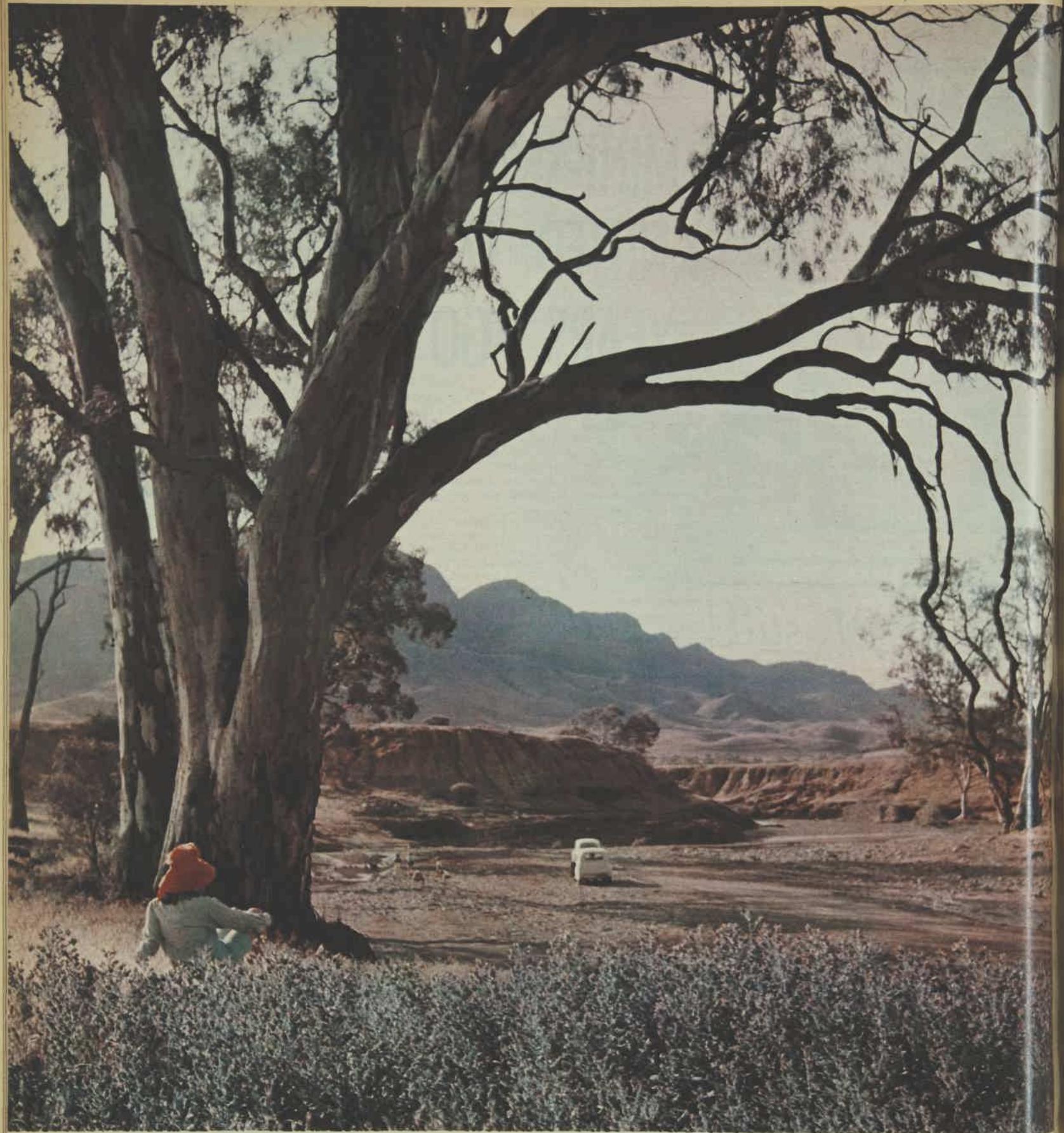
driver is concentrating on driving."

She also sees to it that all doors are locked, seatbelts fastened, and that the rear shelf is kept clear of objects that could block the driver's vision or become flying missiles in the event of sudden braking.

### Baby-sitter

She acts as baby-sitter, keeping children amused so that they don't distract the driver, and seeing that they keep arms and heads inside the car.

Feel vindicated, ladies?



## Where valley, mountain meet

—Picture by John Addison, of Heathpool, S.A.

● One of the main scenic areas of the Flinders Ranges, South Australia, some 300 miles north of Adelaide, looking toward Aroona Valley with Mt. Haywood in background. The ground rises gently to the foot of the mountain, whose sheer rock walls present a magnificent color spectacle. At sunrise, the rock-faces appear red; at other times they turn from blue to purple. Added color comes from the Salvation Jane or Paterson's Curse in the foreground.

BEAUTIFUL  
AUSTRALIA



# WHICH IS THE REAL FONTAINE?



COMEDIAN Crazy Guggenheim.

• A special that is something quite special in my book is TCN9's BP Super Show, scheduled for telecasting at 9.30 p.m. on January 10, starring famous American entertainer Frank Fontaine.

FONTAINE made his showbiz name as Crazy Guggenheim, a barfly with a mobile face in the "Jackie Gleason Show" segment called Joe the Bartender. He also sings.

Whenever I see Frank Fontaine I feel like playing "Tell the Truth" and pleading, "Will the real Frank Fontaine please stand up?" I can never decide whether the real one is the singer or the comedian.

Both Fontaines appear in the TV show, so viewers can make their own decision.

Fontaine does a stint as the zany comedian Crazy Guggenheim of the "Jackie Gleason Show" during the special and also sings many ballads.

It is quite an unusual show — it was filmed in actual performance during Frank Fontaine's recent season at Melbourne's New Twenties Restaurant.

Done this way, the special captures the "night out" atmosphere and remarkable involvement Fontaine achieves with his audience.

Other material not previously seen in Australia was recorded later by Fontaine and added to the show.

He sings many ballads during the 30-minute special, including "Danny Boy," "I Want a Girl," and "If You Were the Only Girl in the World."

He became a balladist after Jackie Gleason heard him singing for his own pleasure during a rehearsal for the "Jackie Gleason Show."

Gleason immediately had a

By  
NAN MUSGROVE

song written into a Joe the Bartender sketch, and Crazy Guggenheim stopped twisting that indiarubber face into funny grimaces and started singing.

Somehow I think the bandleader is the real Fontaine.

★ ★ ★  
BOBBY LIMB'S "Sound of Music" is holidaying, but there's a new sound of music in its place — The King Family, an American family of 37, who sing, dance, play, harmonize, and generally make music.

It is good, tuneful stuff, but I found it rather overwhelming after the local product, and I'm already looking forward to seeing Bobby smiling back at me through the O in Sound.

There is nothing the matter with the Kings. They make good music, but they're too glossy, too well dressed, drilled, and rehearsed for me.

Another former singer introduces the King Family — Bing Crosby.

It was a shock to see this famous crooner again. I think he should just be heard, not seen any more. It is too sad to see the lined face and the hairline, a toupee, that is carefully slipping back and back, by adjustment.

**Keeping up with the "Joneses"**

BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOR (ABC-TV, Tuesdays, 7.30 p.m.) is a new

comedy series starring that popular pair from "The Rag Trade," Peter Jones and Reg Varney.

It is simple, uncomplicated, easy to follow, and funny.

"Beggar My Neighbor" is the story of two married couples, executive Gerald Garvey (Peter Jones) and his wife, Rose, and mechanic Harry Butts (Reg Varney) and his wife, Lana.

The wives are sisters. Lana Butts is played by one of those competent English actresses called Pat Coombs, but Rose Garvey is none other than June Whitfield, an accomplished comedienne and a thorough professional.

June Whitfield will surely be remembered by radio listeners who were fans of Dick Bentley's "Take It From Here," for June played that famous female Eth of the Ron and Eth duo. It will be interesting to see how she transplants to TV.

The Garveys and the Butts live next door to each other, and life is difficult.

The trouble is that executive Garvey is poorly paid,

## Television

SINGER Frank Fontaine.

if it did, that would be news in itself, and I have missed TDT's angles on many things.

I felt sure that TDT would be recalled to the screen at the time of the tragedy of Prime Minister Holt's drowning, and to cover the extraordinarily interesting infighting over the new Liberal leader, but no.

It seems to me that ABC-TV has negated a lot of the credit it accrued by starting TDT and doing such an excellent job with it by taking it off at this time, whatever its reasons.

## Memories of "Power Game"

I CAN recommend wholeheartedly ABC-TV's new Arnold Bennett serial, "Lord Raingo," about political life and intrigue, both professional and domestic, at the end of World War I.

Raingo, played by Kenneth More, is a retired newspaper proprietor with a weak heart and other problems.

A visit to the doctor cheers him up, and he takes on a job as Minister of Records offered him by his old friend the Prime Minister, Andy Clyde (Joseph O'Conor), provided a peerage goes with the job.

From then the story moves briskly, absorbingly.

The greatest compliment that I can pay "Lord Raingo" is that it reminded me of TCN9's magnificent series with Patrick Wymark, "The Power Game," about modern business life.

Remembering that a promise to repeat "The Power Game" came from TCN9 at the end of the series last year, I thought it was time to start pestering them about it.

I find "The Power Game" is very much in mind at TCN9, but is still not scheduled.

Probably some time, well after the opening of the new TV season in February, will see it repeating. But when it does start, viewers will get the lot, beginning with "The Plane Makers," the first series, and continuing on to "The Power Game."

News doesn't stop for Christmas or the New Year,

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the week

Momma once said when I was about to be married and had those second thoughts we all get: "My son, the word is 'co-operation.' Co-operation is the foundation for a successful marriage. You must do things together. I don't mean 24 hours a day, but if your wife wants to go for a walk, go with her. If she wants to see a movie, then take her to one. If she's had a rough day and has to do the dishes, do the dishes with her." The conversation ended when I said, "Suppose she wants to mop the floor?"

MOMMA'S MORAL: Marriage is a beautiful custom in which two people share the troubles that their marriage created.

mechanic Butts well paid, and the Garveys battle on regardless in an effort not to fall too far behind their more affluent relatives.

The second episode, when Gerald joins Harry as an after-work soldier in the Territorials, struck me as very funny. There is nothing subtle about "Beggar My Neighbor," but as they say in England — wot larks!

TV's January desert when all the regular live shows are off the screen while the people connected with them have holidays or refresher courses can be dreary, but this year things are better.

Channel 2 has had to produce a lot of new shows to fill the gap left from 7.30 p.m. to 8 p.m. by "This Day Tonight's" holiday.

I agree wholeheartedly with the Christmas - New Year layoff of live entertainment shows — it is a rest for viewers as well as performers, but one thing I don't agree with is a close-down holiday for TDT.

News doesn't stop for Christmas or the New Year,

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

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## New Discovery Now Makes It Possible to Shrink and Heal Haemorrhoids Without Surgery

### Stops Itch—Relieves Pain in Minutes

New York, N.Y. (Special): A world-famous institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink haemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief, in minutes, from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it quickly reduces painful swelling.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—now offered in both ointment and suppository form called Preparation H.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps to prevent infection (a principal cause of haemorrhoids).

Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Available at all chemists.

N675



ANDREW WAUGH \*

Australia's best known do-it-yourself expert — see his simple ideas for handymen to copy each month in the

AUSTRALIAN HOME JOURNAL

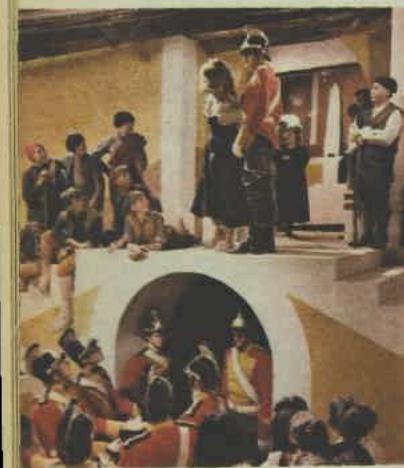
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**CARMEN** enslaves Don Jose (Ron Graham), coqueting with a rose. Don Jose's sweetheart is Micaela (Fran Kelly); Carmen snare him.



AFTER a fight in the factory, Jose arrests Carmen at Zuniga's orders. Zuniga, Carmen's lover, is infuriated at Carmen's sudden infatuation for his corporal, Jose.



ABOVE: Jose prepares for Carmen's escape plan — he'll push her, she'll escape. BELOW: Instead, she pushes him over. She escapes, Jose goes to prison for months.



FAMOUS CARD SCENE in Pastia's tavern with Frasquita (Candy Devine), far left. Her soldier is Bruce Gibson; behind is Remendado (Alan Dearth). Carmen is beside her lover, Zuniga (John Faassen). Extreme right, background, is Pastia (John Brosnan).

THE SMUGGLERS: From left to right, Reggie the donkey carries George Till. Standing, Trevor Brown, James Stanswell, and Graeme Williams. Seated, Clem Millgate. Carmen forces Don Jose to desert the Army and join the smugglers.

• "CARMEN" may be seen on ABC-TV in Sydney and Melbourne on January 24 at 8 p.m., in Perth and Adelaide at 8 p.m. on January 31, and in Brisbane and Hobart at 8 p.m. on February 7.

Television

RIGHT: Carmen (Jeanine Arnould), dishevelled after a fight with the women workers in the tobacco factory.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1968



LEFT: Escamillo, the toreador (Vincent Gil), gorgeously arrayed for the bullfight, is hero-worshipped by the girls.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

# CARMEN

• Bizet's colorful Spanish opera "Carmen," to be telecast soon, is a magnificent production with Jeanine Arnould as the tempestuous, passionate heroine and a superb cast to support her.



CARMEN'S first confrontation with the toreador Escamillo (Vincent Gil), magnificent in his suit of lights. Right is the toreador's Espada (Miguel de Triana), who carries his sword. Left of Carmen is Mercedes (Marie Tysoe).



"CARMEN," with its dramatic story and beautiful melodies, is probably the most popular and certainly the best known of all the operas, particularly since its presentation as a movie, "Carmen Jones."

The original music score of "Carmen" was used for "Carmen Jones," and opera devotees and delivery boys share its familiar melodies.

I found ABC-TV's production of "Carmen" one of the most exciting TV events I have been associated with. It is colorful, full of quotable music and drama.

"Carmen" is set in Spain and is the story of Carmen, a Spanish gipsy, whom men find irresistible. It has a well-constructed story, picturesque setting, and beautiful

music. It makes splendid entertainment.

French Jeanine Arnould, who is married to an Australian, plays and sings Carmen. Other principals who play and sing their roles are Marie Tysoe as Mercedes, John Brosnan as Pastia the innkeeper, and John Faassen as Zuniga.

Voices of the other principals are sung by well-known singers.

Frasquito (played by Candy Devine) is sung by Marilyn Richardson, Don Jose (played by Ron Graham) sung by Raymond McDonald, Remendado (played by Alan Dearth) sung by Lorenzo Nolan, and Escamillo (Vincent Gil) sung by Ronald Jackson.

— NAN MUSGROVE

# Insects cannot survive the Powerful Strength of a Safe New Insecticide

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THAN PEA-BEU.**

## She "paints" with needle and thread

● For Mrs. Margaret Oppen, the retiring president of the Embroiderers' Guild of N.S.W., embroidery has little in common with "fancy-work" but is a traditional art which can express modern ideas as effectively as painting.

**A PAINTER** herself for most of her life (she's 77), Mrs. Oppen now prefers embroidery as a means of self-expression. "I can think better in stitches," and for most women she considers it ideal because "they can get quick results."

She showed me a cushion cover she was making with patches of brilliantly colored Thai silk against a plain background. The embroidery technique was traditional patchwork, but the effect was dramatically modern.

"You see what I mean," she said in the bright, crisp voice which belies her years. "Here I'm experimenting with colors and spatial relationships as in a modern painting, and the result will be not a piece of traditional patchwork, but something in keeping with the design of a modern home.

"And it's so simple. Just odd bits of fabric and an easy embroidery stitch any woman can do. But it's not stereotyped. That was why — with two friends — I started the guild ten years ago. It amazed me the energy so many women expended on doing poor, stereotyped stuff and doing it so well. Such a waste!"

With an initial membership of seven women who met in the studio attached to Mrs. Oppen's home in Wahroonga, the Embroiderers' Guild of N.S.W. was the first branch of the original Embroiderers' Guild outside the United Kingdom (there are branches now in some other States). It now has nearly 500 members whose ages range from 17 to 80, and among its many activities conducts competitions for schoolgirls and sends travelling exhibitions to country areas.

### Exhibitions

Mrs. Oppen made light of this achievement, said it had all been "great fun." But her eyes sparkled as she confessed that some people thought her rather too ambitious when, in 1966, she decided to hold an embroidery exhibition in the N.S.W. Department of Education's huge art gallery.

"I suppose they thought we'd never fill it. But it was such a success we had another one just before Christmas."

The members of the guild meet in small groups to learn and improve their embroidering techniques but the emphasis is on originality and experiment.

"And all women can be original if they are given the opportunity," said Mrs. Oppen. "Of course the talented ones go further, but most women have more talent than they realise."

"This was the case with a group of young married women at Turramurra. When the rector of St. James' Church asked me to design a silk panel which two of his parishioners, the Danks-Flower twin sisters, wished to give in memory of their mother, I asked him to get me some volunteers to help with the stitching.

"They thought he wanted some hemstitching, had no idea the stitching would be metal thread applique on scarlet Thai silk. It was a completely new experience for them, but they learned fast. One, Sue Miles, designed the lettering at the bottom of the panel, and the twins worked out an original design for the back.

"Now most of them belong to the guild and spend one day a week with their embroidery group while their children are at school. They embroider their children's clothes and make lovely, original things for their homes."

"A similar thing happened with a group at St. Andrew's Church, Wahroonga. I was helping them make a set of needlework tapestry kneelers with a net and fish design and had designed a couple of fish when one of the group, Mrs. P. Stewart, whose hu-



**SANCTUARY KNEELER** in St. Andrew's Church, Wahroonga, N.S.W., with its design of colorful Australian fish, is an example of the original ideas women can express with embroidery. Mrs. Oppen began the project with a group of six women, one of whom (Mrs. P. Stewart) became so interested that she designed practically all the fish, although she had never previously designed anything. Embroidered with wool on canvas, the kneeler is one of a set of three.

— Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW

band was a keen fisherman, became intensely interested. Although she had never designed anything in her life, she took over and designed the rest of the fish. They are all Australian, including some little sticklebacks, a special request from the rector."

Mrs. Oppen was enthusiastic, too, about another group led by one of the Embroiderers' Guild's youngest members, Anne-Marie Bakewell, who are embroidering "pictures" of old Sydney houses and experimenting with various types of thread and stitches. She showed me one done by Anne-Marie herself. All in white, it gave the effect of a fine line drawing.

"To get that effect Anne-Marie experimented with white thread in several thicknesses from fine sewing cotton to wool. It just shows how creative embroidery can be, and how expressive."

Mrs. Oppen is sure that working in a group encourages originality.

"In a group of 12, for example, you are likely to get 12 or more variations on the original idea."

She also believes that no one is ever too old to start embroidery, quotes herself as an example of a 60-year-old who saw an exhibition at the Embroiderers' Guild in London, realised that "the needle would be a better tool for me than the brush," and promptly enrolled for study at the Royal School of Needlework.

"I also learned a lot from books. There are some really wonderful embroidery books from which one can learn and get ideas."

The challenge of working with varied materials is one reason Mrs. Oppen enjoys embroidery. She uses ordinary knitting wools, for example, to make needlework tapestry "pictures." The subjects vary from flowers gathered from her garden, abstract designs, to her latest effort, a four-foot-square panel depicting Adam and Eve, which will be exhibited at the Adelaide Festival of Arts in March this year. Entitled

"The Moment of Temptation," it shows Adam and Eve as troubled teenagers.

"Needlework tapestry, or canvas work as it is usually called nowadays to distinguish it from real tapestry woven on a loom, is another traditional embroidery which is perfect for expressing modern ideas. It's ideal for making contemporary hangings for bare brick walls, for example."

When doing canvas work, Mrs. Oppen works directly on to the canvas.

"Some people paint the design on the canvas first, but I prefer to make a sketch and choose the colors of the wool as I go along."

Although her approach to embroidery is modern and young, Margaret Oppen also has a strong sense of tradition. She cut up a linen sheet, over a hundred years old, the only one left from her grandmother's trousseau, and made embroidered family trees for each of her mother's nine grandchildren.

Besides the actual tree, a gum tree, each panel is embroidered with the story of the linen which was woven from flax grown on Mrs. Oppen's great-grandmother's farm in Cumberland, England, the sailing ship Parramatta, on which her grandfather came to Australia, and the family home.

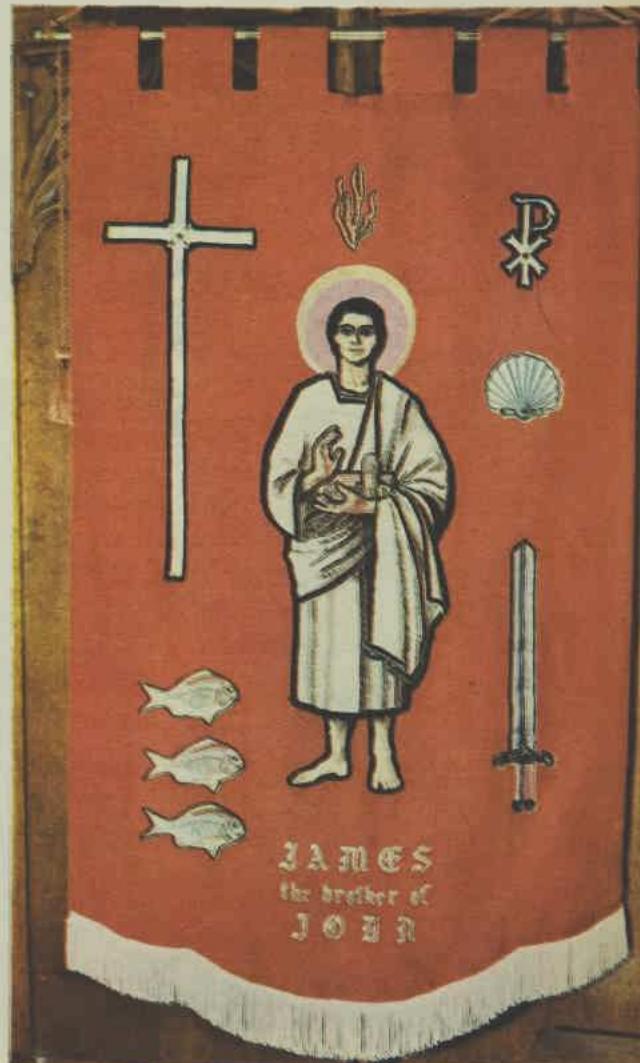
"They look impressive, but they're easy to embroider," said Mrs. Oppen, "and most Australian women have the data to make a very interesting family tree."

Although she has resigned from the presidency of the Embroiderers' Guild of N.S.W. ("I had to keep on telling them I was 77 before they would let me.") Mrs. Oppen has no intention of folding her hands. She has already started a book on embroidery which will include all sorts of useful information, including advice on how to hang an exhibition.

— ENNIS HONEY



WEEKLY — January 11, 1970



**SILK BANNER** in St. James' Church, Turramurra, N.S.W., was embroidered under Mrs. Oppen's guidance by a group of women without previous experience. The design, worked in applique couched on with gold silk thread, includes fish (James was a fisherman); sword symbolises martyrdom.

**MARGARET OPPEN** (second from left) with Chris Kerr (far left), Sue Miles, and Pat Olney, three young mothers who are members of her weekly embroidery group at St. Ives, N.S.W. They are working on Mrs. Oppen's needlework tapestry, "The Moment of Temptation," which will be exhibited at the Adelaide Arts Festival.

# SMOOTH-SURFACE FABRICS ARE

• New-look suit, below right, shows off the wearer's legs with an above-knee culotte skirt. The matched double-breasted jacket has a standing collar, short sleeves, and flap pockets. The suit is made in smooth white sharkskin; buttons are white bone.



• Mini-skirt worn with a hip-length, double-fastened jacket, above, is made in white-and-chocolate-brown windowpane-check wool. The mini-skirt is in the same check, but the colors are reversed — brown on white.

• Brown-and-white stripes are cut to form a geometrical design in the long-sleeved, back-buttoned tunic jacket, above. The slightly A-line above-knee skirt is made in dark brown cotton gabardine.

# NEW FOR 1968 SUIT FASHIONS

● For your new suit, be a smart buyer and decide on a smooth-surface fabric—it's hot fashion news for 1968. Choose the color from the brown family, or make it khaki, beige, white, off-white, persimmon. — BETTY KEEF.



● Self bands and a deep front panel are new jacket details on the casual suit, above. The panel is fastened with gold buttons. A pussy bow trims neckline. The skirt is A-line. Suit is in pale beige wool.

● Long jacket, short skirt, above, designed for the woman of action. The jacket has side pockets, a front slit, and button trim. To complete the outfit, a man's shirt and tie and Digger-type hat.

● This chic man-tailored suit, above, is made in khaki-and-white pencil-striped cotton. The double-breasted jacket is finished with flap pockets and fastened with four metal buttons. Skirt is A-line.

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doctor recommends  
a soluble  
pain reliever.



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If you or your family prefer to take pain relievers in soluble form, new 'ASPRO' Soluble overpowers pain  $2\frac{1}{4}$  times faster. Smooth to take with a pleasant neutral flavour, 'ASPRO' Soluble is years ahead in effectiveness. Always have 'ASPRO' in your home . . . when pain strikes, fight it fast with the modern partners against pain.

### THE MODERN PARTNERS AGAINST PAIN! 'ASPRO' SOLUBLE 'ASPRO' MICROFINED

(In the new Green pack)

(In the familiar Pink pack)



## DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● This one-piece dress is chosen for a teenager who asked for a design with a dropped waistline and a swinging skirtline.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

*"I am 16 and wear size 10 in patterns. My problem is a design and pattern for semi-formal evenings. I don't like the mini-length and wear my skirtlines just to the knee. Is a long-waisted style still being worn? If so, I would like a frock featuring this line."*

The one-piece dress with a lowered waistline and flared skirt is very much in fashion and I have chosen a dress (right) featuring this silhouette. The design is sleeveless and has a scoop neckline back and front. To order, under the illustration are full details.



*"What is the correct length for a bridesmaid's dress at a formal afternoon wedding?"*

Bridesmaids' attire is extremely flexible. Long or short dresses are equally correct. The one rule concerning bridesmaids' dresses is that they must be uniform in color and design.

*"I have bought a short black-lace party dress. Would white or black stockings be the correct choice?"*

Black sheer stockings would look just great.

*"My daughter is being married this month and I have chosen an ensemble in deep rose-pink shantung. I wondered if you could help with the choice of accessories?"*

A white petalled hat and white gloves and shoes would be a pretty choice with a

deep-rose ensemble. If you don't like white, have creamy beige.

*"I have to attend an evening dinner and have been asked to wear a long frock. I have nothing in my wardrobe of this nature so am seeking your advice. I want something tailored — nothing approaching a ballgown."*

You couldn't have anything newer than a slender-line black skirt and white ruffled organdie blouse. Finish the ensemble with a gold chain belt or a black leather belt finished with a gold buckle.

*"I wish to make a blue velvet evening dress for autumn. I am 17, and I have rather conservative taste. Would you suggest a style and also the accessories?"*

I suggest you have a dress cut on empire-lines; have the bodice sleeveless and

4345. — One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4345, the price 6s; includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

finished with a scoop back-and-front neckline. It would be a pretty idea to finish the dress with a bow and streamers placed under the bosom. Have the latter in the same color as the dress. For the other accessories, I like the idea of shoes tinted the blue of the dress, a silver or gold evening purse, and white wrist-length gloves.

*"What type of hat would be correct for a 15-year-old girl?"*

A replica of a boy's peaked cap or a beret worn on the slant. Ever thought of replacing a hat with a bow? A bow can look awfully cute and young.

**The twig  
needn't  
be bent  
too much**

YOU are so right, "Broga," our nearest and dearest can condition us into certain patterns. As an only child, whose father had died early in my life, nothing much was expected of me. I passed my school exams, but after matriculating, I accepted the first meagre office position found for me and was shepherded on a merry-go-round of social outings that were thought "suitable." Then the war came and I blossomed out, launched on a war-time job that led to promotion, found my own circle of friends, and discovered that I was a person in my own right — not dependent on the solicitous pampering of relatives. It was a revelation, and I have never looked back.

\$2 to "White Cliffs" (name supplied), West Wyalong, N.S.W.

IT should be realised that people are capable of change at different stages of life. Probably the fact that "Broga" was laughed at as hopelessly untidy in her young days contributed toward her now well-adjusted personality and her orderly home.

\$2 to "Amberce" (name supplied), Holbrook, N.S.W.

I MARRIED very young, during the Depression, and often made do with old or inferior things, remarking, "Oh, this will do for me." As the years passed and times grew better, I found it had become a habit, and it was taken for granted that I should still make-do. When I got my second chance at marriage, I had learned my lesson well. I put a much higher value on myself. Now I buy the best I can afford, for myself as well as for the family. People really treat us according to our own valuation. I now receive respect from my husband and family and feel better in myself.

\$2 to "J. Ewad" (name supplied), Ascot, Qld.

TOO many misfits, neurotics, and failures in life can be attributed to the hammerings of purposeful parents and relatives. Early in life, numbers of impressionable children are told that they are lazy, stupid, slow, unathletic, "like Mum," or "like Dad." If the epithets or analogies are repeated often enough, they come to believe in this image and, often throughout life, make no effort to escape it. Brainwashing is being practised continuously (though, as a rule, unintentionally) all around us.

\$2 to Mrs. Pat Grayson, Cheltenham, N.S.W.

FAR from being tagged for life by the cataloguing of often thoughtless relatives, most youngsters, by the time they reach their teens, are flat out to prove themselves the exact opposite of what they are expected to be — if only to assert their independence. It's part of the growing-up rebellion.

\$2 to "Rebelled" (name supplied), Black Rock, Vic.



## LETTER BOX

### How to make friends?

MY husband has recently been moved to the city, and I am finding it difficult to become part of the new community. He, of course, has a common meeting ground with the others at work. Should I pop in and introduce myself to the neighbors or send an invitation through my husband to the works' families to visit us? Should I go uninvited to a meeting of one of the service groups I was formerly interested in? How can I make friends here?

\$2 to "Newcomer" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

### Unfeeling attitude

HAS any reader ever heard of anything as dreadful as this? My mother, now in her eighties, was approached a while back by a man wanting to buy her home. When Mother would not sell, this man had a lawyer call on her, asking for an option on the property, to come into effect after her death. I will add that Mother's home has never been on the market nor put up for sale at any time.

\$2 to "A Reader" (name supplied), Doon Doon, N.S.W.

### Bachelor's friend

STILL another gadget which appears to have vanished in the course of modern progress are the cards of metal "bachelors' buttons." A stud was pressed through the underside of the garment, on to the button held on the place needing it. The whole thing was done in a jiffy. No need for needle and thread, and, best of all, the button was guaranteed never to come off the garment — and didn't. It lasted longer than the trousers.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Edwards, Hillcrest, S.A.

### Chalk it up . . .

INSTEAD of lamenting our disappointments, bad luck, and losses, would it not be far wiser to accept them and to realise that they come under the category of experience?

\$2 to Mrs. C. Brayley, Kew, Vic.

### Blessings in disguise

VISITING an unmarried friend of my own age, I was awakened to how thoughtless and selfish we can be unconsciously. As a mother of four, I was complaining about my two teenage daughters forever wanting to pluck my eyebrows, set my hair, etc. The four short words, "How I envy you," suddenly made me realise how blessed I am.

\$2 to "Count Blessings" (name supplied), Maitland, N.S.W.

**Ross  
Campbell  
writes...**

### PUDDING PROBLEM

AT Christmas there were complaints of a shortage of sixpences and threepences for puddings.

The nation's leaders gave no thought of this problem when they changed over to decimal currency.

The old silver sixpence, or zac, was replaced by a five-cent coin made of unattractive stuff called cupro-nickel. The silver threepence, or tray bit, simply went out of business.

As small change for buying things, the five-cent piece works all right. But its performance in Christmas puddings has been much criticised.

\$2 to "Rebelled" (name supplied), Black Rock, Vic.

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## NO DICE



• Anne Walker and Derek Stoneham were picked by computer as England's ideal couple, but, after their meeting, Anne said: "Derek is nice, but not tall enough, and he has a horrible green shirt."

*Love, when computerised,  
Ought to be sweet — no hurt.  
Not so. For, be advised,  
She didn't like his shirt.  
The match was all in vain.  
Computers, though so smart,  
Can simulate the brain  
But not the human heart.*

—Dorothy Drain

### Call from a stranger

IT'S strange how The Australian Women's Weekly brings people together. I received a phone call from a complete stranger — to wish me a Merry Christmas and to thank me for a recipe of mine published in 1960. I was feeling really miserable at the thought of spending the first Christmas in 14 years without my husband (he has been transferred to another State for six months), so she couldn't have picked a better time for her cheery call.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Moles, Manly, Qld.

### Portable lettuce

WHEN my daughter goes camping interstate with her husband and children, she goes to the trouble of taking "camping lettuces." These she grows in tins, starting them off several weeks before, so that they can have fresh salad with their fish. There are no shops near the camp site, but the fishing is good.

\$2 to Mrs. H. Gaddes, Floreat Park, W.A.

money mattered most — would get at least one each.

After Christmas, pudding-covered threepences used to lie on the window sills at our place. They did not look glamorous, but when washed they came up very nicely.

What is the future of pudding money?

Threepences have gone already. As more and more sixpences are withdrawn, a crisis will loom for pudding-makers.

A few prudent cooks like our Auntie Nan are looking ahead.

Auntie Nan has stockpiled some sixpences and threepences. After her pudding is eaten, she gets the silver back from the lucky finders, changing it for decimal currency. She puts it aside for next Christmas.

But she is an exception. For most people the hope of pudding money will rest with the Reserve Bank.

I appeal to the bank to circulate enough threepences and sixpences to meet future Christmas-pudding requirements.

Surely they can spare a little silver. I can't believe that from now on every cloud has a cupro-nickel lining.

**Look  
younger!  
Feel  
younger!**

Life is so much more exciting when you are trim, vital, sparkling with health! A trim figure, bright eyes, clear complexion, good colour, radiant hair, vital energy, are all outward signs of inner health. Take A.S.T. tablets regularly and rid your body of the poisonous wastes and excessive fats that make you feel tired, sluggish, headachy, old.

A trim figure? Stay slim!

Every packet of A.S.T. tablets also contains a sensible, easy-to-follow guide to diet. Eat well — enjoy your food — but avoid those fat-forming foods!

**A.S.T. AMERICAN SLIMMING TABLETS**

\$1.25 at Chemists

(Advertisement)

## Smooth Out Wrinkles

Wrinkles are riverbeds of dry cells caused by the plasma colloids (water carriers of the skin) having dried out through harsh weather. You can soon bring beauty and the glow of a healthy complexion back and protect your skin from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for oil of Ulan and before applying make-up smooth it over the face, neck and hands to lubricate and soften the skin and give it a peaches-and-cream bloom.

— Margaret Merrill

### HAPPY HOLIDAY?

Or will tummy upsets spoil the fun?

Strange places and a changed routine may upset your youngster's regularity. Your kidie may become irritable and grouchy — just when he should be having fun.

Don't let childhood constipation spoil your holidays. Give your youngster safe, gentle Laxetts. One pleasant-tasting milk chocolate square at bedtime usually restores regularity overnight. Next day your child will be bright and happy again.

When Mother Nature forgets, remember Laxetts. For grown-ups, too. From chemists everywhere.

Only 35 cents



PICTURESQUE FISHING JUNK, one of hundreds Mr. and Mrs. Edwards sighted 20 miles off the coast of Red China. In two hours' watching they counted 294. Only a few sails were orange; most were grey with age.



KEELUNG HARBOR, the ship's first port in Taiwan. Buses run from here to Taipei, the capital. "Keelung is a picturesque town with few cars, but many pushbikes and bullock wagons," says Mrs. Edwards.

CITY SQUARE in Chung Shang. In small Taiwan towns people gathered in the streets to watch the two Australians. Few Westerners visit here.



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# A HELL TRIP from HONG KONG TO DARWIN

JOHN and I boarded the Chinese tramp at Hong Kong. It was to take us home, via Taiwan (Formosa), to Darwin.

We were met by the second-officer. With a big smile, he told us we had been given the best suite, with private bath.

The main room was 12ft. x 10ft. with four windows, only one of them opening. In one corner was a large writing-desk with cupboards each side of it; curving around the corner of the room was a lounge, finishing at a wardrobe in the corner, with another cupboard in between the main door and the door to the bedroom. There was a table in front of the lounge and an armchair; in the bedroom was one chair, one sofa, and ONE bunk.

The private bathroom opening off the bedroom consisted of the usual bath, with a shower, toilet, and handbasin. It must have been very elegant once, but, oh dear! It was filthy.

We asked if it could be cleaned. "Oh, yes! Of course," and a man was sent to clean it. The first thing he did was to wipe the chairs so that we could sit down.

While he scrubbed and cleaned our cabin, we sat wondering just what to expect. Even with our thirst for knowledge (we'd gone second- and third-class through Malaysia and Thailand to see how the people lived), it looked as if it could be unpleasant.

The crew later told us that we were the first passengers they had ever had — until they remembered one Chinese, about a year before, who had travelled from Hong Kong to Taiwan.

The managing director of the shipping company had known we were coming three weeks ahead. We were told the ship took ten passengers. On board, we learned the truth — there was really accommodation for only one. By using the sofa, we had beds for two.

We left for Taiwan on a lovely calm sea.

That night there was no bedding, so John asked for some.

"Of course you can have

bedding." Away went the man to get it.

He brought back one sheet and one pillow each, and was called away. We waited and waited. He did not come back, so John found him again after a lot of searching. He had gone to bed — forgotten about us.

We then received one more sheet and a blanket. It was cold and we were glad we had bought two bedsheets in Hong Kong; we used them as well.

Next morning we asked for towels. Back came two small hand towels. We had two towels with us, as we always carry them, but did not see why we should provide our own when we were paying the same fare as on the Danish freighter from Bangkok to Hong Kong. On that ship we had clean linen every day.

We had a talk to the captain. This was not so easy, as he could not speak English and we cannot speak Chinese.

He thought we wanted handkerchiefs, until we went

## By BETSY EDWARDS

through the usual demonstration (we can demonstrate practically anything now with all the practice we had through South-East Asia).

"Oh yes. Of course you can have towels. Everyone on the ship has his ration, so can you."

He told us he would buy us a towel in Taiwan, which was two days away!

Keeping 20 miles out from the coast of Red China, we came to the North Equatorial current, with its warm waters running through the cooler waters of the South China seas.

We stood on deck watching hundreds of Red Chinese fishing junks for perhaps two hours or more. We counted 294.

As we approached Keelung, our first port in Taiwan, we had to anchor and wait for the pilot. It was early morning, with a calm sea.

John and I went up on deck to look at the land. When we came back the

keys to one of our cases were missing from the table where we had left them. Only the day before, two small articles had been taken from our cabin.

After waiting a long time for the pilot, we came slowly through the very narrow entrance to the harbor, learning in the meantime that there was no space for us at the wharf. They took our ship alongside two others, berthing us three-deep.

Customs gave the ship a thorough search, tapping all walls for secret panels, going through all the cabins searching through all our luggage. When any of the crew wanted to go ashore, they were searched. It took nine hours for John and me to get our passports stamped, giving us permission to land.

We had two ships to climb over. The first one had a plank across to our ship.

We had just finished walking the plank, when there was a call from our ship to come back, as the Immigration Department had decided we should have an extra pass, the same as they give the crew. So we walked the plank again.

One of the officers then phoned and received permission for us to go ashore without the extra pass.

Away we went again, walking the plank and through the first ship, climbed over on to the next ship and down her gangway to the wharf below.

It was raining in Keelung. We were told it rains most of the time.

## Dingy, dismal

We wandered round looking at the street vendors with their produce, which was a better quality than we had seen in Hong Kong and the New Territories.

Next day we caught a bus into Taipei, the capital of Taiwan. All the buildings were dingy, built of concrete, making everything look very grey and dismal.

There were a few bright splashes of color where prates hung in front of buildings indicating there was a new owner (or sometimes a new manager of a bank). A prate is a big shield-shaped frame covered with red and

## ● The ship was dirty. They had storms in the China Sea, rotten food, and petty theft, and one had to sleep on a sofa. Yet Mr. and Mrs. John Edwards look back with genuine pleasure on their "cruise" in a Chinese freighter.

white flowers, or colored paper, about 20 to 25ft. in height in some cases mostly red, as it is a very lucky color to the Chinese.

A plate is erected for good luck. You see them all through South-East Asia.

We spent some time buying provisions for meals aboard when the food was just too bad to eat. Tinned food, but not like our tinned food, I assure you! Some peculiar flavors came out of those tins.

### Dismaying

We bought shredded meat in a jar. It looks like wattle bark. The flavor is not too bad, but it doesn't pay to give it too much thought, as these folk eat rats, mice, dogs, cats, etc. If you are really hungry you forget your usual habits, and think only about survival. We talk from experience — we both lost over a stone in weight on this trip.

After our ship discharged her cargo, we left Keelung. As we left the narrow entrance to the harbor, the ship heaved up into the air and down again. She was empty, and like a cork on a rough sea — bobbing about, things sliding everywhere.

During dinner there was a terrific crash as though we had hit a rock.

The stewards looked at us with startled faces and said something in Chinese which we could guess was concern for the ship and all aboard.

All night long this went on, heaving up into the air, crashing down again, the ship shuddering as if she would break in two. She was without any ballast at all.

Next morning the Filipino radio operator told us we had been right in the middle of a freak gale. He had put his portable transmitter near his bunk, put on his socks and had his shoes ready, with lifejacket beside them. "How about lifejackets for us?" we asked him. "Oh, not to worry," he said, "they always look after passengers." I wish we could have felt as confident!

We arrived outside Karen at 5.30 a.m., and after the pilot and immigration officers came aboard were told to go to our cabins.

John was told it was regulations, that everyone had to stay in his cabin until we arrived in port — even the captain.

When we had berthed, the Customs made their search. This time four of them came into our cabin and indicated they wanted to see in our cupboards, which, incidentally, were full of spare goods for the ship — coconut matting, etc. Nothing had been cleaned out for the

two Aussie passengers. Our clothes were draped everywhere.

John and I were sitting back watching them search, when I said, "That cupboard is full of gold," as they were straining to open a stubborn door. One of them swung round. They opened that cupboard in double quick time.

The one who could speak English explained to us then that they were looking for communist spies.

Finally we got seamen's passes with just our Christian names on them. We put our cameras on and headed for the gangway, but WOW! Was there a commotion! John's movie camera was slung over his shoulder with the pistol grip sticking out.

With all the Chinese excitedly chattering, it wasn't hard to tell they thought it was a gun.

An officer explained that it was a camera, and after John was searched we were allowed ashore.

This was a small port, with rows and rows of red brick flats. A young man came out of one and told us he was learning English from the Church. A Canadian was teaching him.

The young man invited us into his home, introducing us to his wife, who could not speak English, but gave

cabins and had to stay there — two hours this time. Out of our porthole we could see a warship with men on the bridge watching our ship through binoculars. After some time they were evidently satisfied and gave a signal to the police and Customs on shore.

By morning we arrived at Kaohsiung, the naval port. Yes, you guessed correctly, we were sent to our cabins.

After hours of waiting we were again issued with seamen's passes, but were told they would keep our passports until we sailed. When you want to cash travellers' cheques in a foreign country it is usual to show your passport as identification. We did get some Taiwan dollars, but only because people trusted us.

The town was full of American sailors and the people were used to the American dollar. But sterling was different. In one store we made three purchases, and by the time we had our cheque cashed it took exactly three hours.

In a winding street we found caged snakes being sold as food.

We met three Westerners, tourists, it was plain to see, with their cameras slung over their shoulders. They were on a Chinese freighter, but, oh, so different from ours!

Two days out from Taiwan, when we were in the



JOHN EDWARDS puts one of the handsome bullocks in a Chung Shang street. Ashore, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards stocked up on provisions. They found wages low in Taiwan (Formosa), housing poor, and food expensive.

expensive and wages low — not an economical place to live. No wonder the housing was so poor. It would be hard enough to buy food to keep body and soul together.

The cardigans and jumpers were mainly made from ducks' down, spun, then used for knitting. It felt a little stiff and hard, but I guess it would keep the cold out. There are thousands of ducks bred in South-East Asia, and you see them sometimes being tended by a shepherd or in a bamboo enclosure.

Before our departure from Taiwan, John and I watched the last of the food being brought aboard. Not for long, though, as we thought it wise not to see any more.

There was fresh fish in one basket, a great big basket of buffalo lungs, and more mysterious bloody-looking entrails we couldn't identify, also a basket of bones.

Two days out from Taiwan, when we were in the

chip potato and three slices of tomato, and had a bowl of plain boiled rice to help fill in the crevices. Then we went to our cabin and ate some of the tinned food we'd bought ashore.

The radio operator was the first to get an upset stomach; the next was the cadet navigator.

We were leaning on the rail watching the sea and flying fish, when we heard a plop. Looking over the side we saw a bowl full of food. In a few seconds it was followed by another, and another.

We could see a hand pointing to the food, accompanied by much talking, and then a bowl was lifted and tossed into the sea, followed by the chopsticks.

By that time the cook and steward had the message. The tainted food was disposed of.

Then land was in sight again — Indonesia.

told us they were dreaming about the food they would buy in Darwin. They'd all tightened their belts. I had made extra holes in mine.

At last we were in the Timor Sea, not so far from Darwin.

### Privileges

The captain and officers had been very kind to us. We could go on the bridge at any time — forbidden ground on most ships — look at the charts, and listen to the radio operator receiving the weather reports and sending out messages. There was radar to watch when we passed through narrow channels — things one sees only in movies, but had permission to share here. Yes, we had enjoyed the trip.

It was just our bad luck they needed a new cook and steward. Also that the managing director was very mean. (It appears he was noted for it.) We do hope they have a better food allowance after their interview with him.

A seaman on this vessel (which is of Panama registration) got \$H.K.150 per calendar month (\$5.20 a week in our money) on which to feed a wife and family, and pay rent. The third officer got \$H.K.1000 a month.

We woke early one morning and saw Australia. Our first impression of Aussies on the Darwin wharf was how well-fed they were.

Since arriving home in Adelaide we have met a retired sea captain. After hearing our story and asking some questions, he told us that the papers we signed in the dilapidated Hong Kong shipping office, which were written in Chinese, were obviously papers signing us on as crew.

Naturally, we asked about those papers at the time, but were told, with a reassuring smile, that they were just the usual papers one has to sign going from one country to another — as, indeed, we had done so many times before. But those were all in English.

That ship should never have taken passengers, but I guess it was too big a temptation when we walked in with the fare.

Most of the officers who could speak a little English

## Each lost more than a stone in weight

us a very welcoming smile. She brought in glasses of hot water for us with another beautiful smile. She returned with a dish of loquats, all nicely washed. Chinese drink quite a lot of hot water.

Next morning we caught a bus into Hualin, passing houses of a better type, on very small allotments. But then you could expect that with 10,000,000 people on such a small island as Taiwan. The houses had been painted a long time ago, brown and grey, and looked quite dismal.

At the bank we learned we were the first Australians ever to go there. An Australian-British passport had them puzzled, and the travellers' cheque and passport were scrutinised very carefully and passed from one to the other.

It took more than half an hour to change £2.

Wherever we went people gathered to watch us. Karen had been opened to shipping for only about 12 months, and the people had not seen many strangers.

When we were due to leave we were sent to our

Their ship was clean and the food good.

They had sailed from America via Australia.

They did not have to go to their cabins while entering or leaving port. We concluded that we were treated this way because it was our ship's first call at Taiwan and came from Hong Kong, close to Communist China.

### Made friends

Next day we went by bus to Dabeihu Lake. The police had written down in Chinese where we wanted to go and where the bus conductor was to put us off.

The lake was quite nice, dressed up a bit with a pagoda and other ornamental buildings round it.

We met a couple in the bus who could speak English, the man a Chinese on holiday from Singapore and his wife, a Eurasian.

As we had missed our meal on the ship and were happy to eat anywhere as long as it was clean, we had our evening meal together.

The watermelons in Taiwan are good quality, with a very nice flavor. Food was

China Sea, we had a storm. This time we were fully loaded and the ship rode beautifully, though our dinner slid across the table and fell upside down on the seats.

The waves were tremendous. John, standing on the outside of the bridge about 50ft. from the sea, got soaking wet.

The storm lasted 30 hours. Water got into the store-room, so that when the seas were calm again and the sun shining there were bags of rice and heaps of spaghetti put out to dry.

We saw land on our port side — the Philippines, and now passed many islands.

One of our refrigerators broke down, and by the time it was fixed the food in it was definitely ready to throw overboard. The chief steward, whose duty it was to buy the food, was allowed only \$H.K.4 a day (60 cents) to feed each person, including us. Most Chinese freighters, we were told, are allowed \$H.K.8 a day, and some 10.

The smells from the galley were nauseating.

John and I left our food, eating only three pieces of

There were 38 men on board our ship. I was the only woman. Not having had passengers before, the crew were naturally free and easy, walking round in their underpants, also standing with their cabin doors wide open, stripped right off, washing in a bucket of water.

As they are used to one family living in one room and using the streets as a toilet, they would not see any harm in this. In fact, they treated me with the utmost respect.

We were now approaching the Equator and the cold-water tape ran hot. We had to fill a bucket each night and let it cool off.

One morning we saw the captain, first-officer, and chief engineer having a conference.

The first-officer told me later they were discussing what they would do when they arrived back in Hong Kong. First they would ask for a new cook and a new steward, as everyone aboard was complaining about the food. Next they would ask for more than the \$4 a day.

Most of the officers who could speak a little English



## TOTAL GLAMOR IN NEW GLITTER YARN

**SPUN GOLD.** Dazzle them in a party dress (or top) of hand-crocheted motifs made from light-as-air gold metallic yarn. Sixty-four motifs and you have the dress, 40 motifs make a glimmering top. Directions for both are on page 32.



**STAR EMERALD** (left). A sleeveless, high-neck sweater, utterly simple in line to highlight brilliant color. Wear it with harem pants as shown or atop the skirt on page 31. Directions for knitting are on page 32.

**SERAGLIO** (right). Maxi night-time scarf (all 8ft. of it) and matching mini-purse shed a glow of pure gold on any gala occasion. Both are easy as pie to knit, all in garter-stitch. Directions are on page 32.



● For girls on the go, a fascinating new-season yarn that's 100 percent glitter. It has a madly luxurious feel, is light and lissom when knitted, falling richly to follow the shape with never a hint of cling. Directions for making all these designs, plus another little top, are on the following pages.



LOW-KEY RADIANCE (left). A-shape dinner dress in crackling black and raspberry stripes has a slow-smouldering impact on every male in sight. It's very easy to knit and directions on page 34 include a top made to the same design.



FROU-FROU (left). The little black dress, silver etched, with bouncing skirt is a breeze to knit. From pointed hem to provocative shoulder it's all in stocking-stitch; clever shaping makes the stripes. Bag is crocheted. Directions on page 32.



SPARKLE A-PLenty (above). Switched-on jumper suit for after dark in vibrant blues and greens has a sleeveless top with little funnel collar and slight A shaping to the mini-skirt. Directions are on page 34.

# GLITTER KNITS . . . continued

## SPUN GOLD Color picture page 30

**Materials:** Dress length, 12 balls; sweater length, 6 balls Villawool Chainette; 8 Aero crochet hook.

**Measurements:** To fit 34in. bust; length of dress, 36in.; length of sweater, 22½in.

**Size of Motif:** 4in. square.

**Note:** All ends of yarn must be knotted to prevent unravelling.

### 1st MOTIF

With No. 8 hook, make 6 ch. and join in circle with sl-st.

**1st Round:** 1 ch., 11 d.c. in circle, join with sl-st.

**2nd Round:** (6 ch., miss 3 d.c., sl-st. between d.c.) 4 times.

**3rd Round:** 4 ch., 3 d.tr., 8 ch., 4 d.tr. in 6 ch. loop, (4 d.tr., 8 ch., 4 d.tr. in 6 ch. loop) 3 times, join with sl-st. to 4th ch.

**4th Round:** (2 ch., 4 d.tr., 2 ch., 4 d.tr., 2 ch., 4 d.tr. in 8 ch. loop, 2 ch., miss 4 d.tr. of previous round and sl-st. between d.tr.) 4 times, fasten off.

### 2nd MOTIF

Work as 1st motif for 3 rounds.

**4th Round:** 2 ch., 4 d.tr., 2 ch., 4 d.tr., 1 ch., join to 1st motif by sl-st. in 3rd 2 ch. sp. of a 1st motif corner, 1 ch., 4 d.tr. in 8 ch. loop, 2 ch., miss 4 d.tr. of previous round and sl-st. between d.tr., 2 ch., 4 d.tr., 1 ch., sl-st. in 1st 2 ch. sp. of next corner on 1st motif, 1 ch. and finish as 4th round of 1st motif.

Cont. to make and join motifs until 7 motifs are joined, then make 1 more motif, joining it to 1st motif, thus making a circle of 8 motifs, which is the tube shape for dress or sweater (36in. round). Make and join another circle of 8 motifs, at the same time joining them to the first circle. Cont. in this way until tube is required length to armholes and 6 rounds motifs for dress, 3 rounds for sweater have been joined.

**Front Armholes:** Work and join 4 motifs, then work and join 4 more motifs on to the last 4.

**Back Armholes:** Work as front armholes, at the same time join 1st and 4th motif of last row to 1st and 4th motif of front armholes, thus joining the shoulders.

### TO FINISH OFF

With wrong side facing, a warm iron, and double thickness of terry towel, press work. Line if required.

## STAR EMERALD Color picture page 30

**Materials:** 7 (8, 10, 12, 14) balls Villawool Chainette; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 6 Aero needles.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length, 17½ (18, 18½, 18½) in.

**Tension:** 5 sts. to 1in.

**Note:** All ends of yarn must be knotted to prevent unravelling.

### BACK

With No. 6 needles, cast on loosely 73 (78, 83, 88, 93) sts. and work in g-st. for 42 rows (every row knit). Change to No. 5 needles and cont. in g-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 20th row thereafter until 81 (86, 91, 96, 101) sts. Cont. until work measures 11in. (or length required).

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 2 (3, 4, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Proceed thus:

**1st Row:** K 3, k 2 tog.,

knit to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 3. **2nd Row:** Knit. Rep. last 2 rows until 71 (72, 73, 74, 75) sts. rem.

**Next Rows:** As 1st row. Knit 2 rows. Rep. last 3 rows until 55 (56, 57, 58, 59) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 6½ (6½, 7, 7½, 7½) in. on straight.

**To Shape Shoulder and Neck:** **Next Row:** K 18 sts., cast off loosely centre 19 (20, 21, 22, 23) sts., k 18 sts.

Cont. on last 18 sts. and cast off at neck-edge on every 2nd row 3 sts. twice, ending at armhole edge. Cast off rem. 12 sts. for shoulder on next row.

Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck-edge and finish to correspond with other side.

### FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 5 (5½, 5½, 5½, 5½) in. on straight.

**To Shape Neck:** **Next Row:** K 20 sts., cast off loosely

centre 15 (16, 17, 18, 19) sts., k 20 sts.

Cont. on last 20 sts. and cast off at neck-edge on every 2nd row 2 sts. 3 times, 1 st. twice. Cont. on rem. 12 sts. until armhole measures as back, ending at armhole edge, then cast off 12 sts. on next row. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck-edge and finish to correspond with other side.

### TO MAKE UP

Using small bk-st., sew up right shoulder seam. Sew up side seams and lightly press seams open.

### COLLAR

With right side facing and No. 6 needles, beg. and end ½ in. from shoulder, neatly pick up and k 96 (98, 100, 102, 104) sts. evenly on neck-edge. Work in g-st. for 4in. Cast off loosely on next row.

### TO FINISH OFF

Sew up shoulder and fit seam collar ends tog.

(Advertisement)

then off to your date fresh and confident you will look your best.

\* \* \*

Here's a way to bring a delightful bloom to your complexion. Damp a cloth or tissue with lemon Delph freshener and press over your face, moulding it to your features. Lie back for a few minutes while the lemon refreshes and clears the skin. Now to hold the bloom of youthful loveliness, smooth on your oil of Ulan and use it always under your make-up to protect against wrinkle dryness and to give the complexion a lastingly dewy look.

\* \* \*

When your complexion seems to be showing signs of keratinization (skin coarsening), brace and clarify the skin by vigorous toning. After cleansing, pat your skin briskly with a cotton pad soaked with lemon Delph skin freshener to clear away blemish-inducing impurities and invisible flakes that cause blackheads and a mucky appearance to the skin. Your complexion will soon regain a smoother texture and radiant youthful appearance.

\* \* \*

For a beautiful smooth neck, toning is of immense value for it prevents the neck and throat from becoming slack and tired. Soak a cotton pad in lemon Delph freshener, and briskly pat both neck and throat in an upward and outward direction. This whips up the circulation so that sluggish skin cells are re-activated, and any tendency to sallowness is corrected.

\* \* \*

This Lemon Delph skin freshener is now available through most chemists and is the easiest way to clear and beautify your complexion.

## SERAGLIO Color picture page 30

### STOLE

**Materials:** 19 balls Villa-wool Chainette; 1 pr. No. 4 Aero needles.

**Size:** 21 x 100in.

**Tension:** 4 sts. to 1in.

**Note:** All ends of yarn must be knotted to prevent unravelling.

With No. 4 needles, cast on, using "thumb" method, 84 sts.

**1st Row:** Sl. 1, k to end. Rep. 1st row incl. Cont. until work measures 100in. (or length required), cast off.

### BAG

**Materials:** 2 balls Villa-wool Chainette, 1 pr. No. 8 Aero needles; 4½in.-wide bag mount; lining.

**Measurements:** 5in. x 8½in. wide.

**Tension:** 6 sts. to 1in.

**Note:** All ends of yarn must be knotted to prevent unravelling.

With No. 8 needles cast on 32 sts. and work in g-st. (every row knit) and inc. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until 56 sts. Tie in a marker at centre of last row, then cont. until work measures 6in. from marker. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 32 sts. rem. Work 1 row and cast off on next row.

### TO MAKE UP

Cut lining larger than bag and sew up seams. Run a gathering st. along top of bag and lining, draw up to bag mount size and neatly attach.

## FROU-FROU Color picture page 31

**Materials:** 10 balls main color (m.c.), 6 balls contrast color (c.c.) Villawool Chainette; 1 pair each Nos. 2, 3, and 4 Aero needles; 1 No. 13 Aero crochet hook; 4 pearl beads; 4 tiny curtain rings.

**Note:** All ends of yarn must be knotted to prevent unravelling.

**Measurements:** To fit 34-35in. bust; length, 32in.

**Tension:** 4 sts. to 1in. on No. 4 needles.

**Abbreviations:** 3 in 1 (3 sts. in 1 st.), p 1, k 1, p 1 in next st.; 5 in 1 (5 sts. in 1 st.), p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1 in next st.; 7 in 1 (7 sts. in 1 st.), p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1, p 1, k 1 in next st.

**FRONT ARMHOLES**

With No. 4 needles and c.c., cast on 103 sts. and k 2 rows. Proceed thus:

**1st Row:** P 2, 3 in 1, (p 4, p 5 tog., p 4, 5 in 1) 6 times, p 4, p 5 tog., p 4, 3 in 1, p 2.

**\* 2nd Row:** M.c., knit.

**3rd Row:** M.c., as 1st row.

**4th and 5th Rows:** M.c., purl.

**6th Row:** C.c., knit.

**7th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**8th and 9th Rows:** C.c., purl. \* Rep. from \* to \* once and leave aside.

**LEFT HALF OF BACK ARMHOLES**

With No. 4 needles and c.c., cast on 54 sts. and k 2 rows. Proceed thus:

**1st Row:** P 2, p 3 tog., (p 4, 5 in 1, p 4, p 5 tog.) 3 times, p 4, 5 in 1, p 2.

**\* 2nd Row:** M.c., knit.

**3rd Row:** M.c., as 1st row.

**4th and 5th Rows:** M.c., purl.

**6th Row:** C.c., knit.

**7th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**8th, 9th Rows:** C.c., purl. \* Rep. from \* to \* once and leave aside.

**RIGHT HALF OF BACK ARMHOLES**

With No. 4 needles and c.c., cast on 54 sts. and k 2 rows. Proceed thus:

**1st Row:** P 2, 3 in 1, (p 4, p 5 tog., p 4, 5 in 1) 3 times, p 4, p 3 tog., p 2.

**\* 2nd Row:** M.c., knit.

**3rd Row:** M.c., as 1st row.

**4th and 5th Rows:** M.c., purl.

**6th Row:** C.c., knit.

**7th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**8th, 9th Rows:** C.c., purl. \* Rep. from \* to \* once and leave aside.

**10th Row:** C.c., knit.

**11th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**12th Row:** C.c., purl.

**13th Row:** C.c., knit.

**14th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**15th Row:** C.c., purl.

**16th Row:** C.c., knit.

**17th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**18th Row:** C.c., purl.

**19th Row:** C.c., knit.

**20th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**21st Row:** C.c., purl.

**22nd Row:** C.c., knit.

**23rd Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**24th Row:** C.c., purl.

**25th Row:** C.c., knit.

**26th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**27th Row:** C.c., purl.

**28th Row:** C.c., knit.

**29th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**30th Row:** C.c., purl.

**31st Row:** C.c., knit.

**32nd Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**33rd Row:** C.c., purl.

**34th Row:** C.c., knit.

**35th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**36th Row:** C.c., purl.

**37th Row:** C.c., knit.

**38th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**39th Row:** C.c., purl.

**40th Row:** C.c., knit.

**41st Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**42nd Row:** C.c., purl.

**43rd Row:** C.c., knit.

**44th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**45th Row:** C.c., purl.

**46th Row:** C.c., knit.

**47th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**48th Row:** C.c., purl.

**49th Row:** C.c., knit.

**50th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**51st Row:** C.c., purl.

**52nd Row:** C.c., knit.

**53rd Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**54th Row:** C.c., purl.

**55th Row:** C.c., knit.

**56th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**57th Row:** C.c., purl.

**58th Row:** C.c., knit.

**59th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**60th Row:** C.c., purl.

**61st Row:** C.c., knit.

**62nd Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**63rd Row:** C.c., purl.

**64th Row:** C.c., knit.

**65th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**66th Row:** C.c., purl.

**67th Row:** C.c., knit.

**68th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**69th Row:** C.c., purl.

**70th Row:** C.c., knit.

**71st Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**72nd Row:** C.c., purl.

**73rd Row:** C.c., knit.

**74th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**75th Row:** C.c., purl.

**76th Row:** C.c., knit.

**77th Row:** C.c., as 1st row.

**78th Row:** C.c., purl.

**79th Row:** C.c., knit.

**80th Row:** C.c.,

Materials: 8 (9, 9, 10, 10) balls Villwool Chainette; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 Aero needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust; length, 19 (19 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in.

Note: All ends of yarn must be knotted to prevent unravelling.

#### PATTERN

1st Row (right side): K 1, p to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, \* p 3 tog., (k 1, p 1, k 1) all into next st., rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: Knit.

5th Row: As 1st row.

6th Row: K 1, \* (k 1, p 1, k 1) all into next st., p 3 tog., rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

7th Row: As 1st row.

8th Row: As 4th row.

Rep. these 8 rows inclusive.

#### BACK

With No. 10 needles, cast on loosely 110 (118, 126, 134, 142) sts. and work in g-st. (every row knit) for 11 rows.

Change to No. 8 needles and patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 12 in. (or length required), ending on 5th row of part.

To Shape Armholes—1st Row: K 1, p 4 tog., \* (k 1, p 1, k 1) all into next st., p 3 tog., rep. from \* to last 5 sts., p 4 tog., k 1.

2nd Row: K 2, p to last 2 sts., k 2.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: K 2, p to last 2 sts., k 2.

5th Row: K 2, \* p 3 tog., (k 1, p 1, k 1) all into next st., rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 2.

6th Row: K 2, p to last 2 sts., k 2.

7th Row: Knit.

8th Row: K 2, p to last 2 sts., k 2.

9th Row: K 2, p 4 tog., \* (k 1, p 1, k 1) all into next st., p 3 tog., rep. from \* to last 6 sts., p 4 tog., k 2.

10th Row: K 3, p to last 3 sts., k 3.

## SHIMMER SWEATER—IN BLACKBERRY STITCH

Keeping continuity of patt., cont. to dec. in this way, working 1 st. more into g-st. on every 8th row until 68 (70, 72, 80, 82) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 7, 7) in. on the straight, ending on a purl side row.

To Shape Shoulder and Neck — New Row: K 24 (24, 24, 27, 27) sts., cast off loosely the centre 14 (16, 18, 20, 22) sts., k 27 (27, 27, 30, 30) sts.

27) sts. and cast off at neck-edge on every 2nd row 4 sts. 3 times, ending at armhole edge. Cast off rem. 12 (12, 12, 15, 15) sts. for shoulder on next row. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck-edge and finish to correspond with other side.

Neck Border: With right side facing and No. 10 needles, neatly pick up and knit 57 (59, 61, 63, 65) sts. evenly on neck-edge. Work in g-st. for 7 rows, at the same time dec. 1 st. each end

of every 2nd row 3 times. Cast off on next row.

#### FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  (4 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 5, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) in. on the straight, ending on a purl side row.

To Shape Neck — Next Row:

K 27 (27, 27, 30, 30) sts., cast off loosely the centre 14 (16, 18, 20, 22) sts., k 27 (27, 27, 30, 30) sts.

Cont. on last 27 (27, 27, 30, 30) sts. and cast off at neck-edge

on every 2nd row 3 sts. once, 2 sts. 4 times, 1 st. 4 times. Cont. on rem. 12 (12, 12, 15, 15) sts. until armhole measures same as back, ending at armhole edge, then cast off the 12 (12, 12, 15, 15) sts. on next row.

Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck-edge, and finish to correspond with other side.

Neck Border: Pick up as for back neck border 73 (75, 77, 79, 81) sts. and work the same way.

#### TO MAKE UP

Carefully press work on wrong side under 2 terry towels. With a flat seam neatly sew up shoulder, neck border ends and side seams. Press seams.

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OPALESCENT - WHITE yarn makes a shapely little top with current points of style—shoulders cut-in slightly, neckline easing outward. The berry stitch is outlined with borders of simple garter-stitch.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1968

Page 33



MISS C. COURTNEY (RENAULT)

**"Runs more smoothly,  
and I don't have to  
change gears  
as often."**



**"Runs cooler."**

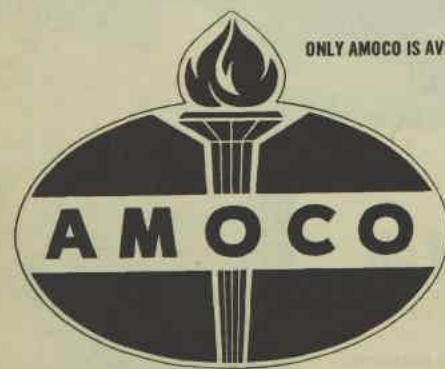
MR. DENIS USHER (HOLDEN)



**"Good.  
Flies up hills."**

MRS. DIANA COOMBE (MORRIS OXFORD)

It's always nice to have customers telling you they're satisfied. And from the reports we've been getting about the way Amoco with Power Alcohol is performing in their cars, they're very satisfied. The high performance engines of today's cars demand better fuels than ever before. From all over the country come reports of cars running cooler, giving better pickup and hill climbing, and needing fewer gear changes. We knew this would happen. That's why we added Power Alcohol. But it sure is good to hear that it's appreciated. Amoco is the only petrol that gives you this terrific performance improvement. Ask your nearest Amoco dealer to fill the tank and you'll notice the difference yourself.



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## AMOCO CONGRATULATES

All winners in the Amoco Davis Cup Contest and the L.T.A.A. for their excellent organisation of the 1967 Davis Cup Challenge Round.

## GLITTER KNITS . . . concluded

### LOW-KEY RADIANCE

Color picture page 31

**Materials:** Dress—7 (8, 9, 10) balls dark color (d.c.), 9 (10, 11, 12) balls light color (l.c.); Sweater—4 (4, 5, 5) balls d.c., 5 (5, 6, 6) balls l.c. Villawool Chainette; 1 pair No. 8 Aero needles; 1 crochet hook.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length of dress, 33 (33½, 33½, 33½) in.; length of sweater, 19½ (19½, 19½, 20) in.

**Tension:** 6 sts. to 1 in.

**Pattern of stripes:** P 2 rows in d.c., p 1 row, k 1 row in l.c., rep. these 4 rows incl.

**Note:** All ends of yarn must be knotted to prevent unravelling.

#### BACK OF DRESS

With No. 8 needles and l.c., cast on 126 (132, 138, 144) sts. and k 3 rows, then work in patt. of stripes. Cont. until 5½ in., then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 16th row thereafter until 100 (106, 112, 118) sts. rem. Cont. until work measures 27 in. (or length required).

**BACK OF SWEATER**

Cast on as for dress 100 (106, 112, 118) sts. Work as dress without shaping until work measures 13½ in. (or length required).

**To Shape Armholes (for both styles):** Cast off 3 (4, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

**Next Row:** Work 3, work 2 tog., work to last 5 sts., work 2 tog., work 3. Work 1 row. Rep. last 2 rows until 72 (76, 80, 84) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 5½ (6, 6½, 6½) in., ending on wrong-side row.

**To Shape Neck—Next Row:** Work 26 (28, 30, 32) sts., cast off centre 20 sts., work 26 (28, 30, 32) sts.

Cont. on last 26 (28, 30, 32) sts. and cast off at neck edge on every 2nd row, 4 sts. 3 times, ending at armhole edge.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 7 (8, 9, 10) sts. twice. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn, and finish to correspond with other side.

#### FRONT FOR DRESS OR SWEATER

Work as back to \*.

**To Divide for V Neck—** Next Row: Work 3, work 2 tog., work until 46 (48, 50, 52) sts. on right needle, turn (Leave rem. 47 (49, 51, 53) sts. on holder.)

Cont. on 46 (48, 50, 52) sts. to armhole edge.

**Next Row:** Work 3, work 2 tog., work to last 2 sts. work 2 tog. Work 1 row.

Cont. to shape armhole every 2nd row 9 times more at the same time shape and on every 3rd row 21 times more. Cont. on rem. 14 (16, 18, 20) sts. until armhole measures same as back, ending at armhole edge.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 7 (8, 9, 10) sts. twice. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and work to correspond with other side.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly a wrong side under damp towels. Neatly sew up shoulders and side seams. Press seams. With crochet hook and l.c., work 1 row of 2-round neck and armhole edges.

yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly between towels. Using a small blunt needle, sew up shoulder seams and press seams open.

#### NECKBAND

With right side facing m.c., and No. 8 needles, neatly pick up and k 84 (88, 90) sts. evenly round neck edge. Work in patt. of stripes for 24 rows, then cast off loosely on next row.

#### TO FINISH OFF

Sew up side seams and press seams open. Sew 3 buttons on opening, making loops on opposite side.

#### SKIRT BACK

With No. 8 needles and m.c., cast on 114 (120, 132) sts. and k 1 row, then rep. 8 rows of patt. of stripes until 11 times. Cont. in patt. of stripes and dec. 1 st. each end of next, then every 11th row thereafter until 89 (90, 100, 106) sts. rem. Cont. until work measures 20 in. (or length required), ending on right side. Work in m.c. of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Cast off loosely ribwise on next row.

#### FRONT

Work as back.

#### TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly between towels. Neatly sew up side seams and press seams open. Join elastic and attach waist on wrong side, using herringbone-stitch for casing.

### SPARKLE A-PLenty

Color picture page 31

**Materials:** 13 (14, 15, 16) balls main color (m.c.), 6 (7, 8, 9) balls contrast color (c.c.) Villawool Chainette; 1 pair No. 8 Aero needles; 3 small buttons; elastic for waist.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length of jumper, 19½ (20, 20½, 20½) in.; waist adjusted, 22 (24, 26, 28) in.; hips, 33 (35, 37, 39) in.; length of skirt, 21 in. (all sizes).

**Note:** All ends of yarn must be knotted to prevent unravelling.

**Tension:** 6 sts. to 1 in.

**Pattern of Stripes:** Work in g-st. of 4 rows c.c., 4 rows m.c., and rep. these 8 rows incl.

#### JUMPER BACK

With No. 8 needles and m.c., cast on 102 (108, 114, 120) sts. and work in g-st. Cont. until work measures 12 in., ending on wrong side. Cont. in patt. of stripes until work measures 14 in. (or length required), ending on wrong-side row.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 2 (3, 4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

**Next Row:** K 3, k 2 tog., k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 3.

**Next Row:** Knit. Rep. last 2 rows until 70 (74, 78, 82) sts. rem., \* ending on wrong-side row.

Ret. to rem. sts., join in

### FROU-FROU . . . concluded

#### CROCHETED BAG

**Tension:** 4 d.tr. to 1 in. **Note:** All ends of yarn must be knotted to prevent unravelling.

Make 33 ch., 1 d.tr. in 5th ch. from hook, 1 d.tr. in each ch. to end. (30 d.tr. incl. the end 4 ch.)

Next Row: 4 ch., 1 d.tr. in top of each d.tr. to end.

Rep. last row until work measures 16 in. Fasten off.

#### TO MAKE UP

Fold work in half, neatly join side edges. Cut lining larger than the bag and join seams. Draw in at top to mount size and neatly attach.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1968

• This delightful dish for a party or family meal has economical minced steak as the main ingredient. Quantities given here will serve six, but recipe quantities can be doubled.

#### ORIENTAL PEARL BALLS

1lb. minced steak  
4oz. boiled, mashed potatoes  
1 small egg  
1 teaspoon soy sauce  
1 small onion  
salt  
pepper  
1 cup rice

Place rice in a saucepan of boiling salted water, boil for 7 minutes only, drain.

Chop onion finely, beat egg and combine with all ingredients except the rice. Shape mixture into twelve balls, roll in the well-drained, cooled rice until well coated. Place in a steamer on a wet cloth or piece of aluminium foil and steam for 45 minutes, or until rice is tender and meat mixture cooked through. Keep hot.

Sauce:  
2 tablespoons oil  
1 cup finely diced celery  
2 ripe tomatoes

#### HOME HINTS

• Handy tips from our readers win a prize of \$2 each.

NEXT time you make shepherd's pie, mince a piece of salami about  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick and add it to the cooked, cold meat for extra savory flavor. — Mrs. E. James, 19 Walgett St., Katoomba, N.S.W. 2780.

★ ★ ★  
If the strap breaks away from the sole of a rubber thong, insert strap through hole and sew a button on in place of the original knob. — Mrs. R. H. Steers, 105a William St., Devonport, Tas. 7310.

★ ★ ★  
When cutting out a garment, place the right sides of the material together and cut with the pattern pieces placed on the wrong side. In this way the darts can be easily marked. — Mrs. H. Ellery, 4 Goods Cres., Hove, S.A. 5048.

★ ★ ★  
One  $\frac{1}{2}$ -gallon plastic ice-cream container will make 25 to 30 long-lasting labels for pot or garden plants. Cut the container into 5 flat pieces (sides and base); trim edges from lid. Cut each piece into 5 strips, pointing one end for pot plants or making a hole at one end with a red-hot skewer for tie-on labels. — Mrs. F. Harp, RMB 146, Huskisson, N.S.W. 2540.

★ ★ ★  
To prevent a lettuce freezing and becoming soggy in the refrigerator wrap it up in newspaper. The lettuce will stay fresh without becoming frozen. — Mrs. M. Sibley, Up River, Home Hill, Qld. 4806.

★ ★ ★  
Bacon will stay fresh much longer and not dry out if you wrap it in foil before storing in the refrigerator. — Mrs. B. Reeves, 40 Belmont Rd., Ivanhoe, Vic. 3079.

## OUR PRIZE RECIPE

1 cup diced cucumber  
1 sliced onion  
½ teaspoon finely chopped green ginger  
15oz. can pineapple pieces  
4 tablespoons vinegar  
2 tablespoons sugar  
1 dessertspoon soy sauce  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon pepper  
1 tablespoon cornflour  
2 tablespoons cold water

Drain pineapple pieces; retain juice, make up to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups liquid with water.

Heat oil in a pan and lightly cook the celery, peeled, chopped tomatoes, cucumber, and onion. Add chopped ginger and pine-

apple pieces, heat through. Combine vinegar, sugar, soy sauce, salt, pepper, and the pineapple liquid and add to pan, bring to the boil, cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Blend cornflour with the 2 tablespoons water, add to pan, cook further 5 minutes, stirring all the time until sauce is smooth and thickened.

To serve:  
Spoon the sauce and vegetables into a heated serving dish, arrange Pearl Balls in the sauce.

Ideal for a buffet party or special family meal.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. E. Fredericks, 6-S Tanjong Tokong Rd., Penang, Malaysia.



ORIENTAL PEARL BALLS, for a buffet or family meal.



## The girl with the pHisoHex\* skin... blemish free!

She feels pretty! The centre of attention wherever she goes. Make-up? She doesn't miss it. She's the girl with the pHisoHex skin... with a complexion others admire.

Attack on skin germs. If you would like a really clear skin, free of blemishes, use pHisoHex, too! pHisoHex is not a soap, but an effective, germ-fighting skin cleanser. It removes dirt, make-up and pore-clogging oils. And this is vitally important; the antibacterial agent hexachlorophene in pHisoHex combats the skin germs responsible for ugly, inflamed pimples. It controls these germs even between washings because the germ-fighter remains as an invisible layer on the skin. (No soaps or other cleansers, please; they might remove the protective film.)

Washing with pHisoHex—ideally three or four times every day—will help clear troubled skin and will help keep it clear.

And do use pHorac cream in conjunction with pHisoHex. pHorac is a skin coloured cream which conceals pimples whilst it heals. Provides added treatment between pHisoHex washes.

Not sure how to pronounce pHisoHex? It's Fy-so-hex. The best way to remember it is to try it. It's available at your pharmacy in 6 fl oz and 16 fl oz squeeze bottles. Save money by buying the big size.

Yours free: For girls, "Teen-aged? Have acne? Skin care and personality pointers;" and for boys, "Good grooming guide for busy guys." Send for them today.

WINTHROP LABORATORIES, ERMINGTON, N.S.W. 2115



\*TRADE MARK

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# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Not so long ago I heard an interview with Shari Lewis, the American entertainer who works with that charmingly feminine and frivolous puppet, Lamb Chop.

SHE (and I mean Miss Lewis now, and not Lamb Chop) was bemoaning the fact that in America there really aren't any children's shows any more; that at the tender age of five or six, children enter a no-mans land in which they begin listening to the Beatles and watching the super

heroes, missing out entirely on all the tender fantasy that used to belong to childhood.

D'you remember being a child of five or six, before anyone had thought of the words "up, up, and away," and when good luck and marvellous magical processes were better weapons than ray guns?

Remember painstakingly constructing fairy gardens with

flowers and bits of asparagus fern, with a fairy-sized bed made of leaves and a tiny table on which, with commendable self-sacrifice, you left something like a jellybean or an aniseed-ball, though you really rather badly needed it yourself?

And remember how, when you rushed out next morning to look, the bed always seemed to have been lain on, and the sweet was gone?

Remembering all this, I realise that parents and aunts and uncles and grown-ups in general were more fun to be with than they are now. They knew how to tell stories they knew how to give that first little push that moves children from passive listening to active inventing, and they didn't forget the necessary follow-up that makes fantasy seem to have come at least partly true.

Nobody can read everything, of course, but it seems a pity that "The Green Fairy Book" and "The Red Fairy Book" (and all the other colors) and "Alice" and "Snugglepot and Cuddlepie" and "Little Ragged Blossom" and "Dot and the Kangaroo" have moved off the playroom shelves to make room for nongs like Noddy.

The very best children's books, often enough, seem to have been written for special children — special in the sense that the writer knew them, knew what their question would be, knew what they would find irresistibly funny, and what they would find deliciously spine-chilling.

These are the books that go on growing with the child, because they have a large adult content, being written by the sort of inspired story-tellers who know that a story has to be fun for the teller as well as for the teller.

## Letters to children from the battlefields of France

"ALICE" was written like this. Lewis Carroll wrote it for a little girl called Alice Liddell. I loved "Alice" when I was a child, and I thought I knew it practically by heart. Donkeys' years passed and I started reading it to my children and discovered a totally different book. Someday I'll probably read it to my grandchildren — and discover a third one.

"Dr. Dolittle" was written like that, too. It began as a series of letters Hugh Lofting wrote from France to his children during World War I. Later his wife persuaded him to turn the letters into a book, and from then he went on until there were 12 "Dr. Dolittle" books in all. He'd been awarded the Newberry Prize for Literature in that year.

Now great swades of the books have been made into the film called "Dr. Dolittle," and this really is a show for children — the sort their attendant adults can thoroughly enjoy.

Remember how Dr. Dolittle was such a failure as a doctor — awful things were always happening to his patients mainly because the house was so full of animals. Then he decided to give away people and become an animal doctor, helped by his parrot, Polynesia, who undertook to teach him animal languages.

In the film he can speak 499 of them, and his house is a fantastic wonderland of horses and cows and pigs and goats and geese and cats and dogs, and he doesn't eat meat because it upsets his patients, and he treats fox-cubs for his feet, prescribes glasses for short-sighted horses, solves the problems of a love-sick seal, and invents a machine for un-kinking the tails of mice who've ventured too near the trap in the Squire's pantry.

The Squire manages to get him committed to a lunatic asylum, but the animals get him out in a glorious slapstick scene in which even the soldiers' horses obey Polynesia the Parrot (she speaks all animal languages) rather than their masters, and he sets sail for Sea Star Island to look for the Great Pink Sea Snail.

Remember the chimpanzee, and the Pushmi-Pullyu, the fabulous double-ended llama-like animal? They're both there.

The doctor's village is an absolute joy — boats, water, stone houses, stone quays, cobbled streets. The English part of the film was made at Castle Combe near Bath in the west of England, and the tropical part on Santa Lucia in the West Indies.

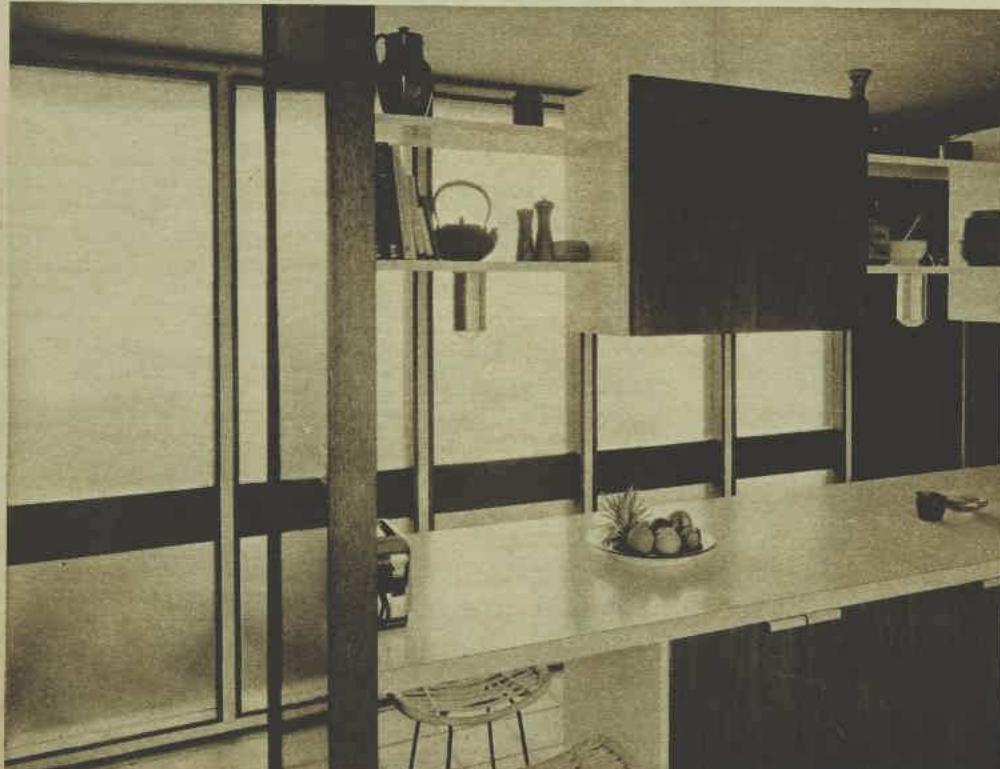
My advice is to see it, preferably taking some children with you. It's bound to turn up everywhere in the end and stay for a good long time.

If you don't like children, you'll still enjoy the story. If you don't like animals, you'll still enjoy the circus people and their manager (Richard Attenborough); if you don't like circus people, you'll still enjoy the scenery and the costumes; if you don't like those, you'll love the songs ("Why can't people be more like animals?"), and if you don't like the songs, there's still dreamy old Rex Harrison doing the most vague, funny, obsessive, and attractive Doltish that could be found.

It'll take only about five minutes of the film to convert anyone who read the books as a child that Harrison's Doltish is exactly the way they imagined him all those years ago.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1968

## Patterned Glass works beautiful magic



... the magic of abundant natural light without loss of privacy . . . indoors and out.

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# Where have babies' bonnets gone?

LINDSAY REVILL makes some observations, in word and sketch, on this modern phenomenon.

• The old-fashioned ones still get a chew of the bonnet ribbons.



• In the car baskets they lie snug . . . but (below) hand-me-downs come in handy on hot days.



THERE'S a new fashion for wee babies: the bonnetless look.

"It's all part of the car age," say babywear departments in the shops. "When the family goes out, baby is hoisted in with the others, so snug in his basket that mothers don't worry."

"They get the habit, and when they take baby out, in stroller or in arms, baby still goes bonnetless."

"You'll see the babies on a cold day, wrapped up warmly to their ears, with their little blue-tinged heads peeping out unprotected."

But it's not affecting their health. Inquiries at the Children's Hospital, a mothercraft home, and a baby health centre reveal no incidence of troubles from over-exposure.

Babies of today face a tougher world. It's good they can take it.



• Out in the open they brave every blast . . . and (right) with busy mothers, a bonnet is a mere detail.



(Advertisement)

Give your hair the Peek-In Glow

Your hair will glow with deep rich beauty — the delightful translucence you see when looking into the depths of amber or a precious stone. The hair looks more youthful, clearer, cleaner and the highlights are revealed in their fullest glory when you use the Peek-In Glow shampoo by Delph. The Delph Peek-In Glow shampoo that enables you to look into the hair and see its loveliness at depth is available from Chemists and cosmetic counters. There are three types: "Clear, Creamed and Medicated."

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 686.—SLEEVELESS DRESS

Striped sleeveless dress is available cut out to make in blue, red, pink, and black, white-striped cotton. Sizes 22 and 34in. bust, \$3.75; 26 and 38in. bust, \$3.95. Postage and dispatch 36 cents extra.

### No. 687.—SET OF THREE LINEN TEATOWELS

Teatowels are available traced ready to sew and embroider on pure Irish linen. Price per set of three, \$2.15 plus 30 cents postage and dispatch.

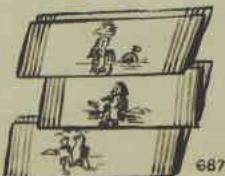
### No. 688.—BOWLS SLIP

Slip is available cut out to make in mini-care poplin, lace trim supplied. Sizes 26 and 34in. bust, \$3.25; 26 and 38in. bust, \$3.45; 40 and 42in. bust, \$3.65. Postage and dispatch 25 cents extra.

• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 34/46 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Frocks, Box 4660, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



686



687



688

## It's concentrated!

Bluo is all pure blue — ready to measure out drop by drop. No messy bag with Bluo. Just squeeze Bluo's modern plastic pack for the exact amount you need. Add blue into your rinse the modern way. See your washing come out whiter.



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TO LAST LONGER  
WHITEN WHITER**

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Gift!*

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New Zealand (N.Z. currency remitted Gordon & Gotch, N.Z.)	\$5.00	\$10.00	
Overseas	\$9.25	\$18.50	
AIR MAIL			
New Guinea	\$8.75	\$17.50	
Other countries	Rates on application		
	MINIMUM PERIOD 6 MONTHS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE		

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# ★ ★ A STAR-GAZER IS BORN ★ ★

## For teenagers

MELBOURNE schoolboy Michael Silver has his head in the clouds and his gaze firmly fixed on the stars.

For — although he is only 15 — Michael, who lives at Caulfield, is already a very keen and knowledgeable amateur astronomer.

His conversation is studded with phrases like "Nova Search Surveys" (these are to do with the brightness of stars and Michael takes part in them with the Astronomical Society of Victoria). "I'd much rather star-gaze than watch television — or do anything else, for that matter," said Michael, a quiet, studious boy, who is at Caulfield High School.

He not only tracks down stars — he also builds his own astronomy equipment. He has constructed a telescope to pursue his hobby and, to house it, recently built an observatory in the backyard of his parents' home.

This interest in the stars came about just over a year ago when Michael wanted a book to read from the school library. "I didn't know what sort to get and I ended up with a book on how to construct a telescope. Once I'd done that I started watching the stars and became very interested," he explained.

The telescope, which has an 8in. lens, is made of galvanised tube ("oversized drainpipe," according to Michael) and when completed it was mounted on a wooden stand.

"At first I propped it up with a broom, but that was very unsatisfactory as it wasn't very firm. The slightest movement would put it out of focus because of the strong lens," said Michael.

The "barrel" of the telescope is painted white and professionally finished and the young astronomer even ground the mirror for the telescope lens.

The most difficult part of making the telescope, Michael says, was finding the right focal length. "I had to keep testing it and at one stage I had it 15ft. long. It was up on the garage roof then! Eventually, I found the correct length was 3ft."

While much of the telescope was made

from easily attainable and not very expensive materials, various pieces of Michael's astronomy equipment are dear — especially for a schoolboy on limited pocket-money.

Michael usually "earns" the expensive items which cannot be home-made by doing work for his father.

He recently received a view-finder from his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Silver, after he'd helped prepare his father's income tax return this year. "He's a bright student and particularly good at maths," said Mr. Silver.

"Dad helps me a lot with buying things and even attends the meetings and lectures with me, too," said Michael.

Mr. Silver also helped his son construct the observatory with its dome of galvanised-iron "petals" mounted on metal ribs. "Drafting out the pattern for the dome wasn't too bad, but cutting all the metal was hard work," said Michael.

The present observatory is the second Michael has built since he became interested in astronomy. His first was rather like a lean-to near a side fence and had a sliding roof of corrugated iron. "I used it for some time, but decided I really needed a dome as I couldn't get the stars to the south, and also it was too close to the fence," he said.

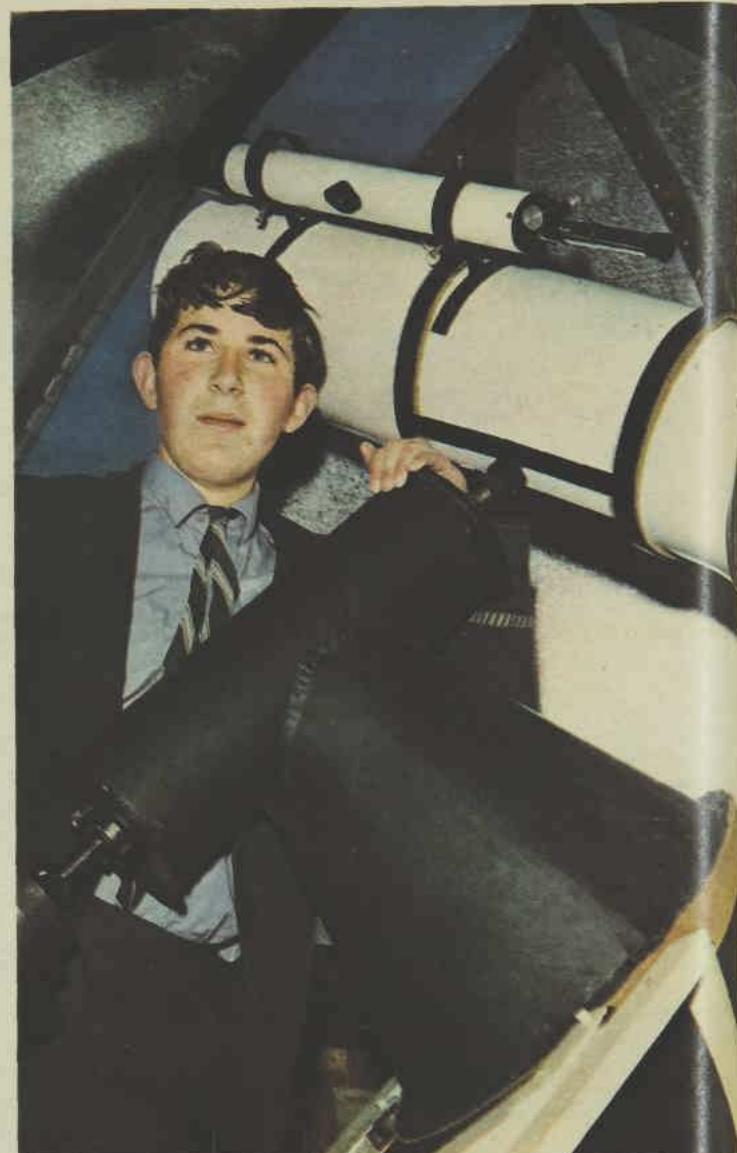
While schoolwork means Michael can't spend as much time as he would like studying the stars, he makes up as much as possible by sending to America for scientific off-prints of them taken by famous scientists around the world.

He also reads widely. According to Mr. Silver, "When he arrives home from the library you can't see him for books."

Michael has been doing a commercial course at school, but hopes he will be able to do the science course, which includes physics and mathematics.

"I'm really interested in physics and hope that later I will win a scholarship to study at university," said Michael. "I'd like to be an astronomer, but I believe there are more than 1250 astronomers in the world, and I wouldn't be good enough."

— LEONIE NEWBERRY



● Above, schoolboy astronomer Michael Silver, of Caulfield, Victoria, prepares to star-gaze in the dome he built in the backyard of his parents' home. Michael, who is 15, built both the telescope and the stand it is mounted on, and designed and built the observatory.



Pictures by  
LES GORRIE

Beauty in brief:

## SWEET AND COOL

IN SUMMER, especially when it's humid as well as hot, perfume can refresh you.

Go all out for the lighter, fresher scents, the colognes and toilet waters. Splash them generously all over your body; they'll evaporate and make you cool.

And during the day apply them on your pulse spots — inside the wrists and crooks of arms, at temples, sides of the neck, and behind knees — where they will diffuse better.

Hot feet make a hot body, too. When you are lolling around at home, keep your shoes off and walk barefoot on the rugs and around the lawn.

When you are going out, remember to keep your feet well ventilated in lightweight, airy fabrics with plenty of allowance for toe space.

Cool or lukewarm footsoaks in epsom salt or bicarbonate of soda go a long way to restoring weary feet.

— Carolyn Earle

## Leading question

Having filled in many question-forms dealing with leaving school, I was recently astounded to be asked in one, "Which career do your parents favor for you?" I have never seen that question asked before. I do not think any child's parents should say which career their child should choose, because it is the child's life, and he has to learn to make decisions for himself. This decision is the major step to becoming a good citizen.

— "CURIOUS," Pialba, Qld.

### Full force

Often I am worried by our short life-span and wonder just why we are here. Having spent 11 years practically living at school, I was at first dumbstruck at the thought of being able to live my own life. Our choice of vocation will be the major influence in determining our way of life, governing experience, satisfaction, and

leisure for broadening our views. It is up to us to use our life to the best advantage.

On the threshold of facing a new world (my world), I have resolved to live all my experiences to the fullest. — "Cathy," Keith, S.A.

### Plea for 'roos

The increasing number of kangaroos shot in Australia shocks me. Surely these

### GO-MANGO



I READ that many American brides are going to the altar in copies of the Lynda Bird Robb (nee Johnson) wedding dress.

Manufacturers of the copies were quick off the mark. "Only in America," said one seller, "can a girl in Seattle be married on Thursday in a \$220 copy of the \$2000 dress the President's daughter wore only the Saturday before."

Fathers of American brides-to-be are reported to be very worried by the whole business.

And, if you think about it, they have good reason to be.

Certain crashing problems occur in the copying system.

Now, no father with his daughter's best interests and happiness at heart would hesitate to buy her a copy of Lynda Bird's wedding dress.

And, at a pinch, he might mortgage his home to enable him to lend the bridegroom the money to rent a luxury plantation in the West Indies for the honeymoon.

That, of course, would depend on whether there was any money left after he had budgeted for a reception for 500 guests.

But, imagine the pickle pops would be in if all little girls flatly demanded Marine Corps captains for bridegrooms.

That requirement makes many likely lads really rank outsiders.

ROUND  
ROBIN



Adair

## (LYNDA) BIRDS OF A FEATHER

And the house, for a home wedding, might not lend itself to being painted white.

It is obvious that not every family is able to meet the requirements of a wedding copied on that of the President's daughter.

In the interests of the American Great Society, Mr. Johnson will have to act.

He will have to push through a relief bill, something like Medicare.

Perhaps he could call it Wedicare.

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# HOME FOR A RETIRED COUPLE



The main bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Brian O'Sullivan's home at Margate, Queensland, has a splendid view of the sea. Internal partitions are of bagged concrete block.



Looking across the dining-room to the kitchen, which has a stable door. Long gloss sliding-doors lead from the dining-room into the cool, paved courtyard.

YOUNG Brisbane architect Mr. Michael Cullinan designed a 17.2 square "retirement home" at the seaside for former Brisbane barrister Mr. Brian O'Sullivan and his wife, at a cost of about \$14,000.

The house, called "Rathrobin" after an old family home in Ireland, is right on the seafront at Margate, 30 miles from Brisbane, and faces the wide expanse of Moreton Bay, with the sandhills on Moreton Island as a backdrop to the sea view.

The house is on one level and has no steps. Car tracks lead up a slight slope into the garage, which is under the same roof as the house and has access to study, living-room, and kitchen. A separate wing, off a small courtyard, caters for family visitors and has a double room, separate shower-room (spacious, to serve as a dressing area, too), and lavatory.

Parents of five grown-up children, the O'Sullivans have eleven grandchildren, and the family guest wing allows them the joy of their grandchildren's company, while the courtyard adds the sometimes appreciated charm of separation.

In the architect's opinion, the main factors in keeping down the cost were consistency in materials used and unity in design. Minimum maintenance was also taken into account as being of special importance to a retired couple.

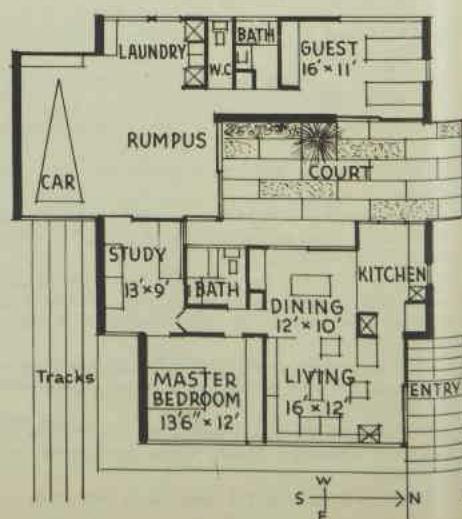
The exterior of the house is of rough-textured split concrete blocks with bevelled edges. The wall sheeting, below the windows, is colored compressed asbestos cement (the color, in this case white, is actually incorporated in the sheeting). Internal partitions are concrete block with a bagged finish, done by hand; exposed timber beams are Queensland hardwood with an oiled finish. A grey non-actinic glass, which prevents glare, is used for all windows.

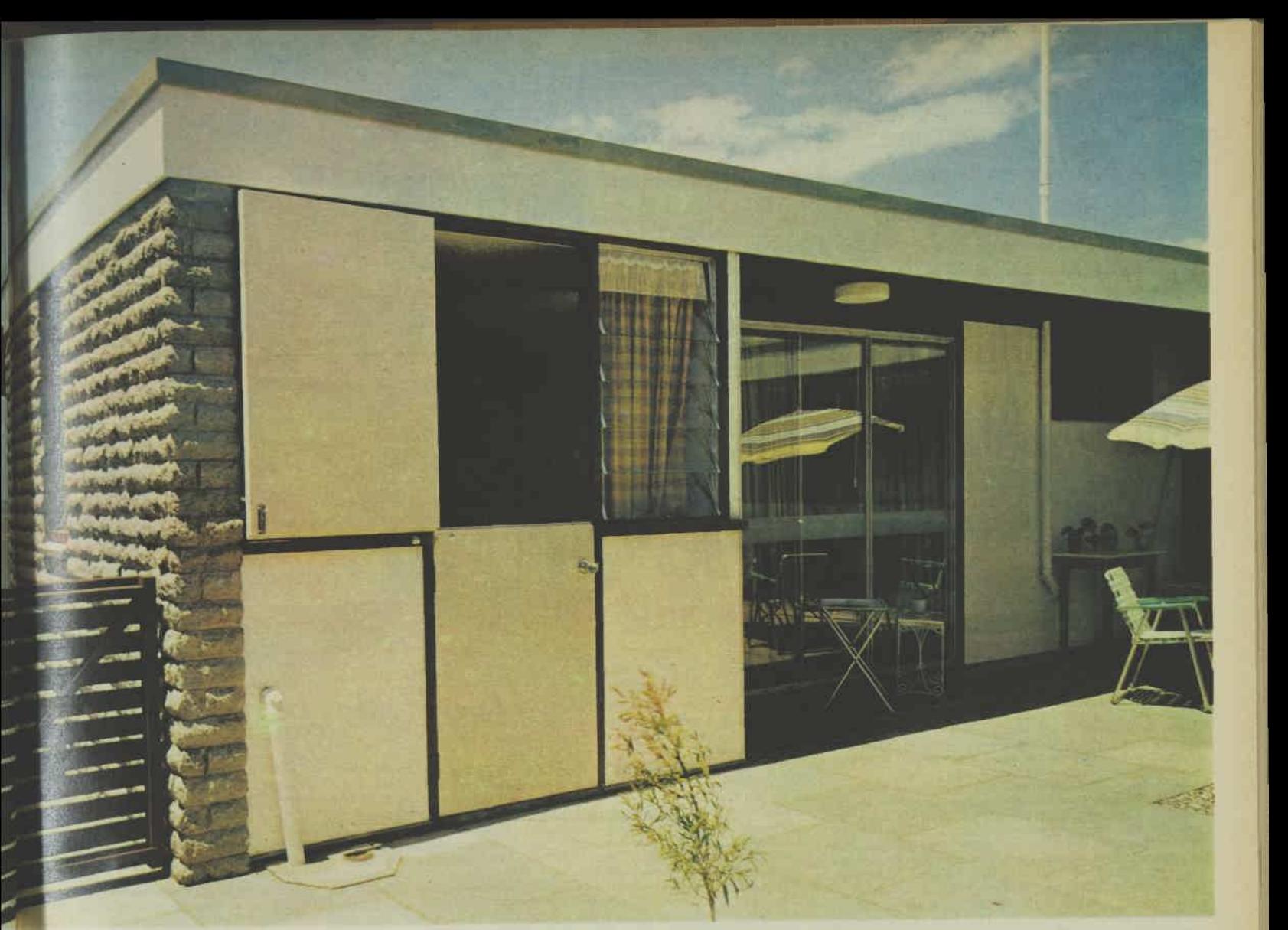
The architect feels that the low lines and simple uncluttered look of the house fit into the site rather than on to it, and the placing of straight walls without openings accentuates the direction of the view toward the sea. The design also gives protection from strong south-easterly breezes.



A courtyard separates the main part of the house from the guest wing. Useful for outdoor living and entertaining, the courtyard gives the house a feeling of spaciousness.

## HOUSE of the WEEK





Story: Jean Bruce. Photographs: Bob Millar, jun.

A corner of the courtyard (above), which also gives a view of the sea. The rough-textured wall is of split bevelled-edge concrete blocks.



The front entrance (right) is shaded against hot summer days by a timber overhang; shadows cast by a timber screen echo the pattern of the overhang.

He sought and found  
immortality, but in  
a form even more  
appalling than death

# The Manuscript of Dr. Arness

By GAHAN WILSON

BEFORE I do what I must, I suppose it would be a good idea to leave behind an explanation. I generally detest suicide notes. They tend to be pathetic, often mawkish monuments. But, then, most suicides themselves are pathetic and mawkish — the puerile resolution to a neurotic stupidity.

I do love life. Perhaps not as passionately as some men do, or say they do, but I love it. I am not pleased at the idea of giving it up. If I could discover any reasonable alternative I would not, even now, give it up. But there is no alternative.

My main reason for writing this is to leave behind a warning. Because I am brilliant, what I have done is brilliant, and ordinary men are hardly likely to have the requisite ingenuity to blunder into anything like my present predicament; but there are many other brilliant men in this world, and some of them, even now, may be engaged in an experiment similar to my own, unaware of where it is leading them. I address myself to this elite.

It is ironic that I have been pushed into suicide because of an attempt to prolong my life. Like most thinking individuals, I have always been galled by the tiny span allotted to us by a supposedly benevolent providence. A man has barely attained a state of mature efficiency before he finds himself advancing rapidly into his decline. It is infuriating to contemplate what a Newton or a Kepler or a Beethoven could have accomplished if his creative years had been extended.

The stretching out of old age has my sympathy, but not much of my interest. If I had lived to be a tottering ancient I suppose I would be as eager for a few more blurry years as they appear to be, but I do not see any particular value for the race as a whole in the prolongation of an individual long after he has passed anything that could be described as a fully operative condition. If the present triumphs of geriatrics continue we shall probably find ourselves wandering among vast legions of the vague elderly. I would not for the world deny them their extra years, but I cannot see that it renders the rest of us any more than a sentimental service.

No, it is the extension of men at their working best that obsesses me. I use the word advisedly, for it is, with me, truly an obsession. Since childhood I have been consumed with this single ambition.

I am, as I said, brilliant. I am not boasting, for it isn't something I've accomplished, but merely a quality with which I was born. I did, however, make full use of it, and managed to crowd a sizable amount of learning into a very short period of time, establishing, in passing, a quantity of records in various educational establishments. I felt, you see, that I was working against the clock.

So it was that I began the serious phase of my investigations while still a comparatively young man. Despite this initial advantage, I was in my mid-thirties before I had completed the fundamental structure of my theory, and well into my forties before I was in a position to bring it to the actual physical test.

My technique was a radical departure from the previous approaches to the problems of aging, all of which may be satisfactorily grouped under two rough headings: the propping-up school, which employs preventive medicines, vitamins, exercises, and so on; and the patching-up school, which makes use of reparative operations, stimulants, artificial supplements or replacements to damaged organs, and the rest. My aim was to bring about a fundamental reorientation of the body's molecular structure. I intended to alter its metabolic operations by manipulating the tiny components that control it. This I accomplished by means of an electrochemical process, the details of which are given in the notebook that I shall leave behind to accompany this brief note.



I began with mice, went on to guinea-pigs, and worked the final experiments on a group of chimpanzees named, unromantically enough, One, Two, and Three.

The effect of my treatment is cumulative. It is a slow transformation, a gradual alteration of the body, working from the large to the small, so that the small can work on the large. There is no discernible change during the first phase, but after a period of time, depending on the eccentricities of the particular animal's construction, new elements become evident. Their mood becomes buoyant and their health is dramatically improved. One interesting, and unanticipated, bonus is that all congenital defects disappear. Chimpanzee Two, for example, had a slightly stunted arm that he could move only with some difficulty. After three weeks that arm was fully grown and completely operative. One by one, the predictions of my theory checked out, all on schedule.

The dream of my life was proving itself before my eyes; I had achieved the power to work the miracle for which I had been born. I, myself, not some distant inheritor of theory, could become, for all intents and purposes, immortal. It was at this point that I erred, and the error was precipitation. But can you blame me? Freedom from time was in my grasp; I could not resist the temptation to reach out and take it.

I began to apply my treatment to myself. As with my animals, there was no observable reaction at first, but then I became aware of a growing peace and contentment, and I saw, clearly, that I was much improved in every bodily function. I had worn thick glasses. In four weeks I dispensed with them altogether, having no further need of them. My digestion had been faulty. Now it was perfect.

By now the lack of aging had become evident in my animals. The mice, which would have died long ago under normal conditions, were all alive and thriving. Each of the creatures was totally unaltered since its first transformation. They could be killed, of course, by any normal means, but if they were only wounded, their rate of recovery was staggering. A scalpel cut that would ordinarily take weeks to mend would heal in a matter of days.

It was my habit to occasionally run my mice through mazes to determine their reaction time. At the start of the experiment, when the initial alteration was effecting itself, their increased abilities had afforded me much joy. Now, to my growing apprehension, I observed that the period of time they took to complete their chore was unmistakably graphing up. I examined them carefully. They were all in flawless condition, but by the end of a month I discovered, to my great discomfort, that they took twice as long to find their way from the beginning to the end.

By this time a similar phenomenon had begun to manifest itself in my guinea-pigs, and even in One, Two, and Three. There was nothing wrong with any of them except that they needed more and more time to accomplish any task.

In another month the condition of my mice had become positively grotesque. At their peak they had averaged about a minute and a half to complete their trek through the maze; now they all required approximately two hours. It was not that they had become sluggish in the ordinary sense of the word. They did not lie down or take any periods of rest at all. They worked at their task steadily, even intelligently, but they lingered agonisingly over each

and every move. It was the same with all their activities. They ate, they played, they fought and made love, but one's patience was worn thin watching them, because it took them such a damnable long time to move from one part of it to the next.

This slowness, if I may use a contradiction, accelerated. Each of the various groups of animals proceeded in proportion to its own metabolism. By the time the guinea-pigs had achieved the condition I have just described in regard to the mice, the mice were moving so slowly that it required an extended period of observation to determine whether they were moving at all. I attached an ink marker to the tail of the mouse so that the creature would leave a thin black line behind itself as it moved. After one full week the tiny trail was only one and one-quarter inches long. Yet all of my mice remained in the best of health. The only trouble was that to a casual observer in my laboratory they would have appeared to be absolutely inert.

As the reader will have surmised, I was not exempt from this slowing process. Subjectively, I was not aware of it at all, but by timing my actions against an external check, such as the rotations of my watch's hands, I could see only too well that my movements had become increasingly slower. The alteration continued in the same snowballing fashion as with my pets, and now I no longer need anything as delicate as a clock to remind myself of my condition. I cannot strike a match fast enough to ignite it. By counting the sunrises and sunsets through the window I determined that it took me nine days to arrange my typewriter so that I could type this note.

I determined to end my life after what might seem a trivial enough incident. I gave Three a banana and observed that it took him an entire afternoon to peel it. He looked so contented, so blissfully unaware of his snail-paced condition that I began to laugh at him. My laughter became hysterical, and I ended by crying.

I can see no point in becoming a comical object. One, Two, and Three now look like so many stuffed monkeys, and I, without any doubt, would also come to resemble a particularly successful example of the taxidermist's art, were I to allow myself to survive. I have no intention of doing so. I shall now take the gun, which I have placed beside my typewriter, and blow out my brains with it. I wonder how long it will take me to do it? As I said, the situation is not without iron.

Thus ends the manuscript of Doctor Arness. The last page remains, as you can see for yourself in the exhibit, rolled in the platen of his typewriter. The placement of the typewriter in relation to the gun, the table, the chair, and to Doctor Arness himself is exactly the same as when he and the objects were discovered in his laboratory. Although Doctor Arness appears to be — to use his tragic description — "stuffed," he is not. He is alive, in good health, and he is moving. His index finger, even now, is actually approaching the final "y" in "irony," although at a speed that can be measured only with the most delicate of instruments. Doctor Arness is now 250 years old.

The animals referred to in his manuscript are also all alive and well, and may be seen in the Hall of Mammals. Attractive models have been created, and they are available in various sizes, at the Museum Curio Shop.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1968

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about antiques.

"I RECENTLY acquired a figure (right) of an oriental goddess which I believe to be a genuine antique. The gilding on the lower portion is in good order. Can you tell me its age and country of origin and if it has any meaning?" — Mr. O. Fauser, Bentleigh, Vic.

Because there are numerous reproductions of these oriental figures, I cannot evaluate the authenticity of yours from a photograph. I suggest you show it to an expert at the National Art Gallery and Museum of Victoria.

● "Picture-frame" wall plaque, left.

● Oriental figure, right.

"I HAVE two plates (one is shown above) that belonged to my grandmother, and I am 80. I think I remember my grandmother in England saying a sailor brought them across the water and gave them to her. There is an eagle sitting on top and an olive branch. On the front are the words 'May They Ever Be United.' The two faces look like a king and queen. Below is a serpent in the sea and the design also includes an anchor and a sword. The back of the plate is stamped 'Dixon & Co.' — Mrs. Cooper, Hornsby, N.S.W.

Your very interesting plates or "picture-frame" wall plaques were made in Sunderland. The "framed" section is treated with mottled copper lustre, which has been produced by throwing oil on the lustre surface before firing. They were made by Dixon and Co. about 1845 to 1850. The subject matter probably refers to the unity between England and America, but the picture is not distinct enough for me to be certain.

★ ★ ★  
"A RESIDENT of Horton village, N.S.W., has a very old and weathered coin, dated 1791, which she found near the fence between the house yard and what is now a cultivation paddock. I am enclosing a rubbing of the coin (not shown) in the hope that you may be able to tell us a little more about it.

"The coin may have been dropped by one of the passengers on the Cobb and Co. coaches, as the house and land nearby were once a staging hotel, and the coin was found lying close to a gate leading to a paddock where horses were rested.

"Most interesting is the date, because I understand there was little coinage in the country until Governor Macquarie imported Spanish dollars in 1812 (issued 1813). Also, it is unlikely that any white travellers passed by this Horton route before the 1840s.

"The size of the coin and its copper color suggest a penny, but there is nothing written on it to confirm this. A recent publication by the Commonwealth Bank mentions that in 1800 a quantity — £1200 worth — of Cartwheel pennies arrived in Sydney. Could it be one of these?" — Betty Crowley, Nandewar Historical Society, Cobbadah, N.S.W.

Made of brass, this is not a coin but a counter or chip used as a token in a game of chance. It is an imitation of a gold spade guinea which was officially issued between 1783 and 1788. The Cartwheel penny referred to was first issued in 1797 — it weighed one ounce and was made of bronze. It was struck by Matthew Boulton, of Soho.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries must now be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.



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**FROM ALL CHEMISTS**

# A STATE OF BLIND

By SHIRLEY MUDRICK

The dull routine of their lives was soon forgotten when suddenly they rediscovered their carefree youth

**M**AEDA woke and searched the day's schedule. Something a little different for a change? No, it all lay there, already mapped out.

She forced herself into the kitchen, looked at the clock, although she knew it would point to 5 a.m. She started coffee, laid out makings for Ed's light breakfast. Thirteen minutes later she walked back into the bedroom. "Time to get up, dear."

Forty-five minutes later she packed Ed's lunch. He left 25 minutes before Roxanne's breakfast must be served. At 7 o'clock Tod and Jill ate. Then Randy at 7.15, and two more lunches — Randy's and hers.

At 7.45 the familiar honk of Millie Stephens' car signalled the start of the drive to their part-time jobs at the shopping centre. Maeda shrunk herself into the car and sat inhaling deeply for a moment or two.

"Millie, do you ever have the feeling that life is sweeping you along like a tumbleweed in the desert, with nothingness all around you?"

"What's the matter? Did the kids win the battle for the bathroom?" Millie asked consolingly.

"Everything just seems so much. It's all there, waiting to be done, allowing me no choice, wash, iron, cook, clean, chauffeur the kids, and stand by for Ed's commands after his endless days at good old Jensen's Inc. Suddenly, I'm just functioning without feeling."

Millie suggested, "Why don't you try a new hairstyle?"

"See what I mean? Even the words of my friends are about as original as chicken every Sunday."

Later, as usual, upon returning home, Maeda led her friend into the kitchen for coffee. Loud music of pop records filled the air.

"Roxanne, less thunder, please," Maeda called to her 13-year-old.

"Hey, Mum, listen to what I found."

Maeda gathered coffee mugs and cream while the coffee was heating. As she poured, thin, sweet tones of a high-school junior came from the hi-fi. "My name is Maeda Arnold. I am starting speech class at Elm Wood High. I would like to tell you about my holidays."

"My parents gave me the privilege of going wherever I wanted. At first I considered all sorts of wonderful places. But, after the long school year, I yearned for freedom from schedule. I wanted to commune with nature. I chose a trip to the northern part of my State."

Maeda sat down. There was the girl she had been; full of dreams and imagination — enough to almost believe she had been offered a fabulous trip. Yet she had been realistic enough to accept what she had been offered.

"Hey, did your folks really do that?" Millie's shrill voice called.

"No. I guess I just wanted to impress everyone. Or maybe it was just showmanship, in front of that mike."

"I did go to my uncle's farm, though. Year after year, I went there." Maeda lowered her cup. "But, do you know? It never became dull. I rejoiced anew each year at the beauty, the change of pace, and people. Does anyone see things as vividly as youth?"

As Maeda listened, she was again that girl, seeing, thinking, and feeling the wonders and promise of the world. She was again the girl who met Ed a short while later, then linked hands with him, and ran forward to explore life.

But what had happened? That Ed she had known stayed with her such a short while. He gave up hopes of further study after their early marriage at a ridiculously young 19. He took a factory job, with promotional potential. But such a dog-eat-dog place. His workdays became longer. The children came and grew, four of them. Their burden soon rested almost entirely on her.

The years go by, routine swallows you up, devouring imagination and hopes for the future, Maeda thought.

Millie was rising from her chair, waving as she left.

Maeda returned to her thoughts. But what about Ed? He is no longer that wonderful stocky boy, wearing



the purple-and-white school sweater, proudly displaying his football letter. The boy who should have gone on to university. The boy given the award as the most outstanding member of his class.

Her eyes looked back for him through the years. She saw, now, the hope and promise give way to disillusion, resignation. Had he felt as forsaken by her as she did by him? She did, after all, concentrate on the children's needs during their helpless years. What is more helpless than young humans, she mused.

"Hey, Mum, you sounded cute and gay on that record. I found it at the bottom of the picture box." Roxanne smiled down at Maeda with Ed's eyes. "Can I warn your coffee?"

"Roxanne," Maeda hesitated, then added impulsively, "play that record when your father comes home, will you? Don't say anything to him. Just play it."

Roxanne joined Maeda in laying a special tablecloth and placing Sunday dishes and tableware. She kept up a guessing game. "Is it your anniversary? Are you after something new?"

"Let's say it's Awareness Day," Maeda grinned.

Tod and Jill seemed to recognise something special as they came in from play. They went to wash without being told. Randy came in from football practice. Moments later, Ed arrived.

Maeda paused, then went instead to kiss him. "Hello, dear. Welcome home."

His eyes opened with a soft smile. Seeming to feel the expectancy in the room, he looked beyond her. "Hey, what did I forget?"

"Not me, I hope. Let's eat."

When the meal ended, Maeda shifted her eyes toward Roxanne. The girl jumped up and hurried to the hi-fi.

Ed turned to the evening paper. He flipped a page, glanced up at Maeda, then toward the wall as the recorded voice wafted into the room.

After a moment, Ed turned to Maeda, a gentle look of discovery on his face. "You know, your voice hasn't changed at all." He looked deeply at her and Maeda knew he still saw her as the girl she had been. She looked closely at him. She must have looked at him thousands of times before, but now she really saw him.

This was going to be the change in their world if she could help it. They were going to regain their awareness. From now on, Maeda vowed, we're going to grab life by the shoulders and reclaim it. Our old master, Routine, can just stay out of our way. We'll find new experiences, and we'll look with seeing eyes at the old ones.

"Let's have coffee," Maeda suggested. "Then let's take a stroll. We might even rediscover our neighbours."

"How about staying home and rediscovering each other," Ed teased.

"We can do that later. We'll be here as we always have been. We were just misplaced for a while — like that record."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1968

Little did he think  
the first sight of his  
child would give him  
this feeling of pride  
and wonderment

# BIRTH OF A FATHER

BY  
PETA HUGHES

**V**IRGINIA sat, relaxed, in a chair opposite Greg, head tilted.

"I'm quitting this job," she said, suddenly, into the silence. "Will you look for a substitute . . . soon?"

Greg's head jerked up from the page of figures he had been studying.

"What d'you mean, quitting?" he demanded crossly. "I don't get it." His pencil remained poised at the point of interruption, the hand that held it trembling slightly, while his expression wavered between surprise and annoyance.

"You know," Virginia said softly, bringing her eyes down level with his and smiling gently. "I'm through. I want out . . ."

She wriggled around in her chair, seeking a more comfortable position, relaxing finally as she rearranged her feet on an adjacent bookshelf. The bookshelf was a do-it-yourself job — Greg's first and final — and in the modern decor of the apartment it struck a remarkably singular note.

Virginia was fond of it. It reminded her of Greg and herself at the beginning of their marriage. Off-beat characters they'd been, determinedly odd. No well-worn, tried-and-true bridal paths for Greg and Ginny Longland. No, sir! The fabric of their marriage (a phrase Ginny thought comically relevant seeing they were partners in a furnishing business) was not going to follow a pattern at all. Especially not the orthodox one — straight, dull stripes of neutral tone, checked at intervals with blobs

of red. Blob one, house in suburbs. Blob two, little car. Blob three, little baby.

No, the Longlands planned it differently. Or, rather, refused to plan. Let's keep it gay, our fabric, Ginny said. Crazy color. Lots of dazzle. Merry zigzags.

The bookshelf was a bit like that, built by Greg from Ginny's sketch. From a point two feet from the floor it slanted upward, levelled off in the middle, and sloped down again.

Friends examined it, wearing baffled looks. "What's the jutting out bit in the centre for ever?" someone asked them at the party they gave to celebrate the birth of the bookshelf.

"Not for anything," Greg said with pride. "Just seemed to belong there. Nice for putting feet up on maybe. Or leftover guests after a party." He winked at a pretty girl passing by. "The only thing it won't stand for is planned art. Like flower arrangements or a pottery piece."

"I see," said the guest, holding out an empty glass. "You don't get a cricked back stooping way down there to fish out a book." He sounded really interested.

"Probably won't hold books after tonight," Greg shrugged. "They're just party-dress. Keep apples there more like. We're great apple-eaters, Ginny and I." He wagged the glass. "What are you drinking, pal?"

To page 46



"Pal," who had a house in the suburbs, two cars, and three teenage daughters, said feebly:

"Rye on the rocks. Thanks, son" and followed Greg to the bar, casting anxious glances over his shoulder at the shelf as he went.

Ginny swung her feet off the shelf, became restless, and moved to a more comfortable lounge, ate an apple she had scooped up from the rack below.

"Which half are you quitting?" Greg asked, tautly. "The business or me?"

"Oh, the business," Ginny assured him swiftly. "I want you to get yourself another designer, darling. I don't want to go to work any more."

**S**HE took a bite of apple, and glanced sideways through her lashes at her husband. "I have just cause," she told him, her voice soft and sweet.

"Well, you're free to quit, of course," Greg admitted. "If you're tired of the business . . . but I thought you liked it."

"I love the business," Ginny said staunchly. "But I've started another job, darling. And I'm keen about that now. So keen," she said, grey eyes shining, "that I surprise myself!"

"Another job?" Greg's dark brows shot up. "What job? For who — I mean, whom? You never told me anything . . ."

"For us, darling," Ginny smiled. "I'm turning us into parents. I'm a third the way there already."

"You sure about this?" Greg asked in a voice aggressive with shock. "You're not kidding?"

"No, honey," Ginny said happily. "Dr. Fryer says it's for sure, and he's a boy who knows."

There was an expectant look in her eyes as she stood by and leaned toward her husband, ready to fall into his outstretched arms, but Greg made no movement toward her.

"Aren't you glad, darling?" Ginny prompted him, her smile wobbling a little.

"Glad?" Greg repeated slowly. "We . . . I'll, maybe."

Ginny moved a little nearer. But Greg's hand went up to rub the back of his head, bewilderedly. "Can't seem to take it in," he said. "Never dreamed of anything like this happening."

"It does, though. All the time."

Ginny, wearying of holding herself in position for an embrace that never came, dropped back on to the couch. Greg advanced a pace, uncertain how to act.

"Well, I just didn't think of it happening to us, that's all." He sounded worried. "It sort of spoils things up a bit, doesn't it? I mean — well, for one thing, you'll be so darned hard to replace in the business."

"That's so," said Ginny, keeping her eyes on the moccasin dangling on her toes. "I've thought of that. Any girl can become a mother, but good designers are hard to find."

The bitter flavor of her voice surprised Greg. He put a placating hand on her head, smoothing it absently. "Don't be like that, Ginny," he said uneasily. "We'll get by with you, some way."

Ginny shook off his hand, angrily.

"I am like that," she said, "because of your attitude."

Pulling on her shoes, she jumped up and faced him with a belligerent look. "I realise you'd rather have a decorator than a mother-to-be on your books. But, it's your baby, too. Don't forget that! You shouldn't have got married if you didn't want

mothers and babies hanging around your apartment."

Turning abruptly, she marched away from him, chin high. Greg followed her into the kitchen, wondering what he could say to make peace without pretending to a joy he certainly didn't feel. Finally, he came up with "Sorry, sweet. I didn't know you had such a maternal streak. It's never showed before."

"I've never been a mother before, that's why," Ginny replied, spiritedly. "I know it's a blow to you, but you could have been a little nicer about it. Her husband's reaction is pretty important to a girl, didn't you know? Especially the . . . the first time . . ."

She whipped out a handkerchief and held it against her suddenly trembling mouth. "Don't be afraid," she said, as the tears rolled down her face, "that I shall become a cry-baby. I'm hurt, naturally, but I shan't bother you with it again."

Greg's reaction was to point out that she wouldn't be able to help it. After all, it would be difficult to ignore the phenomenon of Virginia — the competent, clever designer of "Longland Interiors," artist, and free-spirited, under his very eyes, into one of those dedicated-looking females who went stomping around on flat heels, a glass of milk in one hand, and a how-to-do-it baby-book in the other.

Of course her maternity would affect him, he wanted to say. It had, already. He felt betrayed. As though Ginny had, somehow, deserted him. The way Greg saw it, his wife had launched out on a major production of her own, and written him out of the script.

But he didn't say it. Ginny was in a highly dramatic mood, he realised, and the smartest thing he could do was wait until it had spent itself. He'd missed his cue, fumbled his lines, and ruined what Ginny had obviously meant to be a wonderful, emotional scene, compounded of gaiety and tenderness, a little sadness that one chapter of their life together had closed, and joy that another — a wonderful one — was opening.

Ginny enjoyed dramatising herself occasionally, and Greg generally found it fun — good for a laugh together later. But, she wasn't laughing now. Those had been real tears. He moved toward her, planning the embrace he should have produced earlier. He didn't feel affectionate — just jarred, and let-down — but she seemed to be expecting some sort of gesture from him.

Ginny, however, though her back was turned, seemed aware of his design, and moved over to the wall-cupboard. She got down a glass and a little bottle of pills.

Greg's arms dropped to his sides. "Can I get you some coffee, or something?" he offered, instead. "I guess you'd like to hop into bed. Pretty tired, huh?"

"Why should I be?" Ginny wanted to know. "I've done nothing but sit around all day."

It had been one of the lazy Sundays at home that they sometimes enjoyed — doing the put-off things, or just loafing, according to mood. Ginny, Greg realised now, must have spent part of it planning the way she would tell the big news. If he'd had even a hint, he thought, feeling injured, he'd have been able to cope.

"I feel fine," Ginny said, in a high voice. "A little sad, of course, that the baby should have a father whose only reaction to its existence

## BIRTH OF A FATHER

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is resentment. Otherwise, fine."

She ran the water into the glass noisily, over Greg's muttered protest. "Don't worry," she flipped a hand at him without turning around. "We'll get by without you. Like you, at the office, without me."

She tossed a couple of tablets into her mouth and took a long drink of water. Greg waited while she rinsed the glass and returned it to the cupboard. As she walked past him on her way out, he grabbed at her, pinning her arms with a masterful grip.

"Look, honey," he said, trying to look into her averted eyes, "I said I was sorry if I hurt you. I was kind of stunned for a minute when you told me about — What'sit — and people say things they don't mean when they're off guard. You don't want this baby, and nothing you say can change that."

At that Ginny turned her head and gave him a clear, grey look. "I don't think so," she said, quietly. "I think they speak the truth when they're off guard. You don't want this baby, and nothing you say can change that."

Greg didn't attempt a reply. In mute desperation he pressed his lips against her cheek, holding her gently within the circle of his arms. Ginny merely stood, still as a statue, until he released her.

The subject of Ginny's pregnancy was studiously

was all he was now, he thought with bitterness.

At the saloon he was working harder than ever now that he lacked Ginny's help, but there wasn't any pleasure in it. Sometimes, in the evenings, he worked on stuff he had brought home — color schemes, layouts, harmonies of fabric and texture.

Sometimes, when he asked her, Ginny looked at the samples or ran an experienced eye over the color charts. But it was obvious to Greg that the old interest was missing. She'd make a suggestion — picking up a pencil and altering a line here and there — query the length of a drape or the arrangement of furniture.

Then she'd drop the pencil with a small, disinterested smile, and go back to her sewing, the mask of remoteness gradually settling over her features again. Greg, looking at the pencil lines, found it hard not to sigh out loud. She was so right — every change she made was an improvement. He missed her expert judgment, her flair, and her infallible taste.

"Longland Interiors" wasn't the same without Ginny. He'd found someone to take her place, a middle-aged woman, with a frankly contemporary outlook. Melva Bates was good in her way, but she lacked the gracefulness which stamped Ginny's work. As a designer Greg thought

## Mrs. H. WIFE



"I'm writing to Clara, we aren't on speaking terms."

avoided during the following weeks, the gap between them bridged only with a flimsy structure of formal politeness.

In August she bought her first maternity clothes for outdoors, and spent her evenings studying layette patterns and knitting up quantities of white wool.

Greg, working at his desk near her, maintained an elaborate indifference. Occasionally, believing himself unobserved, he glanced at her fleetingly, wondering if she were suffering any of the ills supposed to be common to her state. He decided she wasn't. She looked as well as ever, or better. The only difference, apart from her changing figure, was in her eyes.

When she looked at him now her eyes held a remote expression, as detached as that of a stranger, except that back of it there was a suggestion of controlled misery. Greg wished that he could do something to change that look. Life without Ginny's warm-hearted love had become a pretty bleak affair.

His resentment toward the baby, whom he blamed for the change in their relationship, increased. It had almost like losing one's wife to another man. Virginia's eyes, dreaming about the little boy who would wear the velvet trousers, had the same tender glow as the eyes of a woman in love . . .

regretfully, Virginia could have gone right to the top.

And there she sat, stretched out in a lounging-chair, giving all she had to the manufacture of a pair of baby-pants.

"They wear those, right off?" he asked one evening his attention momentarily caught by the cherry velvet trousers she was stitching with that dedicated secret smile on her lovely face. "I thought they went in more for . . ." He broke off, feeling inept and slightly foolish.

"They do," Ginny said, smiling at him maternally. "Diapers for simply ages. But I saw a picture of a small boy in red pants like these and I wanted to make them for my baby. For when he's two. I guess. It won't be long." Her smile changed to one of happy anticipation.

Her baby, Greg thought, sourly. She's shut me right out. I've not only lost a top-flight partner in the business but my wife as well.

He went back to his work, trying to suppress the jealous pang which smote him every time he thought of the coming baby. Why, it was almost like losing one's wife to another man. Virginia's eyes, dreaming about the little boy who would wear the velvet trousers, had the same tender glow as the eyes of a woman in love . . .

Greg was suddenly gripped by a strong and ignoble urge to annoy Virginia, to put out that light in her eyes.

"You're so sure it will be a boy," he jeered. "What if it turns out to be female? How about the red trousers then?"

Ginny went on calmly sewing, sparing him just one brief, pitying glance. "It will be a boy," she said. "And, if it isn't, well, I'm young yet. I can have another baby."

Their social life suffered a change, too. Ginny lost interest in going to parties and having people in — except for card games, which finished early — they interfered with the health program she had drawn up for herself. Hiking in the open air was about the only activity she really enjoyed.

She went out alone during the day, to the fresh-air places, swinging along on the flat-heeled shoes, returning to the apartment with whipped-up hair and pink cheeks. And sometimes in the evenings when Greg could spare the time, they walked through the park in the enchanted hour before nightfall when the city, like a tired bird, dropped its note to a twittering hush.

The walks were not the leisurely, hand-in-hand kind they had previously enjoyed. With Ginny setting the pace they were brisk and bracing affairs, with a definite "medicinal purpose only" flavor to them. Greg preferred the old saunters. He also preferred the pretty, pliant girl he had shared them with to this progressively pregnant female.

Ginny seemed to have slipped away from him. Even when she was physically near and engaged in an ordinary conversation with him she appeared mentally absorbed in another, thrilling and interminable, with someone unseen, in a language only they understood.

Even her beauty was changed. Something new had been added, an ethereal kind of glow which put stars in her eyes, and a bloom on her delicate skin. She had never looked lovelier, Greg admitted. But it wasn't for him, not because of him. That other fellow was responsible — the one his wife was in love with — the guy who was to fall heir to the red velvet pants.

Greg gradually assumed the role of a character in a sad, sad play: a poor, unwanted creature, outside in the snow, looking through a lighted window into a warm, beautiful room he had been forbidden to enter.

Then, suddenly, during a September evening (three months before Ginny was due to go to hospital), an unexpected thaw occurred.

Greg, at his desk, flipped through a magazine. Ginny was in her long chair, reading, too, a partly knitted baby-coat in soft yellow wool lying, temporarily neglected, on her lap. As she turned the pages of her book she bit into a large red apple.

"Hey!" Greg yelled into the silence, his voice so loud and unexpected that Ginny almost choked on a mouthful. "Whatever . . . ?" she gasped when she got her breath back. "You hurt something?"

"It says here," Greg said, tapping the page and staring at her with wide, horrified eyes, "that people can die having babies! Actually die. Did you know that?" He came charging across the room toward her. "It says so — right here!"

Ginny put her hand out. "How strange," she said interestedly. "I've never seen it put that way. They usually harp on how few mothers and babies are lost. You know, the low mortality rate, statistics and all that."

She dropped the magazine and put out a hand, which Greg immediately grasped. "I didn't know," he murmured, sinking to his knees beside her.

"I didn't think about mothers dying. Oh, Ginny!" He buried his head on her lap. "I've been a dog about the baby," he said mournfully, "but I don't want it to die. And you . . . losing you makes me go cold."

Greg's head came up slowly to meet his wife's serenely smiling eyes. "I'm sorry," he said brokenly. "Can you forgive me, darling?"

"Nothing to forgive," Ginny said gaily. "I did it the wrong way — springing it on you like that and then going upstairs when you acted surprised. If anyone in this family needs forgiving," she concluded magnanimously, "it's me."

Relief at having Greg behave like a prospective father — an interested one — showed in her eyes. The remote look had gone, replaced by a new, glowing happiness.

For a while Ginny enjoyed the novelty of being fussed over. Greg kept after her, urging her to get more rest, to stop shoving heavy furniture around, if she so much as moved a chair, and to — for goodness sake — quit stomping around on those exhausting hikes. It palled, however, irritating her finally into open rebellion.

"I am not an invalid," she announced, exasperated, one evening, yanking out the cushion Greg had just tucked in behind her head. "My health is perfect, except that I'm on the edge of a nervous collapse from your fussing. Try to remember," she begged, "that I am a perfectly healthy young woman, doing what the books call a perfectly normal job. There's just nothing to worry about."

She wasn't at all sure that she hadn't been better off without all this tender care and when, one night in mid-December, she was awakened by a small, fleeting pain, she experienced a definite sensation of relief.

"Good for you, Junior," she whispered, when it passed. "Now we can move out of here and enjoy a little solitary confinement . . ."

When, at a minute before six next evening, the call came from the hospital, Greg's immediate reaction was one of fury.

"That smart know-it-all nurse," he raged as he put down the telephone. "Sending me home. Saying nothing could possibly happen before morning. And now look."

## H

HE was still simmering with resentment when he stepped out of the elevator on Ginny's floor half-an-hour later, not only at the nurse who had tricked him, but at his own reaction to the fact of his paternity. He didn't feel excited or happy or even relieved that it was all over, and the knowledge dismayed him. Something had happened to his personality, fraying his security, so that he felt like a stranger — a lost and bewildered stranger — who didn't know at all how he fitted into this new set-up.

Ginny had got her baby, but he — he didn't know at all what he had got. He was a father. It didn't mean anything. He'd been Greg Longland — a man who created beautiful interior decorations — a man admired and respected in the business. And he'd been Ginny's husband, the man the loved and had married.

Right up to now he'd been that person, assured, successful, happy. But now Ginny was a mother, an important person. Suddenly ashamed, Greg faced the fact that he

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## BIRTH OF A FATHER

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was envious of Ginny and her new happiness.

Jealous, he accused himself miserably. Jealous of a tiny little baby and the bond between it and its mother. He wondered if any father before him had ever experienced such an unworthy emotion...

Arriving at Ginny's door with a carefully composed expression through which, he hoped, the jealousy wouldn't show, he was met by a small but determined-looking nurse, who told him he could see his wife in ten minutes' time. Perhaps he would like to go and have a peep at the baby?

Greg stumbled down the corridor, his shoulders hunched defensively against the way everything conspired to reduce his importance. He thought of Ginny, relaxed and happy, being fussed over, admired, the centre of attention. For mothers, it was fine. She would be absorbed in the baby she had waited for so long. He had seen enough starry-eyed young mothers, melting with pride and tenderness, to know it was real for them. He wished he could feel even a little pleasure...

A nurse appeared and asked him with a polite, professional smile, whose baby he wanted to view. Greg told her,

**FROM THE BIBLE**  
• And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

—Luke 2: 52.

She pointed to a vacant place in the line of visitors and disappeared through a doorway.

While he waited, Greg glanced at the girl standing next to him. Young and very pretty, she was utterly absorbed in her contemplation of a sleeping infant beyond the glass screen, her lips parted in admiration and a look of tenderness in her eyes.

When he turned at a signal from behind the glass, the girl turned her head, too, her eyes resting briefly on the bundle in the nurse's arms.

For a long minute Greg stared at the baby presented for his inspection; at the little face, closed in sleep, the absurdly long, black hair and the tiny, clenched fists. "Aren't they wonderful?" he heard the girl whisper, awe and delight in her voice.

Greg nodded mutely, watching while the nurse replaced the baby in its crib, tucking it up with practised deftness. He turned to look at the pretty girl again, then back at the crib.

While he gazed at the tiny form, he felt, to his infinite surprise, all his doubts dissolve. The baby hadn't pushed him out at all!

The reverse was the truth, he saw it now. The coming of the baby had simply enlarged the orbit of his love, increasing that which he and Ginny already shared to include this new, strange, and wonderful tenderness...

He smiled then. At the moment, in the cot, at the pretty girl beside him, and at himself.

The smile was still in his eyes when he returned from a dash to the flower-shop on the ground floor. This time he walked smartly along the corridor, carrying a ribbed box, and almost upsetting a couple of girls who emerged from one of the rooms.

He apologised briskly, attempting to raise the hat he wasn't wearing. The girls

smiled serenely, accepted his apology, and went on with their soft chatter as they walked toward the elevator.

He studied them a moment with new interest. It was all so simple now, he thought. He knew exactly where he fitted. He was the father of one of those pretty creatures — at present only seven pounds of baby, sure — but a girl who would one day swing along on slim legs, talking and smiling like these others, the glowing girl who had stood beside him in the nursery, and these two. Trim and sweet she would be and — miraculously — his.

No chair, no sofa, no anything ever produced by Greg Longland, of "Longland Interiors," could possibly rank with the spectacular achievement of Greg Longland, father.

He tapped confidently on Ginny's door...

His wife was propped up in bed, a little pale, her eyes dreamy with happiness.

"I did it all wrong again, darling," she said when he'd kissed her. "It wasn't Old Velvet Trousers, after all... Have you seen your daughter?"

"You bet!" said Greg with a huge grin. "You sure she's ours, the one I saw? There were some others. I want the one I saw. A stunner."

"If the nurse held one up in front of you, it's ours, all right," Ginny assured him. "Did it have long black hair, blue eyes, and a face like a crushed rose-petal?"

"Not it," darling," Greg correcting her, gently. "She. Miss Longland. Our daughter."

He put the florist's box on the bed. "I brought her an orchid. I want to be the first to do that."

Ginny blinked through a little mist as she gazed at the flower, white and exquisite.

"It's lovely, darling," she said, softly. "She's going to adore hearing about it one day."

There was an orchid for Ginny, too. She thanked him, and held his hand.

Momentarily, she closed her eyes, letting a wave of heavenly languor wash over her. Greg's voice, muttering, pulled her back.

"Whatever's wrong?" she asked. "What's happened?"

"Those men," he was saying, wrathfully. "All those men who'll be coming after my daughter! Bringing her flowers! It makes me mad just to think of it."

**G**INNY fell back against the pillows, giggling weakly.

"You've got a little while yet, you know. She's scarcely uncured."

Her husband — the man who had been such very unpromising parent material a little while ago — got up and walked about the room, stopping at the mirror to adjust the set of his tie.

"Being the father of a beautiful girl is a terrific responsibility," he said, solemnly. "I've only just realised it."

There was a challenging light in his eyes as he wheeled around to face Ginny.

"Anyone," he declared, "can own a Longland interior. Money is all it takes. But — the fellows who come after my daughter will have to pass some pretty strict tests!"

"Daughters?" Ginny queried it, sleepily. "There's only one..."

"As yet," said the new father, complacently. "You've made a wonderful beginning, darling!"

(Copyright)

Second instalment of our three-part mystery serial

## THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

By ANTHONY GILBERT

**VIOLENT** public hostility forced NURSE SOLANGE PETERS to leave Rome under a cloud. She was unjustly suspected of causing the death of her patient, the wealthy MARCHESA POLLI, in order to further her love affair with FLORIAN, the Marchesa's cousin and heir.

The plane on which she was travelling to England crashed, but she was one of three survivors. When she recovered consciousness at the end of a fortnight, it was to find that she had been wrongly identified as Australian JULIE TAYLOR who was killed.

She decided to continue the masquerade, knowing that Julie had no near relatives. However, she suspects that lawyer ARTHUR CROOK, one of the other survivors, knows her real identity.

Despite the misgivings of a boardinghouse friend, ADA HOLLOWAY, she takes a position as companion to neurotic invalid BIANCA DUNCAN. She feels sympathetic to her as Bianca, also a nurse, blames herself for the death of a patient, EVELYN DUNCAN, first wife of her husband, OLIVER.

But, after a time, Bianca confides to "Julie" that she only discovered after their marriage that Oliver himself was responsible for his first wife's death; that he only married her to prevent her giving evidence against him; and that she fears he has designs on her own life. NOW READ ON:

**I**T couldn't have been more than a week after this conversation that the weather, which had been cloudy and uncertain, suddenly cleared and enticed one into the open. I had been suffering my usual shock at the realisation of how quickly the human mind can assimilate even aspects of horror, and this may have made me poorish company. Anyway, Bianca urged me to go out while I could, that is, while Mrs. Dotrice was in the house.

Some afternoons she stayed till five, twice a week she stayed on and cooked the dinner. It was tacitly understood that if it could possibly be avoided Bianca shouldn't be left alone in the house with her husband. I hadn't then achieved, as I did later, regular times off, so I jumped at the idea of getting away from the house.

It was on a Tuesday that I saw the mushrooms.

I was crossing a patch of open country and I saw them, grey-white and sturdy in the sunshine, springing up in great clumps behind wire fences. I knew they were the wild variety and I thought I remembered hearing that in England wild mushrooms may be picked by anyone, though it's sup-



Oliver was so absorbed talking to the girl with him, that he never even noticed Solange nearby.

posed to be courteous to ask the farmer's permission.

I asked Oliver about them that night, and he said, "That would be Russell's Common. He won't mind our helping ourselves. I'll ring him up tonight, and we might go along tomorrow before the hordes appear. Of course, if they were cultivated, it would be different."

"So would the mushrooms," I insisted. "The wild ones have much more flavor. At home..."

"In Australia? Somehow I hadn't thought of them growing there. You need a damp climate..."

I knew a pang of dismay. I found it a strain to be perpetually on guard. When I spoke of home I meant Rome, of course.

"I'll run you over tomorrow," Oliver went on. "It's a long time since we had mushrooms. I don't know why. They're on sale in the shops."

When I told Bianca she gave me a long, strange look. "Whose idea was it?"

"The mushrooms were my idea, driving me over to pick them was Oliver's."

"Don't say anything tonight," Bianca counselled me, "but if the weather holds up tomorrow I might come with you. It's Mrs. Dotrice's afternoon off, and in any case she's not the most cheerful company conceivable."

The next day was as good as you could look for. Mr. Russell had said yes, of course, help yourself. I found a nice square basket and off the three of us went. Oliver drove the car on to the grass verge and Bianca said she thought she'd sit there, we mustn't be too long, though.

"I suppose you do know the difference between real mushrooms and the poisonous fungi," she added.

"Well, anyway, I know," Oliver said.

As we passed a small clump of mushrooms he stooped, picking one up and holding it out to me.

"I hope you wouldn't have been deceived by this," he said. "It's called deadly nightcap round here, and it's remarkably like a true mushroom. But there's a sort of fluting under the cup you have to look for..."

He turned up the nightcap to show me what he meant. Then he threw it down and we moved on a little way and started to pick.

It gave me an odd feeling to be able to fill a basket without putting down a penny. But I never felt too comfortable alone with Oliver. I always had a secret fear that he was less simple than he liked you to think, that he rather than Bianca might discover the truth about me, in which case he'd be perfectly in order in drumming me out of the house, and within his rights to hand me over to the police. False pretences — entering the country on what was, to all intents and purposes, a forged passport. Set a thief to catch a thief. I would appear much blacker in the eyes of the law than he.

"I think I'd better get back to Bianca," I said after a while.

When I got back to the car I found Bianca walking up and down rather restlessly, swinging her big leather bag.

"I was just going on safari," she announced. "I decided you must have met Mr. Russell and he'd invited you in to tea."

"We'd never have left you on your own," I protested, half laughing. "Look!" And I showed her the basket.

"They're certainly beauties," she allowed. "You have been careful!"

"Oliver showed me the poisonous ones I mustn't pick. I think all these are all right, but you can get the lot before I cook them."

Oliver came hurrying up with some more mushrooms wrapped in a clean handkerchief, which he tilted into the basket. It was such a lovely afternoon we decided not to go straight

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back, but ride around for a bit. Presently we stopped for tea at a little roadside place.

It couldn't have been better—home-made scones, home-made jam, home-baked cakes. We all did it justice, then got back in the car and drove home. Mrs. Dotrice had been gone for some time, leaving cold stuff for the evening meal.

"Let's have high tea tonight," Bianca suggested. "Mushrooms, and there's the cold ham and Mrs. D. will have left a salad. Put the mushrooms there, Oliver, and I'll go through them."

"She doesn't trust me an inch," Oliver said, laughing.

Bianca discarded two or three of the mushrooms, then stood up. "These all pass the test, Julie. I must say I'm quite looking forward to them. It's a long time since I went mushrooming."

## THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

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I got out the big iron pan and melted butter in it.

"Why don't we eat in here?" suggested Oliver, looking around the kitchen. "I never understand our British way of life. Everything comes piping hot off the stove, and then for the sake of gentility or some such fiddle-faddle, it must be carried, often uncovered, through a draughty hall and into another room."

"It's not everyone who wants to eat with the smell of cooking round them," Bianca pointed out. "Julie, would you set the table, and, Oliver, how about some wine?"

"Watch the toast," I urged, cut-

ting the slices and putting them on the grill. I collected knives and forks and hurried through the hall. Bianca was turning the toast when I came back. Oliver had opened a bottle of white wine and fetched in the ham, still on its bone, from the larder. I put the toast on hot-plates; Bianca started ladling out the mushrooms, and at that moment the telephone rang.

"I'll get it," I said. It wasn't anything important, a message from a man about some work that was being done in the garden. I went back to the kitchen, collecting the smallest plate of mushrooms.

"Here, I was going to have

those," said Oliver. "After all your work you deserve the lion's share."

"That's the plate I fancy," observed Bianca coolly.

"But you know you adore mushrooms. I'd picked this one out for you."

"What lovely natures we all have," she said. "Each of us trying to give the biggest plate to the others."

"My dear, they're all exactly alike," Oliver protested.

"Then it can't matter which one I have. Julie, you take those two plates on the tray; Oliver, bring the wine, I'll carry my own."

What for a moment had threatened to be awkward drained away. We were three normal people who'd had an enjoyable afternoon luxuriating in what Oliver called the fruits of our labor.

After dinner we played pontoon

for a little, then Bianca said she was tired and I took her up to bed. She was looking a bit worried. "I hope those mushrooms weren't a mistake," she said. "All that butter. So rich."

I waited till she dropped off, then went back to my own room and started a letter to Ada. It was nearly twelve o'clock when I put out my light.

I couldn't have been asleep more than a couple of hours when the bell from Bianca's room began to ring with a sort of furious tremulousness. She had switched on the bedside light, and a single glance as I hurried into the room warned me that this was no whimsical appeal for company. Her face had a shining stretched look; she was retching and vomiting; and in such pain she could only gasp and moan. The only word that came through clearly was mushrooms.

"There was nothing wrong with them," I coaxed her.

**A**LL the same, I

didn't like her looks. With one arm supporting her, I reached for the telephone. It wasn't easy to dial the doctor's number, but I managed. The voice that answered was as strange as a foreign tongue.

"Dr. Mitchison?" I said, and the voice replied, "He doesn't take night calls. This is his partner, Dr. Gregg, and I only take them in cases of emergency."

"This is an emergency," I said. "Food poisoning." I described the symptoms.

"Who are you?" asked Dr. Gregg. "Nurse?"

"Companion. But I have done a certain amount of nursing."

"Preserve me from the amateur nurse," he said. "Now, listen. I take it you can do what you're told?" He proceeded to give me some instructions. I let him run on, though some I'd already carried out before I rang him, and the rest I had been going to do as soon as I hung up. But I'd just told him I wasn't a nurse...

"How did he do it?" whispered Bianca in a drugged voice. "Don't go away, Julie."

"I wouldn't dare," I said.

The doctor must have travelled faster than light. In no time at all he was making a tremendous commotion with the front-door bell. The noise awakened Oliver and he went staggering down to let the doctor in.

"You the husband?" said Dr. Gregg. You could hear him all over the house. "Stay down here and put some kettles on, will you? Fewer people in the sickroom the better. I'll call you if you're wanted." (He told me later he always put distracted husbands into boiling kettles. Sometimes the hot water really came in useful, mostly the kettle boiled dry. He gave a heartless chuckle when he said that. "That'll teach 'em to be careless.")

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# one of 101 CARNIVAL DESSERTS

White Wings



### APPLESAUCE TREAT

Ingredients: 1 packet White Wings Lemon Mousse; 1 pinch cinnamon; 1 pinch nutmeg; 1/4 cup stewed apple or applesauce; 1 teaspoon grated orange rind; 1 packet gingersnap biscuits.

Method: Make up the Lemon Mousse as directed, then blend in the spices, apple and orange rind. Line individual sweet dishes with the gingersnaps and spoon the apple dessert into the centre. Chill well and decorate each with whipped cream and two gingersnap halves as "wings."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 17, 1968

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A greater contrast to soft-voiced, soft-palmed Dr. Mitchison couldn't be imagined. For one thing, Dr. Gregg — I learned afterward his name was Lionel, and it seemed ideal for him — was much younger. He was dark, with a brisk manner, and a keen, thrusting face. But he knew his job. He got to work right away without asking a lot of questions; he said the time for that could come later.

One way and another, it was a messy affair; I couldn't help reflecting it was a good thing I was a nurse. When he'd got Bianca as comfortable as possible — no question of removing her to a hospital, he said — he asked me what precisely had happened. I explained about the mushrooms.

"It's very mysterious," I said. "We all examined them. But I suppose somehow a fungus got in. I don't see how it could have been anything else."

"H'm." He stroked his long, powerful chin. "Do you want me to try and send in a nurse for a few days to help you carry on? You said you're not a trained nurse?"

"That's right," I agreed. I had said so.

"Well, you could have fooled me. Any other women in the house?"

I told him about Mrs. Dotrice. "Make her lend a hand."

He had a reassuring word with Oliver, but you could see he wasn't really interested in him. If Mrs. Dotrice had to take turns in the sickroom she wouldn't be able to keep up with her normal job, but that didn't bother him. I should be preparing the pap that would be all Bianca would have for a day or two, and if Oliver wanted anything solid he could go to his club.

"I still don't understand why it had to be Mrs. Duncan," I said, taking the doctor to the door. "Why not her husband? Or me?"

"Why did a buzz-bomb hit one house and leave the one next door unscathed?" Dr. Gregg demanded.

The first thing Bianca asked me when she was able to talk at all was where Oliver was. "Keep him out of here," she mouthed at me. "Keep him out, I don't care what you tell him."

So I promised to do my best.

It must have been on the third or fourth day that Dr. Gregg — he was continuing the case, to Bianca's disgust; Dr. Mitchison had gone to bed with a heavy cold that might well turn to pleurisy — asked me, "What's she like? Mrs. Duncan, I mean, when she's not indulging in poisonous fungi?"

"All the details are on her card," I said before I could stop myself.

"Why should I wreck my eyesight trying to read my partner's hieroglyphics when you can tell me just as well?"

"She has a sort of persecution mania," I acknowledged. "She's afraid . . ." I stopped. I didn't know how far I should go.

"That's often a sign of the death-wish," said Dr. Gregg, cheerfully. Bianca would have had a heart attack to hear him. "How long's she been married?"

"About five years, I think. She was the first Mrs. Duncan's nurse."

"What happened to the first Mrs. Duncan?"

"She died. Bianca holds herself responsible because she wasn't there at the time."

"Who's she to suppose she'll

never make a mistake? It's a mere morbid luxury brooding over it. And nurses are like doctors, they can't afford luxuries."

"I hope Dr. Mitchison is soon back on his feet," said Bianca icily. "This young man may be very intelligent, but that manner won't get him far."

Dr. Mitchison, however, didn't come back. "Bronchitis," said Dr. Gregg. "That what I call it, but it's unfashionable to have bronchitis these days, it's pneumonia now. Just the same way no one will confess to a common cold. 'Oh, doctor,' they say, crowding my surgery that's already bursting at the seams, 'I've got the flu.' I tell 'em to go back and stick their feet in a bucket of hot water and take an aspirin. I don't see many of 'em twice."

"That," Bianca remarked after he'd gone, "is scarcely surprising."

Dr. Gregg might have been an unconventional doctor but he certainly added some spice

## THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

It was Market Day, when the buses were all crowded. I decided to go into the bar of The Huntsman and buy myself a drink and see if I could get some sandwiches for lunch. The Huntsman was the most considerable of the local inns. The bar wasn't very full and I ordered my drink and took it over to a table. Before I could order any sandwiches the door was pushed open and Oliver came in accompanied by a girl who almost took my breath away.

She was one of those golden girls you find in England, as pretty as a picture and as radiant as spring. She and Oliver went up to the bar, where they collected two stools and he gave an order.

I was watching the girl, fascinated. At least, I thought, Bianca doesn't know about her, and I had a sudden vision of Dr. Gregg saying,

"Of course, I thought I'd see if I could get a sandwich. Every place was so crowded."

"And could you?"

"No. I went to The Copper Castle. They could do with a new cook there. This one . . ."

"I hope you made Oliver pay for your drink."

"He didn't even see me."

"You should have attracted his attention."

"I couldn't, he was busy. Some business connection . . ."

Bianca laughed; it was the jangling laugh that always sent shivers up my spine.

"I've heard it called a lot of things, but never that. Oh, stop trying to be diplomatic and loyal, Julie. Do you imagine I haven't known for ages about my husband and the entrancing Miss Fiona Lane? It's not Oliver's fault if the whole neighborhood doesn't know about it. You're

who knows you're alive. I'd have called before but I had flu. OK now, though. Which is your afternoon off?"

"I don't exactly have a special afternoon," I explained.

"Then assert your rights and demand one. Next Wednesday would suit me. We could meet in London, there's a good train service, I've looked it up."

"Wednesday wouldn't be any good," I blurted out. "It's not one of Mrs. Dotrice's late nights."

"You don't have to be all that late. We could meet after lunch and have an early meal in town. Wednesday, then. You've got my telephone number?" She repeated it in case I'd forgotten it. "It'll be a good thing for Mrs. Whosot to realize you're not alone in the world."

I wasn't enthusiastic. I was rather nervous about this plain, energetic woman with her gimlet glance and outspoken ways. I felt she'd get everything out of me before I even realised I had told her the facts, and I certainly didn't propose to share Bianca's secret with her.

"I won't say any more now," continued Ada briskly. "We'll have a nice chat next week." As she hung up I heard a faint click and realised that someone had been listening on one of the extensions. I realised, too, that Ada, quicker than I, had also been aware of it.

I went up to Bianca's room. "That was Ada Holloway," I said, deliberately not watching her, because if it had been she who was eavesdropping I didn't want to catch her out. "We met at the hotel where I was living before I came here. She wants me to meet her next week."

"Why don't you ask her to come here?" Bianca inquired. "It's a long way," I demurred.

"No farther for her than for you. If the car's back by then you could meet her at the station. Incidentally, do feel free to use the telephone whenever you like. Sometimes I wonder why we bother to have one, we use it so little."

I rang Ada the next day, but not from the house. I walked down to the cross-roads, where there was a telephone box. "It's all right about next week," I said, and she named a place near Charing Cross Station and told me which train to catch.

private call. But then I never wanted you to go there in the first place."

She elaborated the point when we met the following week. Nothing of any interest had happened to me in the interim, except that I'd got the car back and persuaded Bianca to come out two or three times. Eventually, I hoped she'd pluck up heart and take the wheel herself.

"Doesn't it strike you as odd that the Duncans took you on sight," she persisted.

"No references, no previous experience, not in this kind of job, anyway, no family backing. I wouldn't engage a junior clerk on those terms."

"I suppose they knew it wasn't everyone's job. What a suspicious mind you have."

"It's a pity there aren't a few more like it. In their shoes I'd have asked myself why a girl like you should jump at such bargain-basement job. After all, you have diplomas — at least I suppose they have those in Australia."

"It's not precisely the back-woods," I reminded her tartly. "And as for me vanishing suddenly, how could that advantage anyone?"

But Ada stuck to her point with tiresome pertinacity. "Suppose there is something fishy and you stumble on it? Who would notice you'd gone? There's me, but I might get bowled over by a bus, and then there'd be no one. If you've no family you ought to have some sort of representative . . . Being an anonymous atom in a big universe is no joke."

"There are the locals," I protested. "And the doctor."

"And if the Duncans said there'd been a disagreement, you'd walked out, eloped, gone off with the family silver . . . Do you seriously tell me there isn't one other human being to whom you could drop a card or ring up on some pretext? Surely you have a bank or some place where you'd be recognised."

Suddenly I remembered the man on the train. It was absurd, he wouldn't remember my name by now; and yet I'd never been able to shake off the conviction that the card hadn't been left where I found it by accident.

"Well?" said Ada sharply. "Who is it?"

"There was a man on the plane, I met him by chance later, on a train journey; he told me I could always get in touch in an emergency."

"I suppose even you wouldn't be taken in by that."

"He gave me his card," I said. "He's a lawyer, but he had an odd name for a man in his profession. Crook. There's a laugh for you."

"What did you say?" said Ada.

"Crook. He . . ."

"Not Arthur Crook?"

"Well, yes, I think it was. Why?"

"Well, really, Julie, I could have saved myself a number of sleepless hours if you'd had the nerve to tell me that before. Why, with him behind you, you're safer than if you went round with a brigade of the Household Cavalry. Now, write to him at once — you haven't lost the card?"

"No. I haven't. But I can't write out of the blue."

"Anyone can write to a lawyer. Especially when your lawyer's Arthur Crook."

"How do you know about him?" I asked curiously.

"Every Londoner knows about him," returned Ada sweepingly. "How did you meet him, though?"

"I told you — he was one of the three survivors on the plane."

"He would be. The plane hasn't been built that would

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## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

to the household's rather monotonous routine. "How much longer do you expect to be here?" he asked me.

"She needs me," I explained.

"Like I need a hole in the head," he growled. "You're about the only person I meet these days who doesn't ask me for a prescription and the one person for whom I can recommend one."

"Oh yes," I said, "I meant to ask. Is there a prescription for Mrs. Duncan?"

"There is not. And the first chance you get throw out that chemist's shop she's got in her room."

"Why were you so long?"

Bianca demanded when I got back to the sickroom.

"I was asking if there was a prescription, and he said no."

"Not one I'm going to take," Bianca agreed. "His idea is that I shall go abroad for a while."

"But why not?" I cried. "You'd feel safe there, surely."

"I might get there all right. I'm much more doubtful as to whether I'd ever get back. Anyway, this is my home, why should I be driven out of it?"

"Why don't you give his suggestion a bit more thought?" I urged. "You really should get out more. At least start going out in the car again. If you're worried about its condition I'll take it along to the garage and have it thoroughly overhauled. I've passed my test now . . ."

I had seen the little black Parker in the garage when Oliver beached his nobler specimen. Bianca used to drive it a lot, she told me, but it hadn't been used for some time. Now, however, she seemed inclined to listen to me.

"It would be a start," she conceded. "I'd trust myself with you, Julie."

Before the doctor called again I'd taken the Parker down to the local garage for a thorough going-over. It was after I'd left it there that I discovered the existence of the motive.

"Let her come out and see the sort of competition she's up against. That might knock some sense into her," and I found myself agreeing with him.

The couple at the bar were so absorbed they had no eyes for anyone else. I changed my mind about ordering sandwiches. Instead I slipped out unobtrusively and had a very nasty meal at The Copper Castle, where all the waitresses were dressed as dwarfs and the quantities of food were obviously intended for dwarfs, too. I thought that if Bianca did know about this girl, she had good reason for fear. For if Oliver Duncan had married his first wife for money and his second for expediency, if he ever got as far as his third,

"Very cagy," said Bianca. "Wouldn't leave a name. What a woman of mystery you are, Julie. Two months under this roof and not a single letter, not even a phone call until today.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUDD

this time it would be for love.

When I got home eventually, Bianca said rather shrilly, "So you're back at last? I quite thought you must have eloped."

"Who with?" I asked.

"You didn't happen to see my husband, I suppose?" The words were intended to be light, but they came out as heavy as a soggy cake.

"Not to speak to," I spoke carelessly and she was on to my half-admission like a knife.

"What does that mean?"

"I mean, I caught a glimpse of him in the distance."

"How far distant?"

"I was having a drink at The Huntsman . . ."

"By yourself?" She sounded incredulous.

"Anyway, whoever it is, is going to call again at six."

On the stroke of six my call came through. Why I hadn't thought of her before, I don't know. It was Ada Holloway, the only person who had my address.

"What gives?" she demanded. "I've been quite worried about you, my girl. Eight weeks and not a word. They're not keeping you prisoner, I suppose?"

"In a job like this you don't have a lot of free time," I said evasively.

"You should join a union," Ada assured me. "I can see just how it is, that woman's fastened on to you like a land crab. She sees you're good-natured and she's cashing in. It's a good thing there's one human creature

who was our dear little eavesdropper?" she added.

"Personally, when I want people to know my business I write a postcard. Now, Julie, do try and exercise a little sense. I know you have a romantic nature, but just remind yourself now and again that a girl like you, without connections and no regular home address, can vanish without trace and no questions asked — till it's too late."

"How melodramatic can you get?" I scoffed. "Why on earth should they want to get rid of me?"

"I don't know, but they seem to have kept you tied up pretty close for the past two months, and I don't approve of a household where the companion can't take a

private call. But then I never wanted you to go there in the first place."

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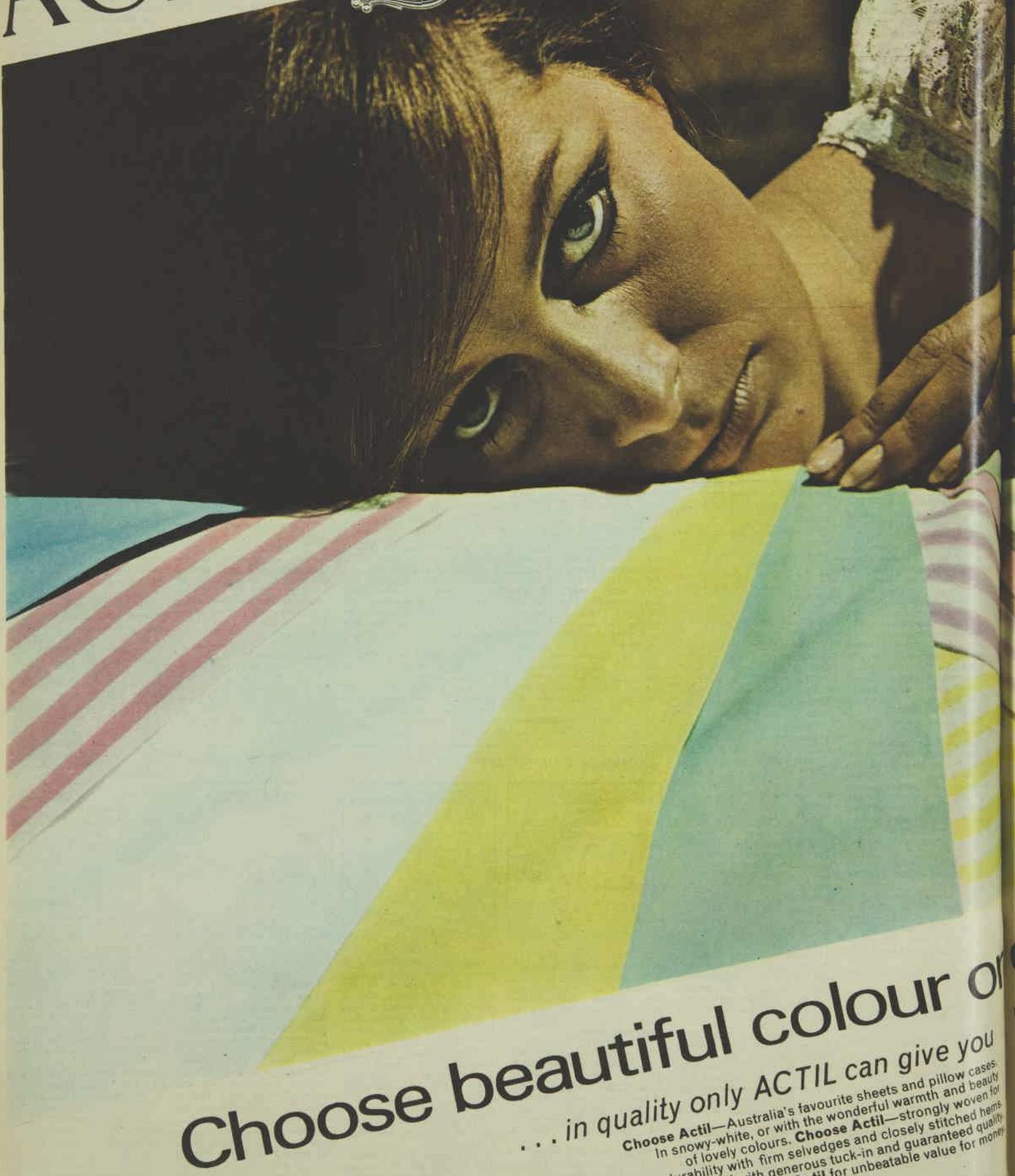
"I told you — he was one of the three survivors on the plane."

"He would be. The plane hasn't been built that would

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A woman is lying in bed, viewed from the side. She is wearing a light-colored, textured top. The bed has several layers of colorful, striped bedding. The top sheet is yellow with thin blue and red horizontal stripes. Below it is a pink sheet with thin green and yellow horizontal stripes. The bottom sheet is a solid light green color. The background is a warm, yellowish-brown tone.

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dare polish him off. I'll tell you this. If ever I'm accused of murder, and my life bristles with temptations, I'd make a beeline for his office. He can't only make black look white, he can actually turn it into white. There was a case I recall . . ." She told me about it; it was very impressive. "And that boy hadn't got two half-crowns to rub together," she went on. "So—don't hesitate, and when you have written let the Duncans know. Now, let's hear something about Mrs. D? What's wrong with her?"

I knew it would happen like this. In no time she had got the story out of me. "I knew you were the sort of girl to whom things happen," she said. "You know, Julie, I think it might be a wise step for you to look for another job."

"I can't," I protested. "Bianca needs me."

She sighed, then went on to tell me about the hostel and some of the people I remembered during my short stay there. Mrs. Stafford had wanted to be remembered to me. When we said goodbye she told me, "Ignorance isn't always bliss, whatever the poets tell you. Sometimes it's a through ticket to the cremation shed."

I SUPPOSE I should have come back trembling with apprehension, but I didn't. Meeting Ada stimulated me beyond anything I could have believed. I wondered where her secret lay, she wasn't young, she had never been good-looking, she looked rather like a camel and she dressed as far as possible to resemble one. Fawn-colored suit, fawn beret, fawn leather bag, sand-colored shoes — even her face had a camel hue. You couldn't imagine any man had ever given her a second glance.

The next morning I waited till Bianca had settled for a nap and got out my writing-pad and pen and started my letter to Arthur Crook. I expected it to be easy, but it wasn't. I couldn't precisely say I was nursing a woman whose husband was going to murder her, at least who thought her husband was going to murder her, and I might conceivably be involved. ("Why not, sugar?" Crook asked me later. "That's the kind of letter I like best!)

I tamely reminded him of our previous meeting on the train. I told him about my job, and said that in the near future I might need his advice in regard to my legacy. That wasn't straying far from the truth, if you agreed that to inherit a name and a past history can be as much of a legacy as a fortune.

"Writing your friend?" inquired Bianca suddenly. I'd been so deep in thought I hadn't noticed she was awake.

"This is to my lawyer," I explained. "To do with my legacy. There seem to be some complications and I'm a bird-brain where business is concerned."

"Did Oliver recommend him?" she asked. "You've never mentioned him before."

"I knew him before I came here," I assured her. "But Ada did point out there was no harm giving him a job. These things do drag on, so."

"Leave the letter in the hall and the postman will collect it when he brings the next delivery," suggested Bianca casually.

But I wasn't taking any chances. I ran down to the postbox by the crossroads after lunch and posted it myself.

I had my reply from Mr. Crook forty-eight hours after I'd posted my letter, three

lines in a hand as rambunctious as his own personality. He said he'd been expecting to hear (why?) and the instant any cloud appeared on the horizon, though it was no larger than a baby's fist, I was to get in touch. I carried that letter around with me like a mascot. I felt that with two allies like Ada Holloway and this unconventional man of law my luck was bound to hold.

I suppose I became too confident. Anyway, it was when everything seemed to be calming down that disaster struck from two directions.

It began with a thundering row between Bianca and Dr. Gregg. She had been bewailing the fact that it was impossible to get out in the wretched weather we were having just then.

"Some of us survive it," he said in his outspoken way.

"No sense looking to me for sympathy, ma'am. If you took my advice, which incidentally you're paying for, and went away to a more seasonal climate, you could go out every day. You're luckier than a lot of my patients — a husband prepared to foot the bill and a girl like Julie for a companion. You should make the most of your chances. You won't have her here for ever."

Bianca sent me a darting glance. "What's she been saying to you?"

"It's what your own common sense should be saying. A girl like that isn't going to spend the best years of her life dancing attendance on an imaginary illness."

Bianca reared up like an asp about to strike. "You must be out of your mind," she panted. "You, a doctor, dedicated, or so one's been led to suppose, to healing the sick . . ."

He interrupted her without a qualm. "Don't equate a doctor with a magician." I'd

## THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

of shock treatment," I suggested.

"Whose side are you on?" she demanded.

All the same, from that day she began to consider Dr. Gregg's proposal. She asked me to write for holiday brochures. She didn't talk about the mushroom affair any more. An unfortunate accident, Dr. Gregg had said. I agreed with him. And yet, if it had been a deliberate attempt on Oliver's part, it was surely exceedingly chancy. Any one of us might have got the poisoned mushroom, and anyway, I told myself, all the mushrooms had come from the same field.

Only, of course, I couldn't really swear to that. I had left Oliver alone picking the last few while I sped back to Bianca. I'd been out of the kitchen while I set the table; there could have been an opportunity for a fungus to be introduced.

Naturally, I encouraged Bianca every way I knew. I did have a secret fear she would suggest visiting Rome, but luckily it was a city that didn't appeal to her.

"Why don't we go down and talk to the local travel agent?" I suggested one evening. "Tomorrow's going to be fine, according to the weather forecast, and there are some household things we need, anyway."

"We'll see what the weather's like," she said. Next day, everything, even the weather, seemed to co-operate with my plan to get her out of the house and eventually overseas. The morning was so full of sun that the world glittered. Bianca was up and dressed earlier than usual; she

to normal. You'll never know how grateful to you I am."

When we reached the house she went in at the front, while I put the car in the garage and went around to the kitchen to give Mrs. Dotrice the things she'd asked for. There was the usual delicious coffee smell, and it was clear she had just made a fresh pot.

"Would there be a spare cup?" I asked.

Usually she was a shuddering sort of woman, but today she actually smiled. She took a cup from the shelf, filled it, and handed it to me.

"It wouldn't be as good as this at The Huntsman," I said.

While I was drinking the coffee she casually dropped her bombshell.

"I put the gentleman in the morning room," she said. "I told him I didn't know when you'd be back, but he said he'd come a long way and he'd wait."

"I wonder who he is," I murmured idly.

She sent me a sharp look. "He said his name's Hunter."

"He must have made a mistake," I murmured. "That was delicious coffee, Mrs. Dotrice." But I could hear the treacherous tremble of the cup against the saucer when I put it down.

"He's got a funny accent," Mrs. Dotrice went on. "Still, I suppose they're all like that in Australia."

"Julie," called Bianca. "What's happened to you? Where are you?"

"In the kitchen. I've been giving Mrs. Dotrice the stores." I was surprised how normal my voice sounded. "I'll take your parcels upstairs."

forward and caught me by the arms.

"Julie!" he cried. "Where on earth have you been hiding all these weeks? Why did you vanish in that mysterious way? I've had an awful job tracking you down." For an astounded moment I wondered if he really knew I wasn't Julie, if he was a phony, too; then he went on, "There was no need to cut and run like that because of a legacy. There's always trouble over other people's money, and you had as much right to it as anyone."

I felt myself floating out to sea. From everything Julie had said, I had assumed there was no one left in Australia likely to ask questions. His hands tightened their grip; now they conveyed warning. Play up, play up, and play the game, I thought idiotically.

Some of my feeling must have showed in my face, because Bianca said, "You've given her a shock. Mr. Hunter, turning up like this out of the blue. All the same, Julie, you're a silly girl to keep his existence so dark. I've always wished you had a friend or two your own age, to supplement your mysterious Miss Holloway. Well, you two must have a lot to say to each other. I'm going to my room."

Mr. Hunter closed the door behind her and we waited a moment till the sound of her feet on the stairs had died away. Then I turned on him urgently.

"What's the idea?" I said. "Letting her believe I really am Julie Taylor?" His brows lifted. "Isn't that what you wanted? It's what you seem to have persuaded her to believe."

"You didn't have to go along with it, though. Why did you? I mean, what's in it for you?" "What a commercial mind you have. Why did you do it? And what's your name really?"

"I'm Julie Taylor," I said in a stubborn voice. The odd thing was that now I felt like Julie Taylor, I could have described Aunt Marty and the house where they'd lived; it was Solange Peters who had become the stranger.

"If you believe that, try and prove the contrary."

He rubbed his chin. "I might at that. In fact, I might even make a guess at your real identity."

"How did you find me at all?" I wanted to know.

"It seemed so odd you shouldn't write. Of course, the news of the plane crash reached us and it seemed probable you were one of the casualties. Only we had no notification, your name didn't appear in any list. Then I had this chance to come over, so I decided to make my inquiries in person. I saw the airline authorities, and they told me you'd taken quite a toss and had been in hospital, so gradually I traced you back to your hostel and they gave me your address here. I also saw a list of the passengers. There was a girl called Solange Peters, she was killed. You were identified, I heard, by a bracelet you were wearing."

"Julie gave it to me," I said quickly, as though he might suspect me of robbing a dead body. "She said it would bring me luck."

"It seems to have done so, doesn't it? You're quite fallen on your feet here. What was wrong with Solange Peters?"

"I didn't say . . ." "My dear girl, you don't throw away your own name like last night's paper without some good reason. Coming from Rome, I heard."

"To make a fresh start," I admitted. "Well, what do you do now? Tell Mrs. Duncan? Isn't that going to be a bit

awkward when you've already greeted me as Julie?"

"Oh, I should explain that I wanted to hear your story before I lifted my executioner's axe. Of course, she'd throw you out at once, and without references — still, there's the legacy, isn't there? You can't have run through all that yet."

"I don't know about the legacy," I said painfully.

"Oh, come, there are limits to my credulity."

"When I said I didn't know anything about it, I meant I hadn't touched it. It's still in the bank, or wherever it was lodged. All I had of Julie's was some Australian currency, and her insurance. And if the estate claims the money back, if this story becomes public property, I mean, then it can all be repaid out of Solange Peters' account."

"And how much is in that?"

"I don't know. Solange is dead, so there was no one to inquire."

"You really are the most extraordinary girl," he said. "You must know how much you possess."

"I was told to call at the bank and prove my identity and I'd be provided with a certain sum of money; the amount wasn't mentioned, or if it was, it didn't register."

Mr. Hunter pulled a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket and lit one. He didn't offer me one. "Where did it come from, the anonymous sum of money?"

CERTAINLY, it didn't occur to me not to tell him I felt he had all the aces in the pack, and if I refused, he could get everything he wanted to know from Rome. He didn't look the sort of person who'd give up easily.

"I see," he said after a minute. "A sort of bonus, because your patient died."

"After my patient died, it's not unusual to give a nurse present."

"Coupled with the proviso that it shall be paid in another country. Perhaps you knew too much."

"I didn't know anything," I cried.

"And if the money's lodged in a bank and you've got to establish identity, it's more than a ten-pound note, isn't it? How did your patient die?"

"She had a fall."

"While the nurse was off duty?"

"Yes."

"So you weren't responsible?"

"No, I wasn't responsible."

"And yet you left the country. Did someone offer you a sizable sum to clear out? Was it, perhaps, because you suppressed a bit of evidence that could have involved someone else?"

"I tell you, I wasn't even in the house."

"All the same, it was worth somebody's while to pay you something, perhaps something handsome, to leave the country. Oh, Julie," — his voice changed, became impatient and human — "stop playing a tragic part. You had some very good reason for not minding saying goodbye to Solange Peters."

"Who on earth is Solange Peters?" Unheard by either of us Bianca had suddenly come into the room.

"The girl who shared Julie's seat in the doomed plane," said Charles smoothly. "They had quite a lot in common, were much of an age and — didn't you tell me it was her first visit to England in years?"

"That's what she said."

"It was a frightful thing," said Bianca briskly, "but I'm sure if there was anything Julie could have done, she'd

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even spoke of getting back into the driver's seat in the near future. For once she didn't wait in the car while I did the shopping, but came with me; in fact, she seemed quite delighted to find herself inside a shop again.

At the travel agency, she made tentative arrangements for the two of us to go abroad next month, starting with Portugal.

Then she decided, "We'll go to The Huntsman." I wondered if she secretly hoped to catch Oliver there with his beautiful girl — The Motive was how I thought of her. However, Oliver was nowhere to be seen, and when Bianca asked casually if he was expected that day the head waiter looked surprised and said he didn't often come in.

"I wonder where he does take her," Bianca said.

The lunch was very good, but we didn't wait for coffee. She didn't care for it mid-day.

"Get Mrs. Dotrice to give you some when we get back," she suggested. "She must swim in it, the amount she gets through."

On the way back she told me that the next time we came out she would take the wheel herself. "I'm supposed to be a very good driver," she told me. "It's just my nerves — but, thanks to you, Julie, I'm getting back

"They can wait," said Bianca. "Come and see your wonderful surprise."

We went into what I'd been accustomed to call the breakfast-room. A tall, fairish man, thirtyish, I suppose, with bright blue eyes, stood up as I came in — my visitor with the Aussie accent. Of course, I'd never set eyes on him before in my life.

"Here she comes," cried Bianca. "Here's Julie. Come and meet Charles Hunter — as if you didn't know."

I felt my legs turn to lead. I think I must have smiled, because I felt my lips stretching. I wondered how on earth I'd imagined I'd be able to carry this deception through. When Julie had said there's no one in Australia now I'd taken it literally. I should have known a radiant creature like that could never find herself isolated overnight, as it were. It was going to be odd if the frustrated romance I'd dreamed up for Bianca's benefit was going to be true. I thought all this while I waited for the fatal words — "What's the game? Who are you? That's not Julie." For a moment I had a wild notion of somehow conveying the situation to this stranger, compelling him to play along with my story. I turned sharply as Charles Hunter took two swift steps

forward and caught me by the arms.

"Julie!" he cried. "Where on earth have you been hiding all these weeks? Why did you vanish in that mysterious way? I've had an awful job tracking you down." For an astounded moment I wondered if he really knew I wasn't Julie, if he was a phony, too; then he went on, "There was no need to cut and run like that because of a legacy. There's always trouble over other people's money, and you had as much right to it as anyone."

I felt myself floating out to sea. From everything Julie had said, I had assumed there was no one left in Australia likely to ask questions. His hands tightened their grip; now they conveyed warning. Play up, play up, and play the game, I thought idiotically.

"Would there be a spare cup?" I asked.

Usually she was a shuddering sort of woman, but today she actually smiled. She took a cup from the shelf, filled it, and handed it to me.

"It wouldn't be as good as this at The Huntsman," I said.

"It's good," I said.

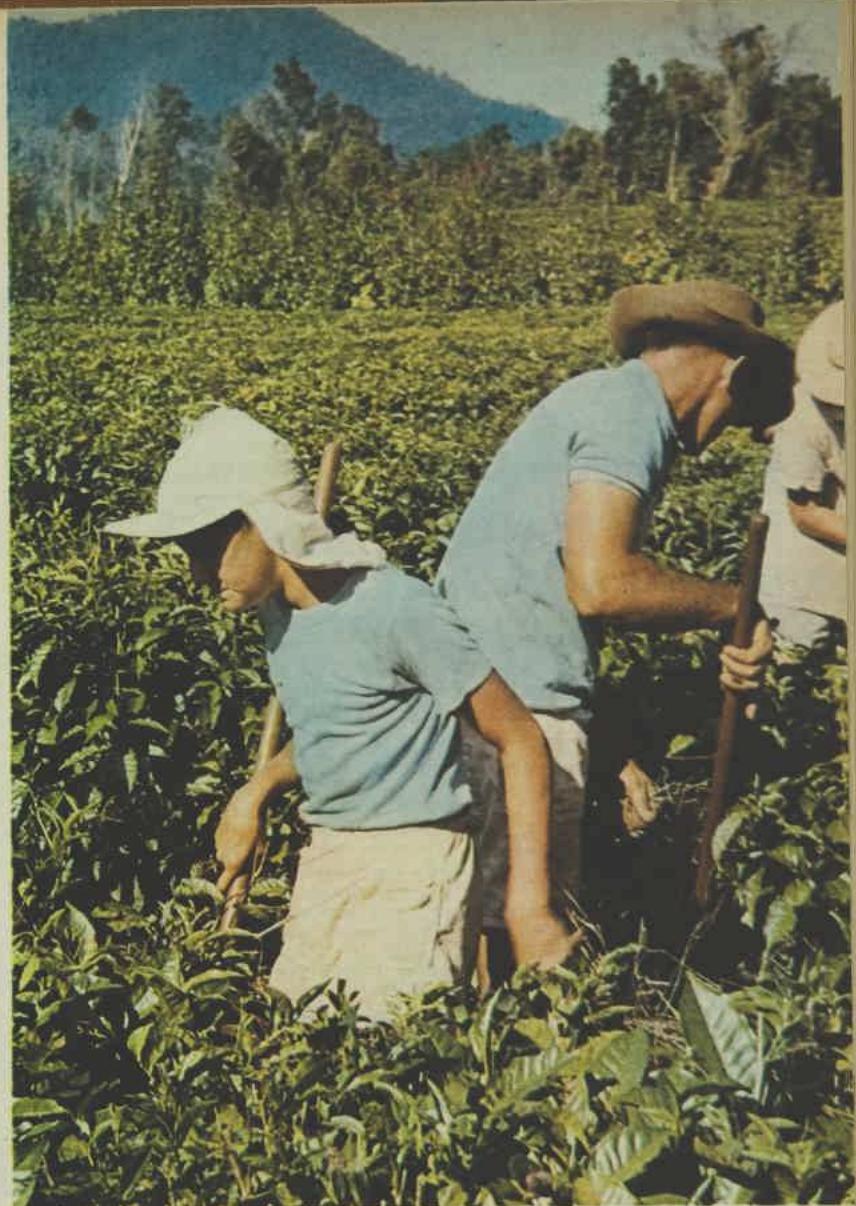


● Dr. A. Maruff, the man who took up his wife's challenge to grow tea in Australia; and, right, some of the dense tea-hedges in the plantation. It has two and a half million bushes.

## In North Queensland

they'll be saying—

# "HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF AUSTRALIAN TEA"



PICTURES by L. E. TOGNOLA

BEFORE long, if you happen to be in North Queensland, there is a strong chance that when you sit down to enjoy your morning cup of tea, the leaves you use will be Australian-grown.

For an Innisfail doctor, Dr. A. Maruff, and his wife, it will be the realisation of a dream they had 13 years ago.

It was then that Mrs. Maruff, who, like her husband, comes from India, looked at the rolling foothills around Nerada, just outside Innisfail, and said decisively, "These are just like the hills of Assam. Tea will grow here. Why doesn't someone grow it?"

"I'd never been to Assam, and I knew nothing about farming," her husband remembers. "But she'd given me her challenge, so I took it up. For the next five years I read as much as I could about agriculture and plants. Previously I'd known nothing about them — a doctor doesn't need to."

Today as you drive into the Maruff plantation you have overwhelming proof of the truth of Mrs. Maruff's statement. Tea will grow here. Two and a half million tea bushes, growing in waist-high hedges, add their brilliant green to that of the tropic jungle which had to be cleared away to plant them. Around the cultivation grow bananas and papaws in abundance, and in the background are the mountains.

You find it hard to believe that anything as mundane as a cup of tea could have so lush and beautiful a setting.

This, however, was not always the picture. In 1960 the Maruffs, financed by proceeds from the doctor's surgery in Innisfail, set out to start up a plantation on a commercial basis.

There was no money to spare for irrigation, but they had been told that, with the wet climate around Nerada, there would be no worries.

As it happened, they were to call the first area they planted "Heartache Ridge," as the rains failed and drought wiped out most of the seedlings.

Today an efficient irrigation system ensures that this disaster will not be repeated, and more jungle is being cleared to add to the hundred acres already under cultivation.

Machinery plays an important part in making that cup of tea. When it reaches

more serious purpose in mind, to carry on the work begun by their grandparents.

So far Dr. Maruff has sold none of his tea commercially. However, he has treated some of the leaf himself. This has been served at national conventions of organisations interested in agriculture and tasted by experts from Asian tea-growing countries. All who have sampled it have been impressed.

Next year it is planned to set up a factory on the plantation and thus put the "Nerada" tea on the market.

Even so, the fame of the tea has spread, and the Maruffs often receive orders for a pound of so of their product. "Unfortunately," the doctor says, "I have to refuse and return the money."

The actual production of the tea is simple; so simple in fact that the Maruffs prepare in their kitchen all they need for their own use.

The green leaf is allowed to wither slightly, then it is put through a mincer. The green pulp is spread out on trays and allowed to stand until it turns brown. It is then put in a pan heated to 200 degrees Fahrenheit and dried until it is black. In the factory all of this will be done mechanically.

Before you leave the Maruffs' plantation you have the opportunity of sampling this Australian-grown tea. Brewed, Aussie style, in a billy, it has been described by many as having a true Australian character. It is strong (with fewer leaves needed per cup), colors quickly, and has a distinctive aroma.

— David K. Wheatley

have done it. It can't do you any good to brood over her, and it certainly can't help her. You must learn to grow a shell, Julie, somewhere where you can retreat when you're angry or hurt. What was there so special about this Solange girl?"

"There was nothing special about her," I said. To my horror I found the tears were pouring down my cheeks. "She was just a girl my age, who wanted to be allowed to run free!"

"She seems to have made a great impression on you. I suppose it's the contrast, you safe and, I hope, with happiness just around the corner—but you know, Julie, she's safe, too, in a different way."

"Quite a different way," I agreed. I made a great effort

to become calmer. "I'm sorry to make a scene. It was Charles, he brought it all back."

"I'm going to send him away now," said Bianca lightly. "There are some things we must get done. Come to dinner tonight," she added to Mr. Hunter. "You can meet Oliver and be reassured that we aren't slave-driving Julie. Where are you staying?" she added.

"I've got a room at The Fisherman's Arms, just for two or three days. I shall have to go up to London. I came over in connection with a job."

"What job?" asked Bianca. "Well, as Julie could tell you, I'm an actor. No, don't look pained, there's no earthly reason why you should ever have heard of me yet. I've

## THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

been in a television series in Australia, and there seemed some chance of an English version. It was suggested that it might be worth my while to come over and see a man who's shown interest . . .

"And take Julie in your stride!" Bianca was openly laughing.

"Julie will understand," he said. "Did you really mean it about coming to dinner? I should absolutely love it. The Fisherman's Arms has grand views, but you can't eat a view."

"Well, I simply don't understand the modern girl," Bianca said to me after

Charles had gone. "Keeping so quiet. Still, you must feel complimented by a man crossing the world to find you."

"I'm the Also Ran," I reminded her. "And if you're staying up to dinner you really should rest now."

Dinner was an unqualified success. Oliver took to Charles Hunter at once, after Charles had told him he'd backed the winner in the Barleycorn Handicap.

"Moby Dick?" exclaimed Oliver. "Did you have a tip?"

Charles grinned. "Who

hadn't? No, he was a grey horse, and I remembered something the Aga Khan is supposed to have said—always back a grey horse."

"He certainly ran some very successful ones himself," Oliver acknowledged.

"It was a pretty exciting race," Charles told us, and went on to describe it.

He had a very lively turn of phrase, a prepossessing manner. Prejudiced against him as I was, I had to admit that, Bianca asked him about his job, and Oliver remarked that you must need a very elastic personality to be able to switch from one personality to another, overnight perhaps. To portray virtue, meanness, courage, treachery, dumberness . . .

"It's not so difficult as you suppose," returned Charles, eagerly. "Those are all qualities the average man possesses . . ."

It was fantastic. Here we were, four apparently perfectly normal people carrying on a pleasant conversation, the sort you might hear round a thousand dining-room tables. And no one seemed to realise that a bomb sparked at our feet and might explode at any moment.

"He seems very devoted," Bianca said after we'd left the men to their wine.

"Ah, but you must remember he's an actor," I reminded her.

When the men came up, Oliver was saying that he and Charles were going to the Dorbridge Races next week. Charles made airy references to "some pretty fine days we used to have on the race tracks, didn't we, Julie?"

A

As soon as I could I urged Bianca bedward. "If you mean to go out again tomorrow," I suggested, and she said certainly she did, and she turned to Charles with a laugh and said, "You would think she was a real nurse, wouldn't you? Any minute now I shall open my eyes and find her beside my bed wearing a starched uniform and flat shoes."

"I don't think you need be afraid of that," I said, coaxing her toward the door, as Charles rose to leave.

"Let Julie see him out," murmured Oliver benevolently, and we went into the hall.

"Don't push your luck," I warned Charles fiercely. "Oliver Duncan's no fool, and we're neither of us batting on a very reliable wicket."

"How quickly you've picked up the expressions," Charles teased me. "What do you know about wickets? Surely they don't play cricket in Rome?" He added, grinning, "Take care you don't push your own luck . . ."

Next morning I took Crook's letter out of my bag and read it again. A cloud no bigger than a baby's fist, he had said; this one threatened to turn into an atomic mushroom. Two days later was my free afternoon. Late, Oliver had insisted that I should have this and stick to it, unless Bianca was really seriously ill. "We don't want the neighborhood to think we're in slave trade," he said.

When I told Bianca I'd be going to London but wouldn't be back until late, she said, "Had Charles departed already?" and I said I wasn't going to see Charles, but he'd made me think about the future, and I was going to visit my lawyer.

"I suppose you're worried about your legacy," Bianca said. "Is that Charles' idea too?"

"Well, in a way," I admitted. "I must go now," I added, "or I'll miss my train." But Bianca was suffering the inevitable reaction after her day of excitement. "You've oceans of time," she snapped. "If you should be near a grocer I wish you'd try and get some of those petits-fours—the shop in the village never has any choice."

"I'm not going shopping," I said.

"You're very obliging all of a sudden. You're going to London, aren't you?" Even when I was at the door she called me back. "Julie, where's that book I was reading?"

"I think you left it in your room." She never stayed in bed when I went out. She said she felt so helpless without clothes.

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## IT'S THE TRYING THAT COUNTS

• "I was 'slow' at school, and even when I started work this 'slowness' was a handicap," says a Sydney woman. "But in the right niche, people like me can be happy."

ONE sometimes hears worried mothers saying, "My John still can't read. I've had a tutor for him, but he doesn't seem to 'improve' or, 'I don't think Joan will be going to high school next year. She can't get through her tests."

What happens to children like these? They are not retarded, just slow. Do they grow up to become responsible adults? Do they enjoy life? What kind of jobs do they find? Where do they fit in? I cannot tell you the fate of all the "slow" ones, but I can trace the life of one — myself.

In the '30s there were no special classes for the "backward." You just sat in the last block and repeated years. I don't know what caused my slowness, but it wasn't only in the classroom. I hated lessons, but I hated sport more. I couldn't catch a ball for peanuts, and when teams were being chosen I never heard my name.

In sewing we were supposed to make three garments a year, besides samples. At the end of the year I would be still plodding along on the first section of the first garment, all my lesson taken up on the samples.

Drawing was the only thing teachers could praise me for. Maths, ugh. Perhaps I'd have done better if I had had TIME to finish, but I never finished more than five out of ten problems.

I liked English, but always lost marks for spelling and writing. I liked history and geography and had a good memory for these, but in those days history and geography

marks didn't count for much.

Fourteen was the school leaving age then, and by the time I had spent two years in fifth class and two years in sixth class I was only halfway through first year when my 14th birthday came. Best to leave and go to work—but what? I wouldn't be any good in a shop or office, but factory work was simple

enough, all repetition. But what about speed, the bonuses, the piece work?

I was a young lady now, going dancing and to parties and hikes. Alas, I seemed to have two left feet when I tried to dance, messed up party games, and held up the progress of hikes while the rest of the party waited for me to catch up.

Dancing lessons helped a bit. I learned to be the comedian at parties, and substituted amateur acting for hiking. I was much better at this, and so my social life improved.

I was seeing a lot of films, and from these came

a desire to read more. I'd read the book of the film.

Work was not so good, for as I grew older I needed to do more to earn the higher wage for my age, and I couldn't increase my speed. Office workers didn't have to earn a bonus; so I learned typing.

About this time, there was a scarcity of office workers, and I got in. It was a hard battle, for not only did I have to learn to type but also to SPELL.

I fitted into office routine, and was much happier than I had been trying to earn a bonus in the factory. I learned shorthand at night, and somehow my

handwriting improved. It had been dreadful.

Ultimately I married, and now have a family. I cook and sew for them, and enjoy life generally. I have never had any sewing lessons other than the school "samples," but I follow paper patterns and sew as well as any other amateur dressmaker, but my production is, of course, slow.

So you see, the child tagging along at the bottom of the class does learn something, even though the parent or teacher may not think so. By finding the right niche in life, the "slow" person can be happy.

## Orchids for a well-earned success

• Unlike her brilliant sister, Helen only managed to scrape through her examinations, and that only after diligent study. So on the day the results of the finals were due, a gift of orchids lent the day a special lustre.

THERE are some moments we remember forever as being perfect. One such moment came a few days ago, and this is how it happened.

Marion and Helen are my eldest children. Perhaps, being so occupied with the younger children, I somehow failed Helen. She tagged along behind Marion, who is a year and a half older, but could never quite keep up with her.

It was always Marion who was the centre of attraction, friends around her wherever she went, Marion who passed exams easily, with no more than a laughing toss of her blonde head. With Helen it was different.

She was shy, and friendships came slowly. Knowledge was acquired by painstaking study, and she would scrape through with a bare pass.

Last year Helen studied and read until I feared that she would have a nervous breakdown, but still she wouldn't ease up. Her light burned late into the night, and when I crept into her room, thinking that she had gone to sleep over her books, she would plead, "Just a while longer, Mum. I must pass this exam."

My heart ached for my earnest, nervous, young daughter. If ever anyone deserved to pass, she did. If only she could have relaxed and forgotten about exams for a while.

Then, finally, the exams were over. While we waited for the results, Helen remembered the mistakes she had made.

"Oh, Mother, if I failed — what shall I do? All my life depends on the results."

"I'm sure you did quite well, dear," I said so often that I began to feel like a worn-out gramophone record.

"But if I failed?"

"Well, you can always do last year over again. You're so young."

"Oh, no. I'd rather die than go back. All my friends

would have passed and started work and I'd be still at school. I couldn't bear it."

At last it was the morning the results were to be published. I was up early, before the rest of the household, and searched for Helen's name among the successful candidates. I wondered how I would be able to console her, after those long months of study, if she had failed.

Then, miraculously, I found it. Helen's name, her list of passes — no brilliant line of As, but she had passed. The hours of study suddenly seemed wonderfully worth while.

The birds sang in the green morning freshness as though there was not a care in the world. I heard the gate click, then footsteps up the path. Around the corner of the house came Mr. White, a pensioner friend of ours. He often sells me nice, fresh products from his fine garden.

### Tears . . . and then joy

"Good morning," he said, smiling, his silver hair shining in the sunlight. "I just read that your lass passed her exam, so I brought her these. I've been growing them for a really special occasion."

He gave me the most gorgeous spray of mauve orchids. He knew what that pass meant. He had seen Helen studying each time he called.

"They're beautiful. Thank you." I knew my words conveyed so little of what I felt at that moment.

Later, when Helen had read the results, first she was jubilant, because she had passed. Then she wept because the pass was not as good as she had hoped, or as good as Marion's.

It was then I gave her the orchids. Like a burst of sunshine after rain, she smiled through the tears. "Oh, Mum — even Marion never ever received orchids on such a wonderful morning as this. I'll remember these for ever."

# HANGING GARDENS

- Plants in hanging containers can brighten verandas, carports, pergolas, fences, and walls — some even indoors.

**A**PART from the conventional wire or plastic baskets, sections of hollow logs, tree-fern fibre, balls of sphagnum moss, wide-rimmed flower-pots, or even bottles will make hanging plant containers.

Baskets are usually lined with tea-tree bark. It has a good appearance, holds moisture, lasts well, and keeps the soil in, but lets water seep away.

By ALLAN SEALE

Cut the bark about an inch deeper than the sides of the basket and long enough to wrap completely around the outside. It will then lap over comfortably when placed inside. Otherwise, lap several smaller pieces together.

For the base, use a square piece a few inches broader each way than area to be covered, and wedge it in snugly.

Sphagnum moss holds tremendous quantities of water. If not too dehydrated, odd pieces will green up nicely. You can buy sphagnum moss in many garden stores. It occurs naturally in sedgy areas of the cooler highland districts and parts of Tasmania.

For best results, spread a 1in. layer, cover with a few handfuls of partly rotted leafmould, compost, or other fibrous material, then add the soil.

Baskets lined with plastic sheeting have no evaporation from the sides and so hold moisture longer, but slits are needed near the base to drain water.

Improve the appearance of plastic-lined baskets by painting them with a few coats of paint.

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lined baskets by making a few slits to poke in pieces of mossy *lycopodium pectinatum*, wild strawberry, or other quick covers.

Allow enough lining above the sides of the basket to be taken up when the soil presses the sheet down. Trim off about 1in. above the basket after planting.

**The Soil:** For ferns, ivies, and other moisture-loving plants a good soil mixture would be equal parts of sand, previously moistened peatmoss, rotted leafmould, and good garden loam. Otherwise, just use either equal parts of sandy soil and moistened peatmoss or one part of peatmoss to three of ready-mixed potting soil.

For flowering annuals, geraniums, and most plants which normally grow in ordinary garden soil use ready-mixed potting mixtures or seven parts garden soil, three of sand, two of peatmoss.

Unless the garden soil used has been recently limed and fertilised, add about one heaped teaspoon of lime and a level one of complete plant food to every gallon of soil mixture.

For cactus and succulents use only one instead of two parts peatmoss.

Pots or other solid containers are planted up the same way, except that a handful of rubble or similar material is placed over the drainage hole.

**Watering:** Hanging containers with absorbent sides will naturally dry out more quickly than plastic-lined baskets or pots, and unless in sheltered, shaded positions will need daily watering.

Prevent rapid drying out of ferns in baskets by placing a saucer of coarse charcoal in the base of the basket. The charcoal absorbs trapped water and passes it on to the soil, unobtrusively.



● A hanging basket of fuchsia — the compact, trailing, creamy-pink *El Camino*, photographed at Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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● The orchid *Stanhopea tigrina* pushes its flowers through the bottom of a basket. This one was photographed at Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Macleod's home at Hornsby, N.S.W.

Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

## OTHER CONTAINERS

Plastic or pottery containers with a rim can be hung by wiring the rim.

Blocks of tree-fern fibre are ideal for growing dendrobiums and similar orchids, especially native species such as *D. falcorostrum* and *D. kingianum*. These flower in shaded areas. The rock lily, *D. speciosum*, needs at least half sun.

After a time the fossicking roots of these plants normally hold the fibre together, but it is as well to bind it spirally with copper wire, then encircle it with a stout, looped piece for hanging. Bind the roots of the dendrobiums to the fibre with a few strands of sphagnum moss until they make a new root system and become self-clinging.

**Fern balls:** Haresfoot fern or roots of hardy fish-bone types can be bound in a ball of sphagnum moss 6 to 9in. across. A few handfuls of rotted leafmould in the centre will provide nutrition for several years. Prepare toward end of winter, and cut clumps back completely.

After binding firmly with copper wire they are soaked thoroughly and hung in a sheltered, shaded position to sprout.

## BOTTLE GARDENS

Novel hanging containers can be made by growing a plant from the bottom of a wine bottle with an indented cone-bottom. Using a special drill, bore a hole  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. across in the peak of the cone. Bind wire around the top of the bottle neck, and hang it up.

Fill with sandy soil, then insert a good-sized cutting of such as plectranthus up through the hole in the base. Plectranthus will branch upward to cover most of the bottle. Water as needed.

## PLANTS FOR HANGING

**FOR SHADED AREAS** — Ferns, all types. Ivy, all types. Heeria, small-foliage clinging plant, cerise flowers.

*Billbergia*, lamium, long trails of hairy, variegated foliage. *Pilea*, the aluminium plant, with glossy, green-silver striped foliage. *Dendrobium* orchids, as mentioned.

*Plectranthus*, crinkled, dark green

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leaves with purple backs and stems, sprays of tiny lavender-and-white flowers in late summer. *Schizanthus*, or poor man's orchid, annuals with fern-like foliage and sprays of small, butterfly-like flowers; sow in autumn.

**Wild Strawberry**, soft, strawberry-like trailing foliage, bright red berries. *Impatiens*, balsam-like foliage, masses of pink, rose, salmon, or red flowers in summer. Normally they grow 2 to 3ft, but splay downward if hanging.

**Begonias**, tuberous and rex, need shelter from draughts, plenty of light, not direct sun.

**Chlorophytum** with a rosette of slender, ribbon-like foliage and attractive clusters of plantlets on pendulous stems.

**FOR SUN OR PART SHADE** — *Cactus*. Strap-leaved cactus such as the dainty pink *nopalxochia* (empress cactus).

**Epiphyllums**, or the winter-flowering cere zygocactus.

**Tiny-flowered rhipsalis** is interesting, with pendulous, fleshy foliage.

**Ligularia** has handsome, begonia-like foliage, and small yellow daisies in summer. Best in part shade.

**Rhynchospermum** (now usually listed as *Trachelospermum*, or star jasmine) is usually grown as a creeper, but makes an attractive basket plant with dark glossy foliage and fragrant, starry cream flowers, late spring/summer.

**Abutilon** *vexillarium* is attractive and pendulous; *Ceropogia*, or chain of hearts, is graceful and pendulous.

**Fuchsias**, For partly shaded areas.

**Honeysuckle**, *Lonicera nitida*, spills down attractively; small leaves, deeply etched with gold if in at least half sun.

**Convolvulus mauritanicus**, cascading with blue flowers, spring/summer.

**FOR FULL SUN** — *Ivy geraniums*

— a great variety. *Verbena*. Cut back lightly after flowering. *Petunia*, especially double, fringed, or new cascade types. *Lotus pelorhynchus* trails attractively; full sun or part shade. *Mulhenbeckia*, or creeping maiden hair, forms a drape of dense green foliage, full sun or shade. *Mesembryanthemums*, or pigface, are handy in sunny positions.

"Just get it for me before you go."

I looked despairingly at my watch and at that moment Mrs. Dotrice came in. "I'll get Madam's book," she said. "You'll miss your train, Miss Taylor, if you don't hurry."

The station was half a mile away, practically all uphill, and though I ran I knew I wouldn't catch the train. I was still two hundred yards away when it sailed into the station, and I was just in time to see the last carriage disappearing around the curve.

"Time and trains wait for no man," said the ticket collector pertly. "There'll be another at four," he added with a grin.

I turned and walked away, straight into Dr. Gregg's arms. "Hello, Julie," he said, "you look like someone who's lost a rich patient and not been remembered in the will."

"Not a patient," I said politely. "Just the London train. I shall have to telephone . . ."

"Save your bawbees," said the doctor. "You're in luck. I'm going to London myself this afternoon, I'll give you a lift."

His manner didn't differ much from what it was in a sickroom, but there was something about him that proclaimed he was off duty.

"Your patient's coming on," he said confidently as we moved away under the eye of the ticket collector. "A month ago, even less, you wouldn't have suggested leaving her long enough to make a trip to town."

"Not my patient," I pointed out. "My employer. I'm not a nurse. And the house-keeper's there."

"I suppose you could say for this afternoon I'm not a doctor, but you can't shed your profession like that, any more than a parson can turn himself into a hookey by reversing his collar. I once had a disenchanted monk, he'd been dismissed from his order for misbehaviour — but he told me he'd be a monk in his own heart till the end of time. The same with us."

"With you," I corrected him. "As a matter of fact, I may not be here much longer."

"Is that why you're going up to London — to see about another job? Not that I blame you, you know what I feel about your wasting yourself on the desert air."

"It's a private matter," I said briefly. A big furniture van came lumbering out of a side road and nearly ran us down. I thought the doctor would stamp on the brake, but he didn't. Instead, with remarkable coolness, he outpaced the van that missed us by a matter of inches.

**T**HE driver yelled something incomprehensible and the doctor yelled back. Then he went on, "Who's kidding who? Do you suppose a doctor doesn't know the difference between a trained nurse and an amateur? It's a wonder to me that Mrs. Duncan hasn't rumpled you, too. Or perhaps she has. She was a nurse herself before marriage, you know."

"She wouldn't think of such a thing," I said. "She wouldn't have a professional nurse in the house."

"She's got one just the same," the doctor said, taking a tricky corner on what appeared to be two wheels. "Mind you, it's smart business on her part. I bet she had to pay Adams twice what you're getting. What's behind it? Difference of opinion with the powers that be? Or a case of history repeating itself?"

"I don't know what you mean by that."

"Isn't your patient's neurotic condition due to the fact that one of her charges died on her? Is this your way of doing penance for a similar mishap? I must say, women are the most self-centred creatures in a self-centred universe. You've been hurt, and it isn't fair, so you're not going to play any more. Well, whoever gave you the impression that life was fair? Intolerable, indeed sensible things happen to the innocent every day of the week, and they can't all opt out. So instead of sulking in a corner at the mercy of a hypochondriac . . . get back, you fool."

This was to a driver who was trying to overtake.

"But, of course," he finished unexpectedly, "you'd sooner die in a ditch than ask advice. And don't tell me you don't need it, because I shan't believe it."

He had carried me away from the shores of discretion by his vigorous words, otherwise I wouldn't have made the answer I did.

"Of course I need it," I said. "I'm going to London to get it."

"Why didn't you say so right off instead of letting me shoot my mouth off?" But he didn't sound annoyed, though he changed the subject instantly. One thing, you couldn't be bored in his company, we were in London before I realised it.

"Do you want to be dropped in any special place?" he asked. "Do you know your way round the city?"

"I'll find it," I said. "It's somewhere near Bloomsbury."

He dropped me at Bloomsbury Square. "You'll have to make your own way home," he remarked lightly. "Well, good hunting."

He shot away, just dodging a red light, I saw a taxi stop and put down a passenger, and I crossed and asked him the way to Bloomsbury Street. "Which end?" he said. "It's a long street."

"Number 123."

I saw his face change. "Coo, another for Mr. Crook," he said. "They come all shapes and sizes. Hop in and I'll drop you. Oh, come on, I owe Mr. Crook more than a free fare."

There was nothing particularly dignified or comfortable about Number 123. It was a tall house whose bricks were darkened with age and soot. I pushed open the door and went into a dark hall and up even darker stairs. There was no lift. Mr. Crook's office was at the very top of the building; the last flight of stairs wasn't even carpeted. I thought perhaps he wasn't so successful as I'd supposed, then I remembered Julie's instant confidence in him, the change in Ada's face, the respect, no other word for it, of the taxi driver. A tall thin man, the antithesis of Mr. Crook, let me in.

"Come in," he said. "Crook won't be long."

"I haven't an appointment," I stammered.

It didn't seem to bother him at all. "Crook doesn't go much for appointments," he said. "He's probably expecting you."

"But he can't know . . ."

"He expects everyone. Wait in here."

He opened an inner door, and I went into a big, shabby room containing the sort of furniture you generally have to pay men to cart away. There were files and papers strewn everywhere. He didn't offer me a chair, let alone a newspaper, just shut the door and went back to whatever he'd been doing. I crossed to the window and looked out. There was a wonderful vista of London.

"Nice, ain't it?" suggested a cheerful voice behind me, and I swung around to find Mr. Crook beaming on the thresh-

## THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

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hold like some great furry bear. "You can't beat that view wherever you go," he continued, pulling off an appalling reddish-brown bowler. "Sit down, sugar. I was wondering how soon you'd turn up."

It occurred to me that neither man had asked my name. "Why should you think I'd come at all?" I countered, sitting in what must have been one of the most uncomfortable chairs in town.

"There's an old saying that you can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time. What gives, sugar?"

"I'm in a fix," I said awkwardly, wondering how I was going to start explanations.

"That's nothing new," said Crook calmly. "You were in a fix the day I met you in a railway train. You knew it and so did I. Take your time, sugar, and just fill me in with what's happened in between."

So I told him about Bianca and the job. "And she's rumpled you? It was bound to happen sooner or later."

I repeated "Rumpled?" in a dazed sort of way, and Crook said kindly, "No-spik-a-dra-English? I mean, she knows you ain't Julie Taylor. It wouldn't surprise me if dear Oliver knew it, too. Then

"And yet you were the one to identify me," I protested.

"I identified a bracelet I'd seen on the wrist of a girl called Julie Taylor; and that's all I told them. Not my fault if they jump to conclusions, and I didn't notice you putting 'em right when you had the chance."

"I did try," I protested weakly.

"Only not very hard. A girl like you could find some way of persuading them, if your mind was on it, only it wasn't. So why? And remember," he added quickly, "I charge by the hour, so keep it as short as you can. Julie gave you the bracelet — that about the size of it?"

"She said it would bring me luck."

"It seems to have done that."

"I wouldn't be too sure," I murmured.

"Well, I would. Take the word of the man who knows, sugar, being alive is the luckiest thing that ever happened to any of us. Now, start at the beginning."

So I told him about Solange Peters and the debacle in Rome. I repeated that I had tried to persuade the authorities I wasn't Julie Taylor.

"More to the point," remarked Crook shrewdly, "did you ever try and tell 'em you were Solange Peters? Think before you answer. Did

Crook cordially. "Silence could be golden to him—if you paid for it generously enough."

"But that would be blackmail," I cried, shocked.

"Any reason to suppose he wouldn't stoop to blackmail? You haven't known him long, have you?"

"And anyway, I'd be a pretty poor prospect. I spent Julie's Australian pounds — there was the insurance, of course —"

"Hey, you never told me about the insurance. Tell me now."

So I did and he pulled his long chin. "You don't believe in doing things by halves, do you, sugar? Still, that's the way I like my clients to be. Whatever you do, do it with all thy might. All the same, they could get you for fraud, you know. I mean, you ain't going to get them to believe you didn't know who you really were."

"But the insurance had been paid for," I argued. "Someone had a right to it."

"But not a young woman called Solange Peters. And I daresay dear Charles recognises that, too. I mean, if he comes looking for a girl for whom he had a yearn and finds another girl he never saw before, wouldn't you expect him to blow up on the spot?"

"He hasn't made any demands."

"Give him time. It's not a week since you met. He knows about Solange?"

"Yes. He'd made inquiries and he put two and two together."

"A mathematician," said Crook respectfully. "Take a deep breath, sugar, and tell me all you know about him."

"It isn't much," I tried to remember all that Charles had told us that first night at dinner. "He came over on the Hillbilly Jet, that's supposed to be the most modern plane in existence. There was a famous film actress on board, he said a lot of the passengers thought she was Princess Margaret."

"I read that in the Press," agreed Crook. "Not that I believe everything I read."

"He's an actor . . ."

"Aren't we all?"

"He's trying to fix up a television show over here. That's really why he came."

"Not to track you down?"

"Well, I suppose it was a case of killing two birds with one stone. I get the impression he was in love with Julie, and there was a row about money."

"Most rows are about money. Must be a single-minded chap if he came half across the world to claim his share. Can't have been much in her confidence, though, or he'd have known it wasn't really worth dividing."

"How do you know that?" I asked, startled.

"Little lady told me. She was going to stretch it as far as she could, see as much of the world as possible and then go home. His half wouldn't pay his return fare. I don't think your Charles is as clever as I supposed, unless he's got another ace up his sleeve. Now, tell me something more. When Mrs. D. had left you together, who spoke first? Take your time, we've got all day."

"I said, 'I did. I asked him what his game was, letting Bianca go on believing I was Julie Taylor.'"

"Doesn't occur to you that he accepted you as Julie Taylor, because he thought you were Julie Taylor?"

"But he must have known I wasn't. If they knew each other in Australia."

"Who says?"

"He did, of course," I was all at sea now.

"What the soldier said ain't evidence. You've been telling people for months you're Julie Taylor, but that don't alter facts. It wouldn't surprise me to know he really did think you were her, and then you rush in where any self-respectin' angel would fear to tread and make him a present of the situation on a plate."

**I** GASPED as this solution nearly took my breath away. "But if he hadn't known Julie Taylor, how did he even know she'd existed?"

"That's a point. You see, if he didn't know, someone must have told him."

"But no one knew."

"What you mean is that so far as you know no one knew. But we don't know a lot ourselves yet, do we? What else did he say on his own account? Mention any special part he'd ever played? Talk about Stratford-on-Avon? They always do. Call every body darling? No?"

"He's great on horse-racing," I said. "He's one of the few people who backed Moby Dick for the Barleycorn Handicap. Oliver was quite envious. He said he'd dropped quite a packet."

"So he backed Moby Dick, did he? Who put him on to that?"

"I don't know, but it must be true. He couldn't have described the race as he did if he hadn't been there. And he said the bookie actually grinned when he handed him his winnings."

"Could afford to, I dasay," agreed Crook. He lifted up his voice and shouted. "Bill!" The door opened and the man I'd seen before came in.

"What was the day the Hillbilly Jet made her maiden flight?" Crook asked him.

Bill supplied a date without instant's hesitation.

"And what was the date of the Barleycorn Handicap?"

"Same day," said Bill.

"Thanks a million," said Crook, and Bill slouched out again.

"Bill Parsons," Crook explained. "My right hand, the human encyclopedia. Well, you see what that adds up to, sugar?"

"That he couldn't have been in two places at the same time. But he did see that race, Mr. Crook, I swear."

"I believe you," said Crook heartily. "What I don't believe is that he ever came over on the Hillbilly Jet. He could get all that stuff about the actress and Princess Margaret out of the papers, and they've advertised the line so much I could shut my eyes and believe I'd travelled on it. Well, there's the clue I was looking for. Know what brings down eighty percent of these con men? Eighty? Ninety? Nudie's nearer the mark. Just old human vanity, they can't leave well alone. If he'd kept his big mouth shut about the Hillbilly, he'd be riding pretty. As it is, he opens his big mouth and puts his foot right in. Lucky for him, I daresay, he ain't a centipede. Point is, what's his game?"

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### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 10085, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001.

"The money?" I hesitated. "If he never knew Julie Taylor and you ain't opened your trap outside the house, how come he knows there ever was any money? Don't tell me because he knew Aunt Marty, because my guess is he was never much nearer Australia than Brighton Pier. Any chance of getting a peep at his passport?"

"I shouldn't think so. He isn't staying in the house."

"Ninety to one it's British. Well, then, someone told him. To whose interest is it that he should be in the house at all? I mean, who's going to need an alibi when the balloon goes up?"

I never seemed to occur to him that it wasn't going up. I hadn't many doubts, either. I'd read enough to know that when you commit a crime it's always as well to have someone to confirm your story. And I'd thought all along it was queer the way Oliver had taken to him from that first night. Already they'd gone racing together and they were planning another excursion. And rather more than excursions, I thought. And I'd left Bianca at their mercy. The sooner I got back the better.

"Sit down, sugar," said Crook, as I came to my feet. "I know what's in your mind, but nothing's likely to happen while you're away from the house."

"You mean, I'm to be involved?"

"Why do you think you're been allowed to sit so pretty? Christian charity? They wouldn't know how to spell the word. Anyway, you're the one I'm acting for, you're the one I'm concerned with. And I don't think they'd play their trump card—Charles, that is—if they weren't getting ready for the Grand Slam. Got any chums anywhere, sugar? Come on now, you've been here several months

"Only Ada Holloway," I told him. "I don't quite see how she can help."

"Tell me about her."

I did. "But I don't see what Ada can do," I said. "And I think I should go back. Bianca and Charles—oh, there's no one I can really trust, no one who'd be likely to believe my version, even if I could tell."

"Which at the moment you wouldn't want to do," capped Crook. "When you're as far in Dutch as you are, sugar, silence isn't just golden, it's pure diamond-studded uranium. Now your Ada Holloway sounds good to me, but she's a long way away from you. No one else nearer?"

"No one else ever comes to the house except the doctor."

"What's he like?"

The real one has been away, we've been having the partner, a much younger man Bianca has taken a dislike to. Anyway, he's already suspicious, I blurted out. "He thinks I'm a trained nurse, I don't know why."

"He's a doctor, that'd be enough. Well, we're back with Ada Holloway. You might as well let me have her address. I know these old girls, if they're put to it they can move swifter than light. Not hampered by any silly ideas about fair play or the old school tie, either. Anyone in the household ever seen her?"

Bianca did say I could sit her down, but she never came. I don't think she takes her seriously."

"It's her error. I don't like the situation, sugar. You might have been tailored for the job. Young girl, just over from the other side of the world, no connections, no private means—no references?" I shook my head. "It didn't seem to you odd they took you without?"

"I think Oliver was so anxious to get anyone Bianca

## THE LOOKING GLASS MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

took to, and she was so relieved not to have a trained nurse."

"It's all about as lucid as a ball of wool after a kitten's been at it, isn't it?" suggested Crook amiably. "Well, we shall have to rely on Ada. An old maid, you said, wearing last year's hat and shoes like canoes?"

"That's a very good description."

"It's the best disguise there is. Makes 'em more or less invisible. No cash, no influence, no connections, that's what the criminal thinks. Oh, she could be mighty useful."

"But I can't be any danger," I burst out. "I don't know anything."

"All possible witnesses are dangerous; the only safe witness is the silent witness. Now there's two ways of silencing 'em. One's blackmail and the other's the chopper."

"Blackmail?"

"Say you thought of going to the police—who's going to believe your yarn. A girl impersonating a dead woman, using her documents, her ready cash, havin' been pushed out of Italy under a cloud. Truth is what people can be persuaded to believe, and I daresay there are plenty who'd believe you knew more about the Marchesa's death" (he pronounced it Markeeser)

"Could be. Let her know I'm at her service as much as yours."

I was just flying out of the room when I remembered something else. "I don't know about your fee," I said. "I didn't think . . ."

"That's what I like about women, they do put first things first. I'll collect later, sugar, on the basis of work done. Well, I don't know how much of my time you're buying, do I? I ain't one of these private dicks working for forty quid a day and expenses, I'm just a man of law."

"So you are," I agreed. "That's something else I'd forgotten."

I saw a cruising taxi as I came running down the steps into the street and asked the driver to take me to The Golden Owl, near the Charing Cross Station. I was afraid he mightn't have heard of it, but he took it in his stride. I was out of the cab almost before he'd stopped, and pushed the fare into his hand. He grinned reassuringly. "No need to get cold feet," he said. "Crook's clients always win."

That man certainly got about. I found Ada sitting at a table near the door, eating an ice. "I can't stop," I told her. "I must get back im-

mediately. I oughtn't really to have come."

"I can't do that," I said. "The police ought to love you, if it was a just world, risking your own life in the interests of law and order. Only we know it ain't just. Say someone suggests you're there for your own reasons, that it was you brought Charles into the picture—any proof that you didn't?"

See? And you didn't denounce him nor him you. Still sure you're going to stay? Could this Ada friend of yours give you a bed for the night?"

"Would you run out on a client?" I asked. "Of course I'm going back, and I'm going now. If anything should happen . . ."

"You get on the blower and I'll be down faster than light. And remember, you don't have to answer any questions or make any statement without your lawyer's standing by. Where to now?"

"I was going to meet Ada near Charing Cross, but I haven't the time."

"You haven't the time to give her the go-by," agreed Crook grimly. "You can't afford to shed any outside contacts. You might tell her I'm in the picture . . ."

"She knows about you," I said.

Crook beamed. "Old customer? Funny, I don't recall the name."

"She knew someone whose life you saved," I said.

always wanted to meet that man . . ."

"You may have a chance sooner than you imagine," I told her, and I gave her Crook's message. I hadn't realised till I'd finished that I'd cleared a whole plate of toasted scones and there was a bit of Bath bun on my plate that I never remembered seeing in its entirety.

"I knew you had a lucky face the first time I clapped eyes on you," continued Ada buoyantly. "Lucky for me, I mean." I could see the struggle going on in her mind. She genuinely didn't want anything bad to happen to me, but on the other hand anything that gave her an excuse to meet Crook would get her vote.

The train I caught was a quick one; then there was a bus waiting at the station to meet it. Just as it started, someone jumped on to the step and pushed down to where I was sitting, swinging on a strap.

"Have a nice time in town?" he said. I nearly jumped out of my skin; it was Charles Hunter, who should have been at the racecourse.

"What happened to the horses?" I asked. "Did they all drop dead?"

"Racing was cancelled because of the weather."

I looked out of the bus window and realised for the first time that it was drizzling.

"It was fine in London," I said.

"What's the good of being a capital city if you can't hog the best weather?"

At the first stop a woman got out and another, sitting beside me, obligingly moved so that Charles and I could sit together.

"Thought any more about what we were discussing?" Charles inquired.

"Why did you really come?" I asked in what I hoped was a casual voice.

"Who tipped you off?"

For an instant he looked startled. "Did your spinster friend put that idea into your mind?"

"She knows nothing," I told him. "You can leave her out of this."

"She doesn't sound precisely my cup of tea. By the way, did you see in the court column that the Marchese Polli is to wed his cousin, Perdita?"

"That was to be expected," I said. "It doesn't surprise me." What did surprise me was that my coolness wasn't assumed. At one time, to hear the name Florian would have set my heart beating like a drum, now I could say it and feel I wasn't even changing color.

Immediately, I oughtn't really to have come."

"There isn't a train for twenty-five minutes," she told me briskly. "I checked. So sit down and have a cup of tea. And don't ask for coffee, because in this place they're the same thing." She caught a waitress' eye—a lot of other people were doing the same—but it was to our table that the girl came. "Tea and not buttered scones, and we've a train to catch," she said. "Now, Julie, what's the trouble? I can't think how you suppose you can stick your head in the lion's mouth and not get it snapped off."

I gave her an expurgated version of the situation. "And, of course, you never did meet Charles in Australia? No, how should you? You were never there yourself."

"Why should you say that?" I asked feebly.

"Because I have been there. Never mind, don't tell me, it's your life. And if I should have to go into the witness box I could swear on oath you hadn't told me a thing. Why are you really in London this afternoon?" she went on, pouring out tea. "Not that Crook man, by any chance?"

"Do you have second sight all along the line?"

"It was obvious something was in the wind when you rang up, the telephone wires shook like aspens. And I didn't know who else a lone orphan could be coming to see on business, you said. I've

## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Jan. 10

### ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20

Lucky number this week, 8.

Gambling colors, tricolor.

Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ Except for 16th, it's a good time to exploit the Aries love of getting there first—to start new projects, plans, another chapter in one's life. A gimmick could more than pay off.

### TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 1.

Gambling colors, orange, tan.

Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ Thrilling and unusual experiences. Every variety of romance is emphasised, but note there could be lovers' quarrels, 15th-16th. However, following good stars help agreeably until 26th.

### GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 3.

Gambling colors, blue, grey.

Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Jan. 15-16 is upsetting for dealings with the sordid—one you'll need all your resilience. But rest of week brings benefits from friends. Some could meet a fascinating stranger.

### CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 4.

Gambling colors, pink, navy.

Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

★ An unscheduled short trip could bring benefits. There could be a fruitful confrontation with the boss. Original thinking could reap dividends. However, beware, 15th-16th, of wrong decisions.

### LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22

Lucky number this week, 2.

Gambling colors, green, blue.

Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ A more than usually lucky day is 12th which could mean a windfall. Finances are buoyant and there are chances to stock up the coffers. But zip the purse, 15th-16th—it's bad moneywise.

### VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 22

Lucky number this week, 5.

Gambling colors, red, yellow.

Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ Many fences hedging in the personal life could be removed in unusual ways. Except 15th-16th, which is inimical to the private life, a splendid progression in widening one's horizon.

### LIBRA

SEPT. 23-OCT. 22

Lucky number this week, 6.

Gambling colors, lilac, grey.

Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

★ Most fences hedging in the personal life could be removed in unusual ways. Except 15th-16th, which is inimical to the private life, a splendid progression in widening one's horizon.

### SCORPIO

OCT. 23-NOV. 22

Lucky number this week, 6.

Gambling colors, green, brown.

Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ Jan. 10 is a mixed day—good patches and illusively elusive ones. The unusual ones are a good break, excluding the 15th-16th, which could mean lovers' tiffs and domestic strife.

### SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23-DEC. 21

Lucky number this week, 2.

Gambling colors, green, red.

Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Most children of the Archer are an on-the-ball go-go mob, and excluding 15th-16th there's a green light for starting new ventures and being successfully busy. Good, too, moneywise.

### CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20

Lucky number this week, 7.

Gambling colors, black, white.

Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ Don't get pressurised, 15th-16th, and use caution, perhaps unnecessary, advice to Capricorn! Otherwise, personal affairs are under a smiling zodiac. Up the mountain and escalator!

### AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19

Lucky number this week, 1.

Gambling colors, green, tan.

Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ Some long-cherished wish could come true beyond wildest imaginings. However, an aspiration could receive a death-blow, 15th-16th. Otherwise a new, fascinating friendship.

### PISCES

FEB. 19-MAR. 20

Lucky number this week, 7.

Gambling colors, red, black.

Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ This is the time to put that diffident streak of yours in mothballs and as the Americans say, "go for broke!" There are favoring winds until 26th, though choppy water 15th-16th.

★ The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

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Caroline

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"I can see his name in lights now, 'Leon Smith, Plumber.'"

"That answers one thing that's puzzled me," said Charles. "Why a pushing chap like that hasn't got his sights on Harley Street, but, of course, if he's afraid of responsibility . . ."

"I didn't say he was afraid of it," I snapped. "It's just a question of there only being twenty-four hours in the day."

"How the profession hangs together!" teased Charles, and Bianca put in, "You're wrong about Julie, she's not a nurse; after Adams I swore I'd never have another one on the premises."

"I must say Julie's a very refreshing substitute," Oliver conceded. "I'm glad about Mitchison, though, he may be able to per-

suade you to follow Gregg's advice and take a holiday in the sun."

Bianca turned to ask Charles if his dealings with the television authority had reached a further stage, and he said, "Oh, they like to think they have you dangling on a string," and that got them started on a conversation about power complexes. I left them to it and went along to the kitchen. It was one of Mrs. Dotrice's early days and I had the responsibility of preparing the meal. I was glad of a chance to be alone, and think, but I wasn't alone for long. Charles came breezing in to say he'd come to lend a hand, but I knew that was only an excuse.

He sat on the edge of the table where I was preparing food, a habit that always annoys me. "This lawyer you went to see — didn't he advise you to come clean?"

"Surely you know that conversations between a lawyer and his client are confidential?" I said.

"I can't make up my mind about you," Charles confessed. "It's hard to believe anyone could be as innocent as you appear. Ergo, you're as deep as a well."

"And what's that supposed to mean?" I said.

"You told me you weren't going to touch Julie Taylor's legacy. Doesn't it occur to you that sooner or later someone's going to think that odd? She was listed as a survivor."

"You talk as though it were a fortune," I said, "instead of just a little nest egg that would cover her fare and a few months travelling around on a shoestring."

"Who told you that?" His voice sharpened.

"I got it from the horse's mouth." Well, if Crook wasn't actually the horse, he was the next best thing. "Now," I went on, "I ask you something. Were you ever in Australia?"

"If I wasn't, how should I have heard of Julie Taylor?"

"I don't think you really expect me to answer that. You're quite sharp enough — and, of course, you were never engaged to her."

"What are you trying to prove, Solange?"

"I can't prove anything, can I?"

"And that goes for you, too. I'm just reminding you that those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. And now, if you don't mind, I'd like to get on with our dinner."

**A**FTER he'd gone I wondered if I'd been a bit too impulsive in my speech. I didn't need Crook to warn me of the unwise making enemies when you yourself are virtually unarmed.

In spite of my anxiety the dinner was a great success. But my spirits remained under a cloud.

I put that down to Charles, though he'd done no more than point out and emphasize facts of the case. It was going to be an awkward if I didn't eventually come clean, as Ada would have said, and each day I postponed made the situation more difficult.

Coming along the passage from the kitchen after doing the dishes I heard the voices of the others laughing, debating, sounding intimate, so secure. I suppose Charles really might be an actor; he didn't show a trace of unease. Oliver caught sight of me and said, "Come on, Cinderella, the ball's nearly over."

"I'm going up to put Bianca's electric blanket on," I called. "I'll be down in a minute." I reminded myself of that splendid party Crook and Ada Holloway, but for the night all I could think of was that they were a long way off.

On the way, upstairs I stopped on the landing. There was an immense window here, with a cushioned window seat, and the best view in the house. I used to sit there sometimes; it was nice enough Bianca's room for me to hear if she called or rang her bell.

I pulled back the long curtain and found that the window was open. In the dark sky a little moon lay on a cushion of clouds and automatically I bowed to her. The window, which was a heavy one, was opened and closed by cords, operated by light wooden handles. I caught the handles and stood for a minute looking out at the huge, tranquil immensity of the night. Below me the world was dark, mysterious.

An owl called from a tree and I softly called back. Kneeling on the window seat, still grasping the window cords, I found myself envying any girl, no matter how plain, how undistinguished, who could come out into the daylight and say without fear of contradiction, "I'm Mary Smith, this is my background."

I leaned forward, pulling gently on the cords — and something struck me violently between the shoulder blades, so that I hurtled forward into the darkness.

To be concluded

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

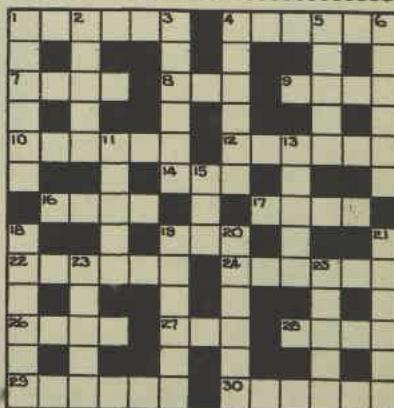
THE ENVOYS of the 12 nations are still at Xanadu waiting for Lothar's decision on whether he will go back with them. READ ON:



### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

- Established (6).
- Champion starts on an unnecessary letter (6).
- Conveyance goes back to place of trade (4).
- The consequence is death (3).
- Elliott the runner plant (4).
- To straighten out (6).
- A handsome street for a meeting place (6).
- A small drink (3).
- Solid business house (4).
- Nothing in decoration for a musical instrument (4).
- Little Daniel is mixed up in this conjunction (3).
- Delights to burn manuscript (6).
- The prize is in the back drawer (6).
- Pinches the drinks (4).
- That which is conscious and thinks in Oregon (3).
- A trial fit (4).
- Poem by Tennyson? It's too short (6).
- A relative in hospital (6).



Solution will be published next week.

#### DOWN

- Tradesman in better condition (6).
- Rats love a joint (5).
- Fears adders (6).
- Abduct a child having a game (6).
- Young and easily imposed on (5).
- Lists the pieces of furniture (6).
- To lose the tea in extreme fear would be a blunder (5).
- A joint for the Mexican fiddlestick (5).
- Tavern in Binnaway (3).
- Sniffs odors (6).
- Compliance is sanest (6).
- Hangs down or up in pods (6).
- Nothing tired the newspaperman (6).
- Quivering like writer (5).
- Concerning a trial (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Everybody's saying it

NO  
CHEAP  
TEAS  
FOR ME



I want Bushells  
Flavor is more  
important than price

Womens Weekly presents

# THE MiNi-WORK COOK BOOK

The Australian Women's Weekly

MINI-WORK COOK BOOK — Page



## SIMPLE SUMMER MEALS

● It's good to be able to cut down on cooking time for meals during the long, hot days of summer. Sensible meal planning, and the wise choice of convenient packaged, canned and bottled foods can do this for you. In this booklet we give a selection of easily prepared summer-meal ideas — salads, savory dishes, desserts.

As well as using the ready-to-eat foods, there are many shortcuts you can take to meal preparation. Rice is always a good standby, and, pre-cooked, it can be the basis for many a delicious mini-work dish.

You can cook a whole pound of rice in advance. When quite cold, put it into a plastic bag or covered bowl and it will keep in refrigerator for up to two weeks. Then it's all ready to convert in minutes to a cool salad or dessert or to reheat for a main dish accompaniment.

### HOW TO PREPARE RICE

**TO COOK:** Add 1 tablespoon salt to 8 cups boiling water, add 1 lb. packet of Sunwhite Rice. Boil rapidly, uncovered, for 12-15 minutes; strain without rinsing. This will make 8 cups white fluffy rice in plump, separate grains.

**TO STORE:** Refrigerate ready-cooked rice in a covered bowl or plastic bag — it will keep for about two weeks.

**TO REHEAT:** Below are 4 methods of heating pre-cooked rice.

**With steam:** Place in a colander, stand over a saucepan of simmering water; cover colander with a lid or cloth.

**In oven:** Place in a shallow ovenproof dish, sprinkle with a little milk, dot with butter, place in a moderate oven. The milk and butter keep grains from drying out.

**In frypan:** Melt a little butter in frying pan, add ready-cooked rice, and stir with a fork until heated through.

**Rice for a recipe:** Simply add ready-cooked rice to ingredients and follow recipe.

A variety of interesting extras such as parsley, lemon, cinnamon, ginger, spices, sauces, or nuts can be added for extra flavor when reheating.

Picture on page 1 by Keith Barlow

The recipes in this booklet were created and tested by the home economists below:



GINA MACPHERSON (above), home economist for Kraft Foods Ltd.



PAM TOMPSION (above), home economist for Jackson Wain and Co. Pty. Ltd. (Sunwhite Rice).



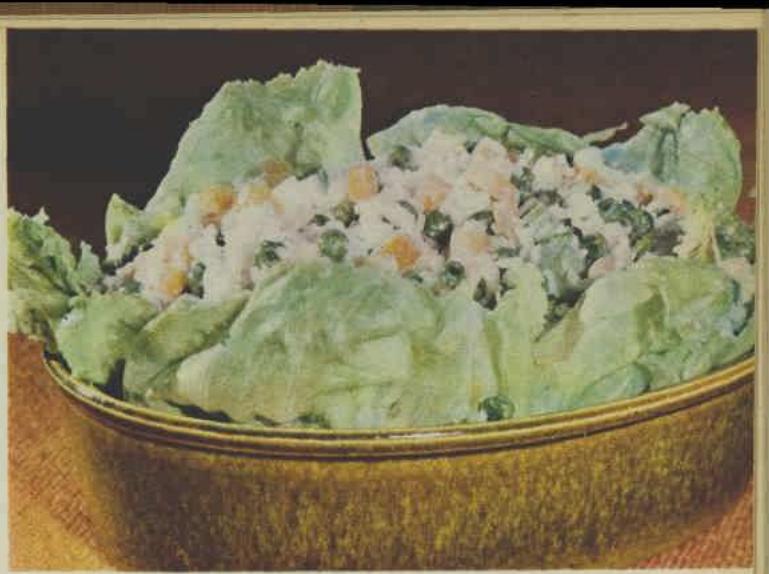
RUBY BORROWDALE (above), home economist for Golden Circle Pineapple.

JUNKET recipes were supplied by Hansen's Laboratory (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

Please note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes.



● Colorful Rainbow Salad, with beetroot, tomatoes, cucumber, and pineapple pieces, has a savory rice cheese mould. Easy recipe is given on page 5.



● Buffet Rice Salad—good for family meals or for a party—is tossed with two well-flavored salad dressings. Recipe is given on page 5.

## CAREFREE SALADS

● Summer days are salad days and the new salads here and on the next two pages will add variety to summer meals

● Calico Slaw—an unusual tomato-flavored salad mould—has a simple coleslaw mixture and a special coleslaw dressing folded in. Recipe is given overleaf.



MINI-WEEK COOK BOOK — Page 3



• Spiced Peach Salad, with lovely flavors of honey, ginger, lemon, is topped with a pre-mixed, bottled salad dressing. Recipe is at right.

## Carefree salads . . . continued

### TUNA-NUT SALAD

salted water	little freshly ground black pepper
1 lb. fresh French beans, sliced	7 oz. can solid packed tuna
3 cups finely shredded cabbage	3 hard-boiled eggs
3 dessertspoons chopped spring onions or shallots	3 tablespoons bottled Kraft Colelaw salad dressing
1 large dill pickle	lettuce leaves
1/2 cup walnuts	1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1/2 teaspoon salt	

Cook the beans in the salted water until just tender, but still slightly crisp. Drain and chill.

Line a salad bowl with lettuce leaves. Add the combined beans, cabbage, spring onions or shallots, chopped dill pickle, and walnuts. Season with salt and pepper. Drain tuna and break into large pieces.

Slice eggs and set aside a few slices for garnish. Add the tuna and egg to the salad mixture. Chill until ready to serve. Just before serving add the Colelaw dressing and mix lightly. Garnish with remaining egg slices and sprinkle with parsley. Serves 6.

### CALICO SLAW

(Shown on previous page.)

1 1/2 dessertspoons gelatine	1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 1/2 cups tomato juice	1 1/2 cups shredded cabbage
1/2 cup bottled Kraft Colelaw salad dressing	1/2 cup chopped celery
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind	lettuce leaves
	tomato wedges

Chill lettuce leaves in the refrigerator.

### SPICED PEACH SALAD

(Shown at left.)

16 oz. can peach halves	2 oranges
2 tablespoons castor sugar	1 tablespoon honey
3 tablespoons cider vinegar	1 dessertspoon lemon juice
1 stick cinnamon	3 tablespoons bottled Kraft
1/2 teaspoon allspice berries	Miracle Whip
lettuce leaves	salad dressing
1/2 cup grapes	1 tablespoon chopped preserved ginger

Drain the peach halves and place in a basin; reserve syrup. Place 1/2 cup peach syrup in a saucepan; add the sugar, vinegar, cinnamon, and allspice berries. Mix and bring slowly to the boil; simmer gently for 10 minutes. Remove from heat and strain. Pour syrup over peaches and allow to stand for 1 hour.

Arrange lettuce leaves on three individual plates. Cut grapes in half and remove seeds. Peel the oranges and cut into segments.

Drain the peaches and place two peach halves on each plate, fill with the halved grapes and surround peach halves with orange segments. Combine the melted honey and lemon juice and pour over the filled peach halves.

Mix the chopped ginger through the Miracle Whip salad dressing and spoon over the grapes.

Serves 3.

### CHEESE AND GREEN PEA SALAD

15 1/2 oz. can green peas	1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sliced celery	pinch freshly ground black pepper
3 dessertspoons chopped spring onion or shallots	1/2 cup bottled Kraft Italian or French salad dressing
1/2 cup grated carrot	4 oz. processed cheese
	crisp lettuce leaves

Wash and dry lettuce and tomatoes. Break lettuce into pieces and place in a salad bowl. Cut tomatoes into wedges; slice hard-boiled eggs. Cut sliced salami and Swiss Cheese into thin strips. Place prepared salad ingredients in bowl with lettuce and toss lightly; season, chill. Serve with Thousand Island dressing.

Serves 4.

## Carefree salads

... concluded

### SALAD IDEAS WITH RICE

- Toss ready-cooked rice with a little cayenne pepper, chopped gherkins, cheese cubes, mayonnaise or french dressing.
- Toss ready-cooked rice with chopped celery, shallots, red or green pepper, mint, salt and pepper, and mayonnaise.
- Make your own variations of rice salad: Use raw or cooked vegetables, cheese, cold meat, chicken or seafood, fruit, olives, fresh or canned cooked fish.

### BUFFET RICE SALAD

(Color picture on page 3)

1 cup cooked peas	1 cup diced celery
1 cup cooked diced	1 teaspoon salt
carrot	little freshly ground
1 tablespoon	black pepper
bottled Kraft	2 tablespoons
french dressing	bottled Miracle
1 1/2 cups cooked	Whip salad
long-grained rice	dressing
(1/2 cup raw)	6 lettuce leaves

Combine the peas and carrots, add the french dressing and toss lightly, chill for 1 hour. Add the rice, celery, salt, and freshly ground pepper. Then add the Miracle Whip and mix thoroughly. Wash and drain lettuce leaves; arrange on salad platter. Pile mixture into lettuce leaves, chill before serving. Serves 6.

### RAINBOW SALAD

(Color picture on page 3)

15oz. can Golden	15oz. can Golden
Circle pineapple	Circle sliced
pieces	beetroot
tomatoes	celery
cucumber	shredded carrot

### RICE CHEESE MOULD

1 cup cooked rice	1 tablespoon
1 cup grated tasty	mayonnaise
cheese	1 teaspoon gelatine

2 chopped hard-boiled eggs

1 tablespoon boiling water

salt

Blend together rice, cheese, eggs, mayonnaise, gelatine dissolved in boiling water and salt to taste. Pack into wetted mould. Chill until firm. Cut celery into short pieces, slit lengthwise and place in iced water to curl; shred carrot; slice cucumber. Cut tomato into wedges. Arrange sliced beetroot, tomato, carrot, pineapple pieces, celery, and cucumber neatly round chilled mould and serve.

Serves 6.

### SANDWICH-STYLE SALADS

#### EGG SALAD SANDWICHES

4 hard-boiled eggs	1 tablespoon
chopped	Miracle Whip
1 tablespoon	salad dressing
chopped celery	freshly ground
1 tablespoon	black pepper
chopped stuffed	8 slices brown
olives	bread
1/2 teaspoon salt	lettuce leaves

Combine eggs, celery, olives, and Miracle Whip salad dressing. Add seasonings and mix lightly. For each sandwich, butter 2 slices of bread and cover one with lettuce. Spread egg salad over second slice of bread. Complete sandwich and cut in half diagonally. Makes 4 sandwiches.

#### SANDWICH SPECTACULAR

(Shown above right)

6 slices rye bread	2 breasts cooked
3oz. butter	chicken, sliced
1 cup shredded	Kraft Thousand
lettuce	Island salad
6 Swiss Cheese	dressing
slices	3 hard-boiled eggs,
1 small cucumber,	sliced
thinly sliced	

For each sandwich spread a slice of bread with butter. Cover with lettuce, a Swiss Cheese slice, cucumber, and chicken slices. Top with spoonful of Thousand Island salad dressing and cut sandwich in half diagonally. Garnish with egg slices. Makes 6 sandwiches.



● Sandwich Spectacular, with chicken, cheese and cucumber, is an easy lunch. Recipe below.

#### PRAWN AND CHEESE OPEN-FACE SANDWICHES

Open-face sandwiches are usually eaten with a knife and fork, but there's nothing wrong with adding another slice of bread for out-of-hand eating — they are then easier to pack into a picnic hamper.

1lb. prawns	lettuce leaves
1/2 cup chopped	4 processed
celery	cheddar cheese
2 tablespoons	slices, cut in half
Kraft mayonnaise	diagonally
salad dressing	salt
4 slices of rye	freshly ground
bread	black pepper
a little butter	

Shell and remove black vein from prawns. Cut prawns in 1/4in. pieces and combine with celery and mayonnaise salad dressing. Spread slices of rye bread with butter. Cover with lettuce leaves and spoon over an equal amount of prawn salad. Top each sandwich with two triangles of

cheese; sprinkle with salt and freshly ground black pepper.

Arrange open-face sandwiches on a platter and serve a variety of relishes such as radish roses, carrot curls, and celery strips separately. Makes 4.

#### CONTINENTAL SANDWICHES

8 slices white	8 slices garlic
bread	sausage
2oz. butter	1 teaspoon pre-
4 processed	pared mustard
cheddar cheese	1/2 cup Miracle
slices	Whip salad
	dressing

For each sandwich butter a slice of bread and cover with a processed cheddar cheese slice and slice of garlic sausage. Top with second slice of bread spread with butter and mustard. Spread outsides of sandwich with Miracle Whip salad dressing. Grill on both sides until slightly browned. (Miracle Whip prevents grilled sandwiches sticking and seasons them deliciously at the same time.) Makes 4.

MINI-WORK COOK BOOK — Page 5



#### JELLIED PINEAPPLE SLICES

15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Slices, 1 pkt. lime-flavoured jelly crystals, boiling water.

Drain syrup from pineapple and measure into saucepan. Add sufficient boiling water to make 1½ cups liquid. Bring to boiling point, remove from stove and stir in jelly crystals until dissolved. Cool. Return pine-

apple slices to can and pour the cooled jelly around slices. Chill until firm. Run hot knife around sides of can and unmould on to serving plate. Serve sliced with cream or ice cream. NOTE: If you set slices in the 30 oz. Pineapple Juice can you will need two 15 oz. cans of pineapple and two packets of jelly crystals.



## quick-smart and temptingly tropical *Golden Circle* TROPICAL SLICED PINEAPPLE

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inviting summer  
desserts with  
Golden Circle's  
sunny-  
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pineapple.

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PEEL A CAN  
AND TASTE  
THE  
SUNSHINE

#### SUNNY ISLAND ROAST

15oz. can Golden Circle pineapple pieces	1 teaspoon salt
2lb. finely minced beef steak	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1lb. minced fresh pork	1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon gravy flour	red and green peppers
	cooked seasoned rice
	white onions

Blend steak and pork together. Add gravy flour, salt, pepper, and prepared mustard. Pack into foil-lined 7in. pan, sprinkle with melted butter and bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Arrange for serving on warmed platter with red and green pepper halves (filled with cooked seasoned rice) and drained pineapple pieces. Top the roast with creamed white onions. Top the roast with creamed white onions.

Serves 6 to 8.

#### SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT SAUCE TROPICAL

15oz. can Golden Circle pineapple pieces	1 small can tomato soup
1lb. thin spaghetti	2 onions
1lb. topside mince	8oz. finely grated cheese
1 clove garlic	1 tablespoon butter

Drain pineapple. Cook and drain spaghetti. Melt butter in pan, and fry chopped onions and garlic. Add topside mince and cook. Add undiluted tomato soup and cook until evenly blended. Add pineapple pieces, reserving a few to garnish. Arrange alternate layers of cooked spaghetti, cheese, and savory mince on large heated platter. Garnish with pineapple pieces, green peas, or parsley.

This dish could be served for family dinner.

Serves 6.

#### TRINIDAD EGGS

15oz. can Golden Circle pineapple pieces	1 onion
6 eggs	1lb. ripe tomatoes
2 tablespoons butter or substitute	1/2 cup chopped green pepper
	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
	salt and pepper

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 17, 1968

## TASTY SAVORY DISHES

- These main dishes and between-meal snacks, all with a savory flavor, require little preparation.

Drain pineapple pieces. Melt butter in large frying pan, fry chopped onion for 5 minutes. Add peeled and sliced tomatoes and green pepper. Cook, covered, about 5 minutes. Add pineapple pieces, stir to blend. Break eggs into frying pan, one at a time, making a nest for each with back of spoon. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and parsley. Cover and cook until eggs are set (about 5 minutes).

Serve hot with buttered toast.

Serves 3 (2 eggs per serve) or 6 (1 egg per serve).

#### PINEAPPLE TUNA SPREAD

15oz. can Golden Circle pineapple pieces	1 tablespoon grated onion or chopped shallot
7oz. can solid-packed tuna	1/2 teaspoon powdered mustard
1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese	2 tablespoons mayonnaise

Drain the pineapple pieces and tuna. Flake the tuna and blend with the pineapple pieces and cheese. Stir onion and mustard into mayonnaise and combine with pineapple mixture. Spread on buttered toast and serve with salad vegetables.

#### SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

15oz. can Golden Circle pineapple pieces	salt and pepper
6 medium-sized sweet potatoes	little powdered mustard
	1/2 cup brown sugar
	4 pork chops

Scrub sweet potatoes and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Cool and skin them. Cut into 1/4in. slices. Drain pineapple pieces. Put a layer of sweet potato in buttered casserole. Sprinkle a spoonful of pineapple pieces over layer and sprinkle lightly with salt, pepper, and brown sugar. Repeat layers until ingredients are used. Brown the pork chops in a little melted butter, seasoning with salt, pepper, and mustard when they are turned. Arrange chops in casserole over sweet potatoes and pineapple. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until chops are very tender. Serve hot.

Serves 4.

#### RICE WITH THE MAIN DISH

- Serve creamed meat, fish, or chicken mixtures in a rice ring. Reheat rice in colander, press firmly into well-oiled ring tin. Bake a few minutes, unmould, fill with your favorite mixture.
- Fill a buttered ring mould with a mixture of ready-cooked rice and chopped left-over meat, fish, and vegetables. Bake in a pan of water in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. Unmould, serve with parsley and lemon.
- Cut a pocket in the side of double thickness lamb or pork chops. Fill with ready-cooked rice, chopped prunes and dried apricots, a dash of melted butter, salt and pepper. Secure and bake in hot oven.
- Fry sliced green pepper, onion, and celery. Add 1 can of tuna and thickening. Simmer 5 to 7 minutes and serve over reheated rice.
- Season peppers with ready-cooked rice, chopped onion, salt, pepper, and sausage meat and simmer in tomato soup sauce. Thicken the sauce with rice.
- As a vegetable with meat
- To serve buttered rice, reheat cooked rice in colander, then melt butter in the empty saucepan, stir in the hot
- rice, add chopped parsley, salt and pepper, and combine thoroughly.
- Combine reheated rice with cooked buttered peas, spinach, or carrots.
- Top reheated rice with apple sauce flavored with lemon rind and cinnamon. Serve with roast pork.
- Make Herbed Rice (see picture page 14) by mixing 3 cups ready-cooked rice with 2 tablespoons butter, 1 onion chopped fine, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, and a good pinch of dried herbs heated together in frypan.
- Add lemon rind and juice to reheated rice — serve with curry.
- Add toasted coconut to reheated rice — serve with curry.
- Mix a mild fruit chutney into reheated rice — nice and spicy with meat.
- Add chopped mint and fresh or canned crushed pineapple to ready-cooked rice.

7 different  
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to make  
any salad  
scrumptious



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Creamy-thick Thousand Island.  
Tart-sweet and Creamy Coleslaw.  
Spicy-sweet Catalina.  
Mild and light MIRACLE WHIP\*  
Tangy, tasty Mayonnaise.



the best-tasting salad dressings always come from

**KRAFT**

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 17, 1968

\*Reg'd Trade Mark A.M.A.U.S.A.

COOK BOOK — Page 9

## DESSERTS . . . made with junket

JUNKET is an old favorite for summer desserts. Here are some suggestions for accompaniments to plain or flavored junket:

- Any canned fruit makes a delightful topping. Peaches, apricots, strawberries, pineapple — all give good contrast in color and flavor.
- Heat some apricot jam with a little water, push through sieve, flavor with a little brandy or rum, and spread over surface of chilled junket to make a simple and delicious dessert for any occasion.
- Stewed fruits such as plums and cherries are good junket accompaniments.
- Heat some raisins in a little red wine, sweeten to taste; thicken with a little blended arrowroot. When cool, spoon over junket.

### CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT SLICE

1 plain Hansen's junket tablet	2 pints milk
1 tablespoon cold water	½ teaspoon peppermint essence
2 tablespoons castor sugar	few drops green coloring
2oz. melted cooking chocolate	grated chocolate

Crush plain junket tablet and dissolve in cold water. Warm milk until just lukewarm, add castor sugar and pour over the crushed tablet. Divide mixture into two. Add melted chocolate to one half and peppermint essence and green coloring to remaining half. Allow to set for 10 minutes, then refrigerate. Just before serving arrange alternate layers of chocolate junket, peppermint junket, and sweetened whipped cream in parfait glasses. Top with whipped cream and grated chocolate. Serves 4 to 6.

Page 10 — MINI-WORK COOK BOOK

### LOW-CALORIE DESSERT

2 flavored or 1 plain Hansen's junket tablet	1 tablespoon cold water
1 pint milk	saccharin toppings to taste

Skim cream from milk and heat to lukewarm only; sweeten with saccharin. Dissolve 2 flavored or 1 plain junket tablet in water and add to milk.

Top with grated lemon or orange rind, fresh berries, slices of fresh or canned fruit, or low-calorie jelly.

Serves 2.

### FROZEN CARAMEL JUNKET CAKE

½lb. crushed sweet biscuits	1 teaspoon cinnamon
	3oz. melted butter

Blend ingredients and press round base and sides of 8in. springform tin. Freeze for 1 hour.

### FILLING

2 plain Hansen's junket tablets	½ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 tablespoon cold water	½ cup boiling water
1 pint milk	½ cup sugar
½ pint whipped cream	1lb. fresh or canned fruit (delicious with fresh strawberries)

Crush and dissolve junket tablets in cold water. Dissolve sugar in boiling water to make caramel syrup. Add milk, and warm to just lukewarm. Remove from stove, add junket tablets, and stir. Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze for 1 hour. Then whip thoroughly, adding cream of tartar. Fold in cream. Cover biscuit base with sliced fruit and pour over junket mixture. Allow to freeze until solid. To serve, remove from freezer and decorate with cream and remaining fruit. Serves 6.

### SWEET ALMOND JUNKET

2 plain Hansen's junket tablets	1 teaspoon almond essence
1 tablespoon cold water	whipped sweetened cream
1 pint milk	blanched slivered almonds
2 tablespoons sugar	

Crush and dissolve junket tablets in cold water. Warm milk to just lukewarm. Add sugar. Add almond essence and dissolved tablets. Pour into serving dishes and put aside to set. Chill before serving and top with whipped sweetened cream and slivered almonds.

Serves 4.

### MOCHA CREME JUNKET

2 plain Hansen's junket tablets	1 dessertspoon instant coffee
1 tablespoon cold water	½ cup boiling water
1 pint milk	whipped sweetened cream
½ cup sugar	grated chocolate

Dissolve coffee in boiling water. Add dissolved coffee and sugar to milk and warm to just lukewarm. Add junket tablets dissolved in cold water, pour into serving dishes and put aside to set. Chill before serving and garnish with whipped sweetened cream and grated chocolate.

Serves 4.

### STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN

2 strawberry junket tablets	2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon cold water	extra 1 teaspoon sugar
1 pint milk	strawberries
½ cup cream	

Crush and dissolve junket tablets in cold water. Pour milk into saucepan; add 2 tablespoons sugar. Heat milk to just lukewarm. Remove from heat, add junket

• Junket is the basis of these delightful summer desserts, which are all easily prepared.

tablets, and stir quickly for a few seconds. Pour into four serving glasses; allow to set for approximately 10 minutes. Chill. When ready to serve, whip cream with extra sugar, fold in 4 to 6 crushed strawberries. Spoon on to junket; garnish with whole strawberries.

Serves 4.

### JUNKET ICY POLES

1 fruit salad Hansen's junket tablet	1 tablespoon cold water
1 pint milk	1 tablespoon castor sugar

Note: A junket tablet of any desired flavor can be substituted for the fruit-salad-flavored tablet.

Dissolve junket tablet in 2 tablespoons cold water, add sugar. Place milk in a saucepan and warm to just lukewarm. Pour over dissolved junket tablet and stir. Pour into icy-pole moulds and freeze or make ice-blocks by freezing in ice-cube trays.

Serves 4.

### GINGER JUNKET

2 plain junket tablets	2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon cold water	1 teaspoon vanilla nutmeg
1 pint milk	preserved ginger with syrup

Crush junket tablets, dissolve in the cold water. Heat milk to lukewarm (do not overheat), add sugar and vanilla. Add dissolved junket tablets, stir in quickly. Pour into individual serving glasses, let stand in warm place until set (about 15 minutes); then refrigerate.

Before serving, sprinkle with nutmeg, top with sliced preserved ginger; spoon over a little ginger syrup.

Serves 4.

Continued overleaf

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Look what's happening to Hansen's Junket...



Frozen Caramel Junket Cake

Sweet Almond Junket

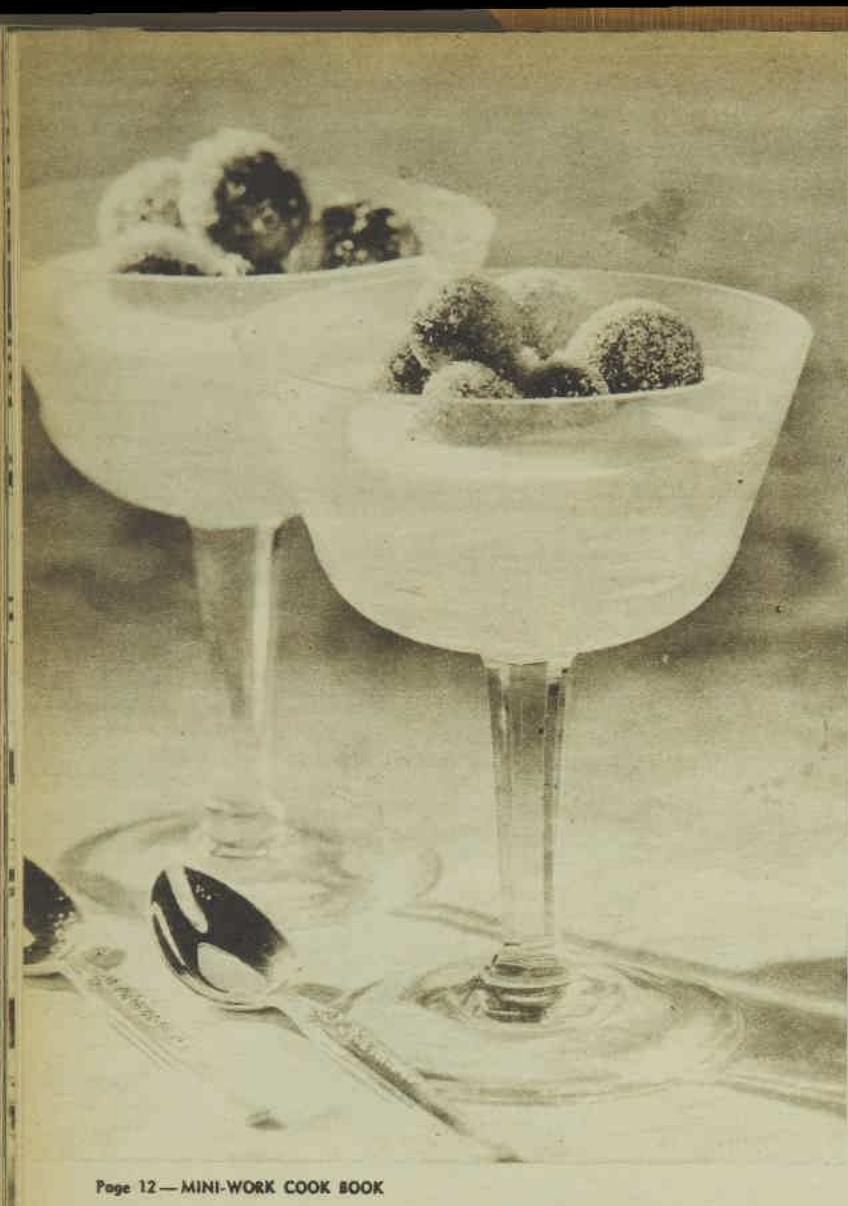
Mocha Creme Junket

Chocolate Peppermint Slice

Junket Icy Poles

RECIPES ON FACING PAGE

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## Desserts . . . continued

### BRANDIED JUNKET

(Shown at left)

2 plain Hansen's junket tablets	1 tablespoon brandy
1 tablespoon cold water	grapes
1 pint milk	extra brandy
2 tablespoons sugar	extra sugar

Crush and dissolve tablets in cold water. Warm milk to just lukewarm, add sugar and brandy; stir into dissolved tablets. Pour into individual serving dishes; when set, refrigerate. Meanwhile, take small clusters of grapes, put into small bowl, and pour over three or four tablespoons of brandy. Pierce grapes once or twice to allow brandy to be absorbed.

Just before serving, roll grape clusters in sugar, arrange on top of junket. Serves 4.

### QUICK BREAKFAST IDEAS

#### SUNRISE JUNKET

1 pint milk	fresh or canned pineapple
2 Hansen's junket tablets	

Spend three minutes before going to bed preparing junket for breakfast.

Make junket according to basic directions on packet, making sure milk is only lukewarm. Add sugar to taste.

Allow to set and place in refrigerator. Serve with canned pineapple or just the juice. Top with bran or cornflakes.

#### JUNKET MILK COOLER

1 flavored Hansen's junket tablet	1 glass of chilled milk
	sugar to taste

Crush and dissolve tablet in one tablespoon of cold water. Add to milk with one or two teaspoons of sugar and stir. This junket milk drink is better than plain milk — tastier, more colorful, and more readily digestible.

• Brandied Junket, topped with brandied sugared grapes, makes a light and delicious dessert. Recipe above.

## DESSERTS... made with rice

• Here are 16 new ideas for quick, easy, and delicious desserts made with rice. To cook, store and reheat rice when required, see page 2.

1. Mix ready-cooked rice with apple puree, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, and chill.
2. Combine ready-cooked rice with mashed banana, condensed milk, and grated chocolate. Chill and serve with whipped cream.
3. Make a rice custard, spread with jam and crushed pineapple, top with meringue.
4. Replace the cake in trifle recipe with ready-cooked rice—it's a satisfying change.
5. Serve ready-cooked rice chilled, topped with jam, cream, and nuts.
6. Mix sliced peaches with ready-cooked rice, add sour cream, lemon rind and juice, sugar, and chopped glace ginger.
7. Whip cream with sugar, fold in a little chopped mint, a generous quantity of ready-cooked rice—serve cold with fresh pine-apple.
8. Add ready-cooked rice to fresh fruit salad, add a little lemon juice and a dash of nutmeg; chill.
9. Place ready-cooked rice in an ovenproof dish, mix in desiccated coconut, a little sugar, and condensed milk, and pour golden syrup, maple syrup, or honey over the mixture; sprinkle with coconut. Grill under griller until coconut is brown. Serve with whipped cream.
10. To make Rice Fritters (shown at right) combine ready-cooked rice with apple puree, crushed pineapple, or apricot pulp. Add a little flour and egg to make a batter. Drop spoonfuls into hot oil and fry golden brown. Dust with icing sugar and serve with honey, cream, or ice-cream.
11. Combine ready-cooked rice with whipped cream, lemon rind, brown sugar, and vanilla. Chill and serve with fruit.
12. Dutch Baked Apples are easy. Simply core Granny Smith apples and fill with cooked rice, sugar, and dried fruit. Sprinkle with sugar on top, place in buttered ovenproof dish, and bake until soft. Serve hot or cold.
13. Fill a parfait glass with alternate layers of chocolate instant dessert, ready-cooked rice mixed with chopped jersey caramels. Top with whipped cream and nuts.
14. Turn a plain rice custard into a glamor dish with 2oz. grated chocolate and rind and juice of orange. Serve with cream.
15. Make honey rice! Simply mix ready-cooked rice with honey, cinnamon, raisins, and vanilla. Serve chilled, topped with cream.
16. Mix 1 pint thick custard with 2 cups ready-cooked rice, add 2oz. chopped glace ginger, lemon rind, and strawberries.

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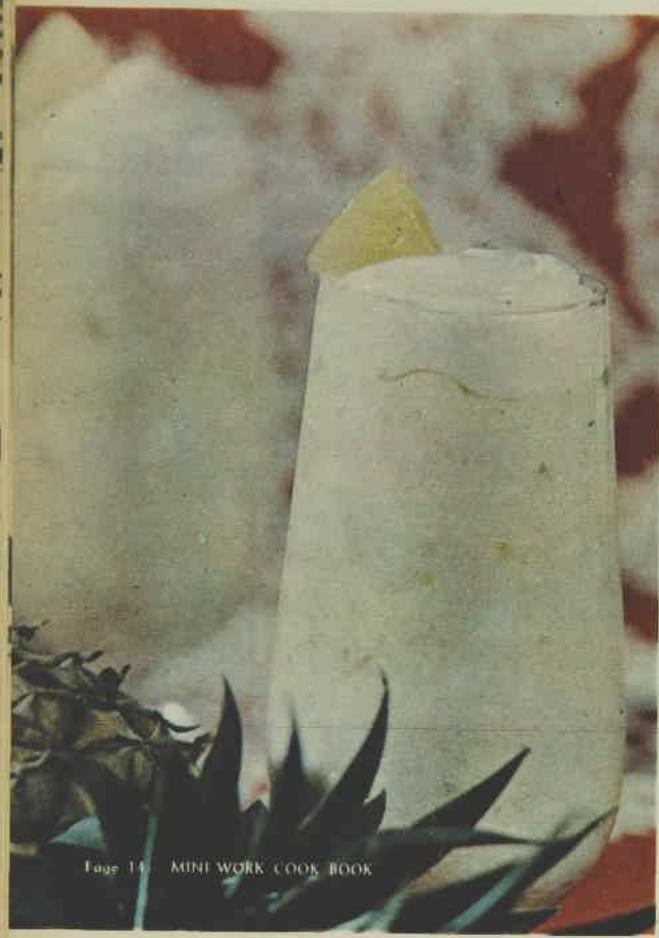


• Rice Fritters have a fruity flavor  
— serve them drizzled with honey or  
with cream. Recipe is given at left.

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## EASY SUMMER MENU

• Cooking is kept to a minimum in this summer menu—chicken served with a tasty herbed rice, followed by a delicious pineapple dessert.



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• Herbed Rice — an easy-to-prepare, delightfully savory accompaniment to barbecued or roasted chicken — is flavored with onion and dried herbs. This simple recipe is given on page 7.

• One of the most popular summer desserts — Pineapple Delight — combines sherry-soaked marshmallows with pineapple and whipped cream. Recipe for this treat is on opposite page.

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## DESSERTS . . . made with pineapple

● Ready-to-serve pineapple is used in all these recipes.

### PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE

(Picture on this page)

15oz. can Golden Circle crushed pineapple	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
2 eggs	1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons corn-flour	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
	baked 8in. pastry shell

Heat pineapple and syrup in saucepan; when boiling, thicken with cornflour blended in water. Beat in egg-yolks and butter. Spoon into baked pastry shell and top with meringue made by beating the sugar into stiffly beaten egg-whites. Brown meringue in moderate oven.

Serves 6 to 8.

### PINEAPPLE DELIGHT

(Color picture opposite)

15oz. can Golden Circle crushed pineapple	24 white marshmallows
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sweet sherry	1 tablespoon gelatine
$\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped cream	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water

Cut marshmallows into quarters, soak in sherry overnight. Place crushed pineapple and syrup in saucepan, bring to boiling point, and stir in the gelatine soaked in the  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water. Stir to blend; cool. Fold in soaked marshmallows and whipped cream. Turn into 6in. souffle dish or individual serving dishes. Chill until firm.

Serves 6.

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● Rich Pineapple Meringue Pie — a tangy pineapple filling topped with meringue swirls. Recipe at left.

### PINEAPPLE PAVLOVA

15oz. can Golden Circle crushed pineapple	2 tablespoons corn-flour or arrow-root
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### PAVLOVA

3 egg-whites	1 dessertspoon vinegar
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar	1 tablespoon corn-flour
1 teaspoon vanilla	

To make pavlova: Beat egg-whites until stiff and dry, gradually beat in sugar, beating well after each addition to thoroughly

dissolve sugar grains. Beat in vanilla and vinegar; remove beater and fold in sifted cornflour. Spread on to an oven tray which has been greased and sprinkled with cornflour; form meringue into shape of a pie shell. Bake in a slow oven for approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours; allow shell to cool in oven with door ajar.

Filling: Empty pineapple into saucepan and heat to boiling. Thicken with cornflour or arrowroot blended with a little water. Cool, then spoon into pavlova shell.

Serve with cream or ice-cream.  
Serves 6 to 8.

### SEA SPRITE SUNDAES

Fill a sundae dish to the rim with Golden Circle pineapple pieces and chopped red jelly. Add a scoop of ice-cream topped with a button meringue and decorate with a starfish of lime jelly. Cut the star shape with a pastry cutter from shallow-set jelly.

Alternate Golden Circle pineapple pieces in sundae glasses with vanilla ice-cream; top with a swirl of whipped cream, chopped nuts, and a glace cherry.

These are pretty, easily made desserts for a children's or teenagers' party.

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**Rice Salads  
Mini-Work  
Rice Salads  
Mini-Work  
Rice Salads  
Mini-Work**

Always have ready-cooked rice on hand. Cook up a whole pound of SUNWHITE, store it covered in your refrigerator, and you can happily make mini-work rice salads and cooling desserts in minutes! Consider this 5-minute Rice Salad as an appetising companion for all types of cold meats or hot grills!

**5-MINUTE RICE SALAD.** Ingredients: 3 cups ready-cooked rice (SUNWHITE), 1 cup chopped shallots or onions, 1/4 cup red or green peppers, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tbsps. chopped mint, 1 cup mayonnaise, salt, pepper.

**Method:** In a large salad bowl combine rice, shallots, red peppers, celery and mint. Pour over mayonnaise. With salad servers toss gently all ingredients until mayonnaise is completely blended throughout. Salt and pepper to taste before serving.

For the more elaborate rice salad we've shown...how long would it take to add, say, tomato wedges, asparagus, avocado...anything you please.

For the new Summer Rice Folder...send stamped addressed envelope to Rice Cookery Bureau, Department MCB, Box 432, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001.

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